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MEMOIR

OF

MRS. MARY LUNDIE DUNCAN:

BEING

RECOLLECTIONS OF A DAUGHTER.

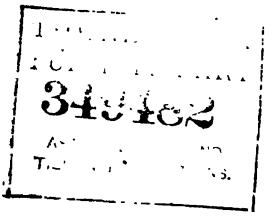
BY HER MOTHER.

FROM THE SECOND EDINBURGH EDITION.

NEW-YORK:

ROBERT CARTER, 58, CANAL-STREET.

M DCCC XLII.



No tears for thee—though our lone spirits mourn
That thou with spring's sweet flowers wilt ne'er return.
No tears for thee—though hearth and home are blighted,
Though sadness clouds the scenes thy love has lighted.
No tears—for, while with us, thy soul, opprest,
Oft longed for refuge in thy Saviour's breast.
No tears—for thou hast found thy home above.
No tears—thou'rt sheltered in the arms of love.

J C. L.

H. LUDWIG, PRINTER,
72 Vesey-st., N. Y.

★ HOSP. BK. & NEWS. SOC.

PREFACE.

THIS little Work treats of the initiatory steps of an immortal being—steps, feeble and insignificant if viewed alone, but assuming value and importance when considered as terminating in an eternal destiny. By such steps is each human course commenced—and such is the solemn result involved in its mortal termination. The chief benefit derived from Christian biography, is its exhibiting to the eye, the image of Christ in the character of his servant; the manner in which that blessed image first began to be formed—and the various means and incidents which contributed to its advancement towards perfection.

Growth is the only sure token of healthy spiritual life. The soul has its winter and its spring times, its seasons of seeming check and deadness, and its seasons of shooting upward from the earthly toward the heavenly character. A faithful writer remarks, that 'the soul may suppose itself acquainted with its corruption in its length and breadth, while, perhaps, it has only moistened its lips at the bitter cup, and may subsequently be constrained to drink much more of it.' And thus it is that the Christian must travel the same path more than once. Soul searchings must be renewed—repentings require to be repented of. Love to the Mighty Deliverer, who has performed the wonderful rescue, may at first be ardent and grateful—afterwards, it will become humble and intelligent, with the increasing perception, that not only the first deciding movement from death to life, but each particular step of the journey through the wilderness, must be guided and upheld by Him who bestows the temper of strangers and pilgrims, and who

keeps his people by his own power, through faith unto salvation.

The experienced reader may find both pleasure and improvement, in tracing the various seasons of spiritual growth in the subject of this memoir. Should the example of her early piety awaken any careless spirits to inquire why they have not yet set out to seek the Lord, or should her evident advancement in the divine life, and her greatly brightening graces, as she drew near to its most unlooked-for consummation, be the means of stirring up any to examine whether their souls are slumbering in the frosts of winter, or shooting upward in the breath of spring, the writer will have a blessed return for the trial endured in laying more wide a wound which only reunion can finally close; and, in unlocking those fountains of tears, which, however, have flowed, during the compilation, more in thankful submission and gratitude, than in selfish mourning. It becomes her to own, with humble praise, the refreshment that her own soul has received, by means of researches among those remains, a small portion of which is here tremblingly presented. To the chosen friends of the dear departed one, the book will be welcome, for the love of herself, and of Him whom she sought and followed, while amongst them. To strangers, may the Holy Spirit make it welcome as a messenger of PEACE!

JULY 26, 1841.

NOTE TO SECOND EDITION.

Amongst the various remarks relative to the first edition of this little Work made by friendly critics, some have been jealous for the memory of the departed, when they observe the very measured exhibition which is permitted, of her personal attractions. Others, with a more exalted perception of spiritual beauties, have zealously demanded the expunging of each sentence which described transient charms, and the blandishments to which they subjected their possessor. To these last the author was most willing to listen, on the ground that the moral elevation of the character described was such as to make herself hold in light estimation, what the worldly-minded deemed her chief excellencies. Such passages have accordingly been expunged. Yet, after it has been accomplished, there arises a question if it be just to conceal the degree of temptation to which the heart was exposed, in consequence of the thickly strewn attentions and flatteries, not of friends only, but of strangers. Is it not more to the praise of His grace, by whom, in the midst of snares, she was preserved, to admit that those snares were many, complicated, and alluring? It will, however, be more in keeping with the tone of the character to leave what these were to conjecture. We therefore only quote in the Appendix two letters of condolence for her loss, from clergymen who had opportunity of comparison with their own daughters, and therefore may be supposed to have passed the age of enthusiastic admiration, except upon strong excitement.—

They pretty fairly represent the general impression made by her appearance and demeanour.*

The privilege is also yielded of appending a sketch of her character, drawn by the discriminating school-fellow to whom so many of her letters are addressed.†

In the Appendix will be found several poems, not immediately connected with the incidents of her life, which, as introduced in the first edition, appeared unnecessarily to interrupt the narrative. Some additional matter, both in prose and verse, has been introduced.

There is prefixed to this edition a sweet and characteristic poem by Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney, who was admired and loved by the subject of the memoir (though personally unknown,) and whose recent visit to Britain, added the charm of feature and of voice to that acquaintance which had been formed by thousands with her mind, through the medium of her works; and perhaps by none with greater pleasure than that parent in whose bereavement she so kindly sympathizes.

April, 1842.

* Appendix, No. XXIV.

† Appendix, No. XXV.

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STANZAS

WRITTEN ON READING THE MEMOIR OF MRS. MARY LUNDIE DUNCAN.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

Sweet bird of Scotia's tuneful clime,
So beautiful and dear,
Whose music gush'd as genius taught
With heaven's own quenchless spirit fraught,
I list—thy strain to hear.

Bright flower, on Kelso's bosom born,
When spring her glories shed,
Where Tweed flows on in silver sheen,
And Tiviot feeds her valleys green,
I cannot think thee dead.

Fair child—whose rich unfoldings gave
A promise rare and true,
The parents proudest thoughts to cheer,
And sooth of widow'd wo the tear,—
Why hid'st thou from our view?

Young bride, whose wildest thrill of hope
Bowed the pure brow in prayer,
Whose ardent zeal, and saintly grace,
Did make the manse a holy place,
We search—thou art not there.

Fond mother, they who taught thy joys
To sparkle up so high,
Thy first-born and her brother dear
Catch charms from every fleeting year:—
Where is thy glistening eye?

Meek Christian, it is well with thee,
That where thy heart so long
Was garnered up, thy home should be;—
Thy path with Him who made thee free;—
Thy lay—an angel's song.

Hartford, Connecticut, Feb. 22, 1842.

MEMOIR

OF

MRS. MARY LUNDIE DUNCAN.

CHAPTER I.

DAYS OF CHILDHOOD.

To those faithful friends, whose affection has longed for a life of MARY LUNDIE, it can occasion neither surprise nor disappointment that this attempt furnishes little of narrative, and nothing of the character of adventure. It seems an easy task to detail the events which fill up the years of a patriot, a warrior, a philanthropist, or a missionary. Acts of wisdom, of bravery, or of self-denying benevolence, strike the eye in succession, and fill the page with that which awakens the zeal or admiration of the reader. But the early years of a delicate female, whose preference was to shrink from public regard, and the full tide of whose powerful and devoted heart rose to the flood only under the influence of intellectual and tender attractions, furnish few prominent points, and give the means rather of a slender sketch, than of a filled-up portrait.

It is not adventure that her friends desire; they already know her brief story. It is the depths of her piety that they would fathom; it is the steps by which she attained to it that they wish to trace. But here the difficulty is greater still. Who is informed as to the secret growth of the heart but He who created it? Who can read the unseen process of renewing the will, except the Spirit who hath kept that in his own power? Instruct with what minute care you can,—observe with what accuracy you may,—still there is something in the workings of the mind that eludes the ken of the observer. Our God hath shown us that the knowledge and the formation of the heart are his own prerogatives. The mysterious solitude of mind, carrying on its operations in its own retired cells, and only permitting occasional loopholes to the observer, by means of a question, a smile, or a sigh, gives weighty evidence of its superiority over the material part; and the mother,

who cherishes and caresses, and lifts up or puts down her offspring at pleasure, is often as little aware of the internal processes, as the mother of Jesus could be when she retired in silence from the holy city to treasure up his sayings, and ponder them in her heart.

Those, who have not been accustomed to minute observation of infancy, may smile at the notion of feeling respect for a babe that has not completed its first twelvemonth. Yet a volatile youth, who was accustomed to play idle tricks for the diversion of a train of juvenile relations, said of one little girl of the group, 'I cannot play the fool with that babe, her look fills me with respect.' That babe was removed while still in infancy; therefore we cannot test the fact that her growing years confirmed the sentiment; but the observation is brought to mind in recalling the infancy of Mary Lundie; and those who knew her, know that youth and womanhood in her served but to strengthen that sentiment. It is true she was the first-born, and perhaps, on that account, each new attainment was marked with a degree of admiring wonder, which the more experienced might fail to participate; but those, who were admitted to the sanctuary of the nursery, may remember how often her benign smiles were remarked, and how a hood used to be thrown around her infant features, to exhibit a striking resemblance to a portrait of Madame De Guion. The resemblance in feature was probably imaginary,—the similarity of character seemed, to one deeply interested observer at least, to run parallel in each stage of its development, and to have become most of all complete when nearest the close. Her early love for flowers,—her delight, even in the first years of childhood, in a sun-set sky, and in vernal breezes; the poetry and music of her mind, were not more in harmony with the character of that elegant and amiable woman, than her strict self-examinations, her severe judgments of herself, her prayerfulness, and her pity for the poor.

It was in the spring of 1814 that this cherished child first saw the light, when the orchards that surround the manse of Kelso, were, as her revered and tender father used to say, 'a blaze of blossoms.' Mr. Lundie's usual designation of her was, 'my sweet bud, born amongst blossoms.' She had not reached her second year without discerning

and sympathizing in his passion for flowers; and the cherished enjoyment of both was, that her tiny hands should furnish the primrose which was to shine all day in his button-hole.

Those, who knew and loved them both, will forgive the mention of a slight incident, which has been drawn from its long retreat in the cells of memory by recent sorrow:—The infant florist had been attracted by a rich and pearly hyacinth, the pride of the parterre, and, unconscious of its value, snapt its succulent stem with all her little force, and tottered to her father's knee, crying out with lively joy, 'Pretty fower, papa; pretty fower.' The mingling of regret that the splendours of such a favourite were cut off in the midst, with his admiration of the taste and energy of the achievement of the little spoiler, and sympathy with her joy in making him such a gift, were all expressed in turn; and, after regrets and thanks, he resorted to the plan of cutting the mangled stem and placing it in water, where it stood for many days, shedding its decaying odours. Will it seem unreasonable, that, after a lapse of more than three and twenty years, amid the howling blast of a sunless day in January, leaning against a couch on which rested the pale and cold drapery of death, one survivor should suddenly have the silver tones of that fair child recalled, repeating, 'Pretty fower, papa;' and feel as if the incident had been prophetic of her own early fate?

With half her blossoms expanded to the extent of beauty and fragrance, another portion only bursting into life, and still another scarcely formed into the rudiment of buds,—there lay the flower, bruised and broken. Whatever of promise rested on its prolific spike, never would unfold itself in this nether region! And what is that survivor doing now, but faintly endeavouring to preserve its dying fragrance, that it may be shed for a shortly extended period on those who loved, and cherished, and admired the flower.

"O solitary thought, albeit not sad,
Thy vein is less allied to joy than sorrow;
Less prophet, than remembrancer, thy scope
Embraces yesterday, but ne'er to-morrow.
Yet, though pale memory be seldom glad,
A truer fonder friend is she than hope."

It may be thought that the cradle and the grave are here brought too closely together. But, for how brief a space, even when life is prolonged, are they ever severed? How often is their union complete? and when the years that intervene, be they many or few, have been used to accomplish the two great purposes of our being,—to glorify our God while we live, and to enjoy His blessed presence when we die,—we need not shrink from combining the day of our birth with the day of our death. Many of the letters of mourning friends, which that sad month of January produced, referred to scenes and sports of infancy and childhood; and from them may be gleaned reminiscences which may escape the suspicion of undue partiality.

The nurse, whose faithful care for many years aided in the training of the little family, wrote, on hearing of Mary's death, 'When I think of all her goodness, when quite a child, it is the greatest comfort to me. How very exact she was in her prayers when only a babe! She was as soon at her Lord's work as any of the worthies that ever I read of; and I often fancy I see their pretty white heads kneeling before they went to bed,—the one that could not speak following the example of the others.' The same truthful chronicler has since recalled an incident, which occurred about Mary's fourth year. Her little brother had struck her on the cheek in a fit of anger. She instantly turned the other cheek, and said mildly, 'There, Corie.' The uplifted hand was dropt; and when the child was asked who taught her to do that, she replied, that she heard papa read it one morning out of the Bible at prayer time. This is not only an evidence that this child early gave her understanding to what was read to her, but a hint to all parents that it is not a matter of no moment whether very young children are made to be present at domestic duties; for not only is the habit acquired of waiting on God in the way he has appointed, but the mind, in the midst of its flickering attention, gleans some precious things, which are stored up amongst its treasures.

Her reflective habit was evinced by her self-admonition, when any accident befel her. If she dropt any thing, or fell herself when running, she used not to cry, but to say, 'Now *I* see!' in imitation of nurse, who used to say, 'Now

you see,' when the neglect of her warnings was productive of mischief. The manner of the little reflector was so unusual, so grave, and yet so comic, that 'now I see,' became the by-word of the house.

She learned to read so quickly, that her mode of making the acquisition was scarcely discerned by her teacher; so that long before she was five years old, she could be quite absorbed in the delights of 'George and his Penny,' or 'The Raven and the Dove;' and it was not till the more tedious and difficult process of teaching her brother was encountered, that the fact was ascertained of her having exhibited unusual rapidity in mastering the art.

Her imagination, naturally lively and poetical, would easily have imbibed a deep tinge of romance; and thus it became important to guide her early avidity for books of all descriptions, so as to protect her mind from the inflammatory influence of works of unprincipled fiction. This was not difficult, in circumtances where any injurious book was easily excluded; but not quite so easy was it to deprive indulgent friends of the delight of pouring into her willing ears the tales she was most glad to listen to. The effect of these on her early childhood was visible instantly, so that a story of a good little girl, whose goodness seemed to consist in her glossy curls, her snow-white frock and blue sash, or in her leading a pet lamb, with a wreath of daisies round its head, would for days together confuse her ideas of what good and evil consist in.

Her fancy kindled at the description of a May-pole; and to this may be traced the style of sports adopted at her suggestion by a group of play-fellows, some of whom are now dispersed over the world; but, with the exception of herself and her sister, none of whom as yet have been called to leave it. A letter from her father describes her bringing in her little brother and sister to the breakfast table, wreathed round and round with flowers of her weaving, and called by her, 'ivygods,' in honour of the jubilee of the expected return of their mother, after a brief absence. In the midst of her joyful preparations, a letter was brought, stating that the return was delayed, when, instead of grieving or losing temper at her disappointment, she instantly addressed herself to console and amuse the little ones with

her usual sweetness. Another letter describes 'Mary as melted with a story about the sorrows of life, and quite up in the air, and full of poetry and sentiment, about May-day gambols.' The date of this letter being February, 1821, she was not then seven years of age.

These exhibitions of her early excitability are not named to prove precocity of talent. Perhaps many girls are more advanced than she was. The object is rather to afford an opportunity of showing the measures adopted to prevent her imagination from outgrowing and injuring her other mental powers. This was done, not by forcing didactic lectures on her, which would have wearied without instructing, or more likely have let her attention loose from her lesson, to wander over the very regions from which it was desirable she should be withdrawn; but by giving her histories from real life, scripture and others, within her comprehension, such as, 'The True Story Book,' which is the delight of unsophisticated children, and by talking to her always, from infancy, as if she were a reasonable being. If she had imagination enough to enkindle her sympathies on the side of the modest young lady, of whom she was told by a *tale-telling* friend, that she went to the ball in simple white with a lily in her hair, when all the rest were sparkling in diamonds, &c. &c., she had also good sense enough to perceive, when it was pointed out to her, that the 'simple white and the lily' were not points of radical difference, and that if the occupation and mind were equally vain, it mattered little whether the parties were decked in stones or in flowers.

The Sabbath evening occupations are still remembered with sweet satisfaction by such of the now far dispersed little company as are alive, and remain;—and, perhaps, to describe them may not be without its use. After reciting the questions which had been acquired before morning hours of public worship, Watts' infant catechism being the first, the children repeated, in turn, what verse of a hymn they could, and all sung it together; and still the dying cadences of those young, but well-tuned voices, hang on memory's ear, and still the happy countenance of that one whose privilege it was to select the hymn is seen by the mind's eye. Then, in turn, they repeated any text they

knew, and questioned each other on its meaning, as had been done to them when first they learned it; and, when all this was accomplished, they considered themselves entitled to ask for a 'Sunday story.' After being indulged in this, the story formed subject of inquiry and discussion, and Scripture proof wherein the actors in the story did wrong or right. The stories were not from scripture history generally, but anecdotes picked up every where. All this having taken place before the system of infant school teaching was introduced, seemed, to some, impracticable in a company of babes; but experience justified the plan, and sufficient evidence is now happily furnished in every town, that the infant mind is capable of acquiring, retaining, and applying a great variety of knowledge. Already did little Mary begin to exercise an influence in her circle, for, if the leader of the band was withdrawn for a time, she was always found repeating an old 'Sunday story' that she remembered, or inducing the rest to sing, or say their texts to her. These exercises, in some part of which prayer was introduced, would occupy us all for two hours, without a shade of weariness, and seem to dispel the difficulty which many pious parents express of keeping their children suitably employed on the Lord's day. They were not kept from weariness by allowing them to return to the nursery to their toys, for a regular occupation of Saturday night was to put all these away, and except a picture Bible, they had not, or ever sought for, a Sabbath amusement.

A friend, whose untiring interest in the progress of the little family was the occasion of her being made the recipient of many a written anecdote, has furnished the following, which are introduced as specimens of very early attention to what was read, and of healthful exercise of the thinking powers:—The history of Elymas the sorcerer, was read to them,—Cornelius, with his bold, decided judgment, exclaimed, 'Blind! I would have struck him dumb for speaking against the gospel.' Mary, perhaps afraid of the freedom of the criticism, replied, 'Oh, no, Corie, blinding him was best, for he might repent, and then you know he could speak *for* the gospel.'

On another occasion, Corie, not feeling well, was resting on the rug, and rather fretful. He was told that he ought

not to complain, as he must learn, in whatsoever state he was, to be therewith contented. His sister, who, seated on a stool, was trying to use a needle and thread, looking up considerately, put the puzzling query, 'Mamma, would you be contented if your head was in the mouth of a lion?' While pondering what reply would be most suitable, the dilemma was removed by the little boy rearing from his listlessness, and saying, 'O yes, she would; for you know the lion could not eat her soul.'

Inexperienced instructors are accused of being unnecessarily strict disciplinarians, and there is much weight in the French maxim, '*pas trop gouverner.*' To cast occupations in the way of children, and leave them to pursue their natural taste in selection; to guide and restrain, but not to dictate in matters of amusement, leaves more play to the taste and genius, and generally gives more zest to enjoyment.

This firstling of the flock required teaching, as she had no example of older children; but so ductile was her mind, and so flexible her disposition, and so miserable was she at the idea of having done wrong, that she required less restraining than most children; and the experience of later years seems to point out, that she might have been disciplined through all her childhood, without the use of punishment at all. On one occasion, when, for some little fault, she was put behind the sofa, under sentence of remaining there for ten minutes, her anguish and her tears were mistaken for a fit of passion in their bitterness; and she was told that if she did not command herself and be quiet, she should remain there double the time. She still stretched her little arms and sobbed out, 'Forgive me! O forgive me!' and when asked how she could expect to be forgiven while she cried and wanted to come out, she at last was able to explain, that, were she but forgiven, she would stay there quietly all day if she was told. This is a sample of her general disposition; the idea of having offended her parents, and, above all, of having sinned against God, inflicted from earliest childhood, the keenest misery on her sensitive mind. Though her tears flowed so readily on subjects that wounded feeling, she could endure a considerable amount of bodily pain without complaint. On one

occasion while being chased round the room by an orphan girl, who, for a time, found a home in the manse, Mary fell against the corner of a brass nailed chair, and had a long gash made in her plump cheek. The stream of blood which quickly stained her clothes, the tears of the poor girl who caused the mischief, and the anxious countenances of all the circle, in addition to her own suffering, drew no tears from her. The friendly old family surgeon finished his task of clasping the wound, by saying, 'There, my little lass, I hope that will heal, without marring your beauty.' The child replied, with her native politeness, 'Thank you, sir,' and then, turning to nurse, on whose knee she was held, she said, in a confidential *sotto voce*, 'That is a cebber (clever) doctor.'

Though thus hardy in her own powers of endurance, she was tender to all living things. A loved relative and occasional companion from her earliest years, says, 'one of the first remembrances I have of her, was her gently rebuking me (with no intention to rebuke, but with an evident surprise,) for killing a spider, instead of putting it out of the window.'

Outward observers could not tell the time when Mary did not appear to be under a gracious influence. But in her thirteenth year,—when in preparation for uniting in the sacred communion services, she conversed with her parents, and was led to reveal more of her inward views than was usual with her,—she herself stated, that the first time she remembered to have felt the Spirit of the Lord moving her to anxiety about her soul, and to prayer, was in her seventh year, on her recovery from a severe fever.

Her constitution seemed to be constructed with a feverish tendency; for several times, at intervals of years, she had serious attacks of fever: and in this, her first visit of that disease, she seemed as near the brink of the grave as she ever seemed in her last, till within a brief period of her spirit's being set free. Days and nights of watching were passed, when her faculties were shut up from those around her. She did not speak, and saw very imperfectly; she could not swallow, and was conjectured not to hear. Yet, when her strength came again, she mentioned that she heard, and sometimes was able to give her attention to

what was said,—that whispering in the room disturbed and irritated her more than speaking in the natural voice,—that she often was comforted by the prayers which were offered by her bed, and she was glad if a hymn or text were repeated, and grieved that she could make no sign to indicate that she wished for more. Amongst other things which reached her watchful mind, she named her gladness when she understood that a dear Christian brother, who preached, was to pray for her in church. She also understood a conference between her medical attendants, who discussed by her bed the improbability of her surviving the night, and (lookers on might well have been surprised, had they known the effect of this medical opinion,) felt in herself that they were mistaken, for she was not dying! From these circumstances, lessons may be drawn by those who are about the sick; not that they are new, for they have been urged and laid down many a time in medical books, but in most cases they are not practised. First, that whispering excites nervous irritation and suspicion in the patient. Second, that the sick, whether they seem to hear or to have perfect command of their intellectual powers or not, ought invariably to be dealt with as if they had, in all that is said within their hearing. And, third, that words of comfort and instruction, such words as the Lord Jesus Christ has furnished us with, ought still to be poured into ears which, for aught we know, are not unconscious, and that prayer ought to be made not only for, but with them.

After many days of keen suffering, and of intellectual seclusion, the little patient was revived, and the more hopeful task was vouchsafed to her nurses, to strengthen and raise her up again. She very soon asked to be read to, and would have listened more than her feebleness rendered it safe to allow; and weak though her eyes were, she used herself to read with avidity a book consisting of meditations and hymns adapted to the capacity of childhood, and exhibiting the 'Good Shepherd,' in terms somewhat suited to his gracious office and tender care. She would not trust any one to remove this favourite little book out of her reach, but hid it under her pillow, when, from fatigue, she could read no more. At this time, she said nothing to her friends about her serious impressions, warmly as her heart went

out to them; but her love for religious converse, and her own personal share in what she had opportunity to listen to of the experience of her seniors, might be conjectured from the frequent tears, and the expression of tender anxiety in her wan but sweet countenance.

After being restored to health, her solicitude about the conduct and condition of the junior members of her family was more actively exhibited; and her brother, who was not much younger than herself, betrayed his consciousness of a restraining influence, which was probably not always welcome to his bolder spirit, by calling her 'the magistrate.' The term is not indicative of any thing overbearing and unseemly on her part, but of guidance and restraint. And well does it become the parent, who felt her worth as influencing the whole circle for good, to acknowledge, in adoring gratitude, the bounty of Him who bestowed so gracious a child. In a letter addressed to a bosom friend, when Mary was still but in her eighth year, this expression of grateful acknowledgment is given, and will at least prove that the admiration is no after-thought, but was parallel with her days as they passed:—

'Mary and Corie are very busy with their teacher. Mary improves in industry, understanding, affection, and duty every day. I sometimes wonder how she ever was given to us; and sometimes wonder too (for conscience does not allow me to enjoy such an undeserved blessing in peace,) if she is to be taken soon home, or if she is to be the kind eldest daughter of a motherless family.'

From about this time, when the business of instruction was set about in earnest, the services of a tutor were engaged, and the education of the family, conducted without distinction of sex, in the subjects to which their minds were applied; and Mary, as the elder, led the van in every lesson. By and by she was permitted daily to pass an hour or two with two Christian friends at her needle, in addition to her other lessons, and to them she occasionally betrayed more of the working of her heart than she could do to her parents. For example, she asked why it was that when she had an earnest desire to pray, and went to her knees, she *could not*. The child seemed distressed about it, and felt it a burden.

She benefited much by the converse of these faithful friends, and remembered them with grateful sympathy during the rest of her life. They had occasion to remark her sensitive nature under rebuke, and her concern when she had fallen into error. Sometimes, when she went to them, she would say, 'I felt very stupid at lessons to-day, and mamma was not pleased with me;' and the tear in her eye evinced her uneasiness. On the arrival of a relation of theirs from a distance, a girl of nearly her own age, she embraced the opportunity of their frequent intercourse, to seek to influence her for the good of her soul; and, when alone, would pray with her. With her own brothers and sisters, as they advanced in numbers and in understanding, she delighted to engage in the same sacred exercise; and, however her affections might be extended to other companions, she seemed to feel an absence of perfect cordiality if she did not meet in them sympathy in spiritual things.

Her delicate musical ear, and sweet voice, were soon engaged in singing with the spirit and understanding; and so contemplative was her nature, that the liveliest joys of childhood would have been forsaken at any time for a lonely walk on the ever-lovely banks of her admired Tweed, or for a few minutes of pious converse or singing with an older friend.

It is not easy to say at what date her relish for the beauties of nature was enhanced, by looking beyond them to the power and munificence of the God of creation, combined with the compassion and love of the God of redemption. Her early attempts at noting with her pen the thoughts of her heart, exhibit the play of poetic imagery and sentiment, together with efforts at reflection and sober views of existence beyond this world.

The following verses have been recently found in a box of juvenile keep-sakes, and similar treasures. Judging by the writing, they may be referred to her eleventh or twelfth year:—

'How sweet are those delightful dreams,
That charm in youth's first days of bloom!
And sweet those radiant sunshine gleams,
That wander through surrounding gloom.

And bright are fancy's fairy bowers,
  And sweet the flowers that round she flings;
When in gay youth's romantic hours
  She shows all fair and lovely things.

But ah! there is a land above,
  Whose pleasures never fade away;
A holy land of bliss and love,
  Where night is lost in endless day.

And in the blaze of that blest day,
  All earthly bowers we deemed so bright,
Must fade, as when the sun's first ray
  Dispels the darkness of the night.

Why should my soul so fondly cling
  To joys that bless my pilgrimage?
The joys of heaven I ought to sing,
  Its raptures all my love engage.

Why should my spirit fear to die?
  What though the river may be deep?
When past, I never more shall sigh;
  My eyes shall then forget to weep.

O! for faith's bright and eagle eye,
  To pierce beyond this vale of tears,
To regions blest above the sky,
  To worlds unknown by lapse of years.

Then should the toys that tempt me now,
  From my enraptured bosom fly;
In faith and grace my soul should grow,
  Till death be lost in victory.'

The following outpouring of a refined spirit, panting after earthly enjoyments of an ethereal character, she has entitled

'IMAGINATIONS.

'I've imaged a land where flowers are growing
  In pristine sweetness all the year,
And purest crystal streams are flowing,
  And sunbeams kiss the waters clear.

Where music's voice, the hours beguiling,
  Comes floating on the summer air;
Where beaming suns are mildly smiling,
  And cloudless skies are ever fair.

But darkness here the daylight closes,
And storms obscure the sunlit sky;
And thorns are mingled with our roses;
While joy is round us, grief is nigh.

O! were I in that land of gladness
I've imaged fair within my breast,
Then farewell to grief and sadness,
Welcome soul-refreshing rest.

Within the leafy grot reclining,
While balmy breezes round me played,
I'd gaze on scenes all brightly shining,
With nought to make my heart afraid.

My heart should rise, with nature blending;
In one sweet song of harmony;
Each lovely object round me tending
To make my soul all melody.'

The very severe and protracted indisposition of a sister three years younger than herself, which deprived the family, for many months, of all maternal superintendence, extended a double gloom over the house of mourning. The children were all suffering from hooping-cough at the time that her sister was first deprived of the use of her limbs, and then, for some months, of sight, by inflammation in the brain and spine. Poor Mary faded, and lost appetite day by day; and, at the hour of the medical visit, when the dear sufferer's eyes were bandaged, that the light of a candle might be introduced to the chamber, which at all other times was in a state of midnight darkness, it was mournful to remark, as the little group crowded around that bed of anguish, that Mary's cheek was pale and her eye dim; and while the younger sought to say something cheering to the dear sufferer, she could only shrink behind the curtain to shroud her tears. It was, therefore, found necessary to send her away from the scene; and she was indebted for a home to sympathizing and intelligent relatives, who cheered her, without leading her to forget those in whose distresses it became her to partake.

The house-keeper in that family lately expressed, with tears, her loving remembrance of the little guest; and said, that a girl of her own age, who had been invited as her companion, remarked to her, 'Mary, you always pray out

of your own mind; but I say the prayers my mamma has taught me.' She replied, 'Anna, if I were to do that, how could I ask for what I *need* from God?' This little circumstance gives evidence that prayer was with her experienced to be real intercourse with her Father in heaven.

No juvenile letters appear connected with that period, when the rod of the holy God was laid so sharply on her house; but the impression left on the bereaved circle, when it was removed, and the redoubled zeal and sweetness of Mary in regard to divine things, were conspicuous. Her return to the Sabbath-school, in her mourning garb, and re-occupying her place, with a solemn view of her responsibility for the use of each Sabbath, while the place of her dear sister was filled by another, was observed to be with her a time of increased prayer and watchfulness; and the idea of a sister dwelling in the presence of Jesus, seemed to sublimate her thoughts, and give her a sedateness that never left her again.

Though then only in her eleventh year, and always full of sweet flexibility of temper, that led her to enter with readiness into the interests and engagements of others, to Mary there was an end of May-day gambols, of constructing grottos, of taking the lead in lively games. Converse with her seniors, listening when they conversed, reading, writing, and enjoying the green earth and sky alone, seemed to be all the excitement she desired. During the communion services in the early spring of her twelfth year, when she was in delicate health, a letter from one, whose watchful eye took in much that was not made subject of conversation, contains this remark:—'Dear Mary had a melting day on Sabbath, weeping and praying for more love. She was able to be in church for a short time. I trust there are many gracious marks about her.'

The next winter, she, with trembling and humble anxiety, asked if she might be counted worthy to approach the table of the Lord. Her father told her that he hoped and believed that she loved her Lord now, and as the communion is an ordinance in which he reveals himself to those who love him, he saw no reason why she should be held back on account of age; and he trusted she would be strengthened to perseverance by partaking of it. She then

requested to be permitted to share in the instructions of a faithful friend of her father, hoping for more guidance, as she felt that her parents had already told her all they could on the affecting subject. This request was most cordially acceded to, and she passed some time in the family of the Rev. Mr. Hunter, then of Swinton. She returned from those affectionate friends and faithful servants of the Lord, accompanied by expressions of increased love, on their part, and of delight with her ductility, and congratulations to her parents on having received from God the gift of such a child.

While absent, she wrote little notes, which exhibit the state of her mind:—'I fear I am not sufficiently anxious about preparing; but earnestly desire to be more so. Please write to me soon, and stir me up. I know you pray for me.'—'I hope to have a letter from you. Oh! I feel that I do not love God enough. I feel that I am very sinful, and backward in laying down my burden at the foot of my Redeemer's cross. But I desire to love God. I feel that, if I had no hope in him, I should be miserable indeed. O! I cannot think what there is in the world that makes us so ready to do as our wicked adversary bids us, rather than to follow after our Lord, who hath first loved us. But still *I know* that God will not leave me to myself. He knows the most secret thoughts of my heart, and knows the way to purify me to himself. "He has seen my ways and will heal me. Having loved his own, he will love them to the end; he will not suffer his faithfulness to fail."'—'When I come home, you will counsel me, and lead me closer to my God. O how I wish for a closer walk with God! and I know that in his own good time he will grant me this desire of my heart!'

No written memorial of this affecting point in the young Christian's pilgrimage appears, but it dwells in memory as a time of much tenderness of spirit, and mutual prayer, and one remarkable result experienced by her earthly guardians was, that she seemed now devoted and sealed an heir of God, and joint-heir with Christ; so that, although, as still in the wilderness, she continued an object of tender care and anxiety, yet the great matter was settled. The good work was not only clearly begun in her soul, but ad-

vancing steadily; and her gracious God, to whom she had given herself, was pledged to carry it on till the day of the Lord Jesus.

Her education from this time went on rapidly under her tutor, with such assistance as Kelso afforded, in those points of cultivation peculiar to her sex, till she entered her fifteenth year. From various essays in prose and verse which had been appointed as exercises for her mind, her versification of a well-known Greek ode is selected, as it peculiarly delighted her father, on account of the harmony and freedom of its numbers. The subject is Danae with the infant Perseus. Her tutor read it to her in English prose, and she repaid him by the following verses:—

'INVOCATION.

'Ye gentle muses, I invoke your aid;
Ye dwellers in Parnassus, hear my prayer:
To tune your lyre assist a simple maid,
And make her numbers your peculiar care.'

'ODE.

'The winds and waves were softly sighing
Over the billowy heaving main;
The sea-bird was all wildly crying,
And soaring o'er the watery plain.

And there a chest, in gentle motion,
Was lifted with the rising wave,
As floating on the restless ocean,
It hasted to a sea-beat grave.

Imprisoned in this darksome dwelling,
There lay a lady and a child:
Her bosom was with sorrow swelling;
And thus she spake in accents wild:

"With grief, my son, my heart is breaking,
For fast we're drifting to the tomb,
While thou thy sweet repose art taking,
Unmindful of our coming doom.

"How canst thou lie in breathing slumber
Within this darksome prison room,
While bars and bolts in countless number
Confine us in eternal gloom.

"Thou heedest not the wild waves moaning,
With purple mantle round thee thrown;
Thou hearest not thy mother's groaning,—
I pour my wail to winds alone!

"Thou, who with pleasure used to hearken,
And make my will thy law, by choice,
Would'st now, when tempests round us darken,
Attend, if thou couldst hear my voice.

"Ah! still unconscious press thy pillow,
Tranced in sweet slumbers, dearest child:
Hush, hush, thou deep, each murmuring billow!
Be still, be still, ye breakers wild!

"My soul, my heart, is rending—breaking;
Be still, my wo,—be still, be still!
In deep, deep sleep that knows no waking,
Be sunk, ye phantoms, all of ill!"'

In the selection of texts to be learned as one of the early nursery exercises, there had been a view, from the first, to such as could be most usefully employed in prayer; and as soon as the mind was strengthened sufficiently to apply them, the children were accustomed to compose prayers by the combination of one, two, or three of these texts in the form of petitions; so that prayers were dictated by those who could not yet write, and were written in all the initiatory stages of penmanship. Except the Lord's Prayer, they were scarcely taught anything approaching to a *form*, from the conviction, that the habit of exerting the mind to discover its own wants, and to employ the continually increasing store of scripture in seeking for their supply, was a likely way to ward off heedlessness and formality in this holy exercise. After being exercised in this manner for a while, they were gradually brought to pray in turn on some part of the Sabbath day, and they who devised the little plan, have reason to praise Him who giveth the increase, for he shed on it the dew of his blessing. The want of this species of training, forms, in many, an impediment to social usefulness for life; they may pray with the spirit, but for want of practice they are constrained to be silent when it would be for edification that they should speak; and, while it is readily conceded that fluency does not necessarily insure spiritual prayer, it must also be

admitted that spiritual prayer without utterance, is not capable of being helpful and consolitary to others.

How many a sick person is visited in the spirit of Christian love, but quitted with a feeling of imperfection in the performance of the duty, because the blessing of His spirit, who alone can make good council to grow, has not been invoked. How many a class for instruction is opened and closed without prayer, which, when sincerely offered, acts as a frame-work or inclosure to hedge in the good seed, and shelter it from the birds of the air that are so ready to carry it away. Were the teachers or visitors of the sick habituated from early days to fashion petitions for themselves, and to pray with members of their own family occasionally, all embarrassment would be avoided, and one temptation to the omission of this duty would be removed. This subject is dwelt on with the more earnestness, because, in these times of rapid movement, when families quit their scenes of study to be suddenly scattered to the ends of the earth, their own consolation and stedfastness, and their means of usefulness to others, cannot fail to be promoted by readiness in prayer. By this gift they may have the honour to assist in hastening the latter day glories; without it they may be obliged to see their brother have need of spiritual aid, and stand silent by.

A prayer of Mary Lundie, preserved by the care of a maternal friend, has just been forwarded from its long hiding-place, which is of too great length for insertion, but which contains the outlines of those holy desires that in maturer years are to be seen in her diary. The juvenility of some expressions proves the youth of the petitioner, while intercession for the sick, the ungodly, the heathen, for ministers and for missionaries, prove that her heart was already expanded in Christian love to embrace the world, and to desire that Christ should be glorified by the salvation of all men. Her interest in the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom was early exhibited. Having heard it suggested in the Sabbath school that the children gave nothing of their own if they begged pence from their parents, and that they ought to exercise self-denial, and give to the missionary cause money which they would have expended on their

own indulgences, Mary asked that she might eat her bread without butter, and the price be given her for the mission box.

About this time a watch, which was an old family piece, was presented to Mary by two much-loved and highly-esteemed relatives. Her grateful acceptance of the gift, and moral musings on its use, were expressed in the following lines :—

'Believe me, dear ladies, tho' long I've delayed
To return for your present the thanks that are due,
My heart has its tribute of gratitude paid,
And now that heart's tribute I offer to you.

How pure is its substance! how brightly it shines!
Its springs with what beauty and order they move!
But charms more delightful than these it combines,
Since it comes as a pledge of affection and love.

When I list to its voice, that's so constant and low,
It seems to be warning me, Time will not stay;
It tells the swift moments, as onward they flow
In the stillness of night and the bustle of day.

And thirty years past (passing strange does it seem),
It number'd the hours as they fleeted away;
Before I beheld the fair day's cheering beam,
Its voice was the same as I hear it to-day.

Ah! 'tis a reproof to fond man's foolish care,
Who treasures for earth as his ultimate joy,
That the gay and the lovely, the bright and the fair,
To memory are lost, before this little toy.

Let it teach me to work in the days that are given;
Let it teach me to flee from the follies of earth;
Let it teach me to garner a treasure in heaven,
And esteem sacred wisdom more precious than mirth.

And may you, my dear friends, while your journey endures,
In improvement of time and in happiness dwell;
Enjoy the repose that religion ensures;
Peace and comfort be with you—dear ladies, farewell!'

CHAPTER II.

SCHOOL DAYS.

It is not uncommon for those who are seeking with a prayerful spirit, to pursue the plans which seem best adapted to an end, to feel themselves arrested by their frustration, and thus constrained to trace back all their motives, and the elements on which their judgment was formed, with a view to discover the occasion of their failure. There is one, however, and that the sovereign element, at work in the history of the child of God, which is often invisible even to the eye of faith, until it is enabled to cast its glance back over the finished history of that child. When we enter into the sanctuary of God, we become aware that, while we were in pursuit of one species of attainments, the Holy One, regardless of our limited wishes, was, in his own way, pursuing his will, which was the sanctification of the object of our care. Under this new aspect, we perceive that what we deemed a disappointment was in fact a blessing, and that, instead of our Father in heaven declining to co-operate with us, he is fulfilling our dearest desires by taking the work into his own hand.

This was remarkably verified in the first year that Mary was separated from her family. It was with trembling and prayerful anxiety that the resolution was come to of parting with one so lovely, so sensitive, and so reflecting; and the selection of the school to which she was to be entrusted was a subject of the most anxious care. But, at the end of one year, when that school was permanently closed, the purposes for which she had been placed there, seemed in so great a degree to have failed, that it was put down as a serious disappointment. The chief object had been to find a seminary conducted on strictly Christian principles, in connexion with the attendance of excellent teachers; and these seemed to have been found. Perhaps the lady who communicated with the inquirer, and described the internal

regulation of the place, was not called upon to reveal to a stranger, that she, in a few weeks, purposed to marry, and leave the concern under the direction of a sister. Perhaps her humility made her fail to perceive that, when she went, the genius, the energy, the power of control, and the industry of the establishment went with her. But so it was; and it was speedily obvious that there was the want of a pervading mind to correct prejudices, to guide and influence opinions and affections, and to discern and rebuke youthful follies. So that while lessons were carefully taught, personal comfort sedulously cared for, and religious duties and privileges provided as became a Christian, the new head of the establishment failed to detect a strong under-current of trickery and deception, which, though applied to mere baubles, had a pernicious effect on those of upright purpose, who had not force to resist being swept away by its strength.

Into this scene, then, after all the care in selection, was this child of home introduced, and there was she left to make her way alone. Her own description in a letter to a friend, written during the holidays, will give the simple view of her state. To her parents she did not reveal it, though it had been stipulated that she should enjoy the unwonted privilege of corresponding with them without the supervision of her governess:—

'*London, Jan.* 5, 1830.

'I have been tolerably happy at school. For the first few weeks, indeed, I was very miserable. I felt myself for the first time among total strangers. When mamma left me, and I looked round and saw not one by whom I was loved, or for whom I myself had any regard—when I found my minutest actions criticised, and my words repeated, I did fear that I should have nothing but unhappiness. Miss B——, the lady whom mamma and I saw the first time we called, had taken a fancy to me, and having a poetic imagination, had, with the intention of inspiring all the girls with love for me, given them a most enthusiastic and mistaken description; so that, as was quite natural, they expected something more than usually excellent,—one who would be superior to them all, and in whom they

should discover very few faults. This was not unmingled with envy. Consequently, when they saw a poor sorrowful girl, quite unaccustomed to school tricks and school girls, they were disappointed, imagined that Miss B—— had unjustly preferred me, and all turned away from me. I had a great deal of prejudice to overcome, for, when a few of the girls whom the others most look up to are hostile to any one, the rest very easily follow in their train. In this way my situation was more unhappy than that of the others. One young lady, whom I liked best, left school in bad health in the middle of the half year. However I have got over most of that now, and two, who persecuted me most, like me best.'

Many of the causes of persecution were also subjects of envy,—such as writing uninspected letters; possessing a desk, with the privilege of locking up her treasures in it; discovering by accident that she understood Latin, an enormity which poor Mary, in her simplicity, had no suspicion could offend; the possession of a miniature of her mother; and, above all, her having been caught in the perpetration of such a breach of *esprit de corps*, as to look on it in her own room, with the tear in her eye. These, and such things as these, which proved that the culprit had 'a world elsewhere,' which she preferred to the society of her present associates, were offences sufficient to bring on her inexperienced and devoted head, a succession of petty vexations and annoyances, which, in the insulated microcosm of a boarding-school, were enough to afflict her spirit. It was the means of leading her to seek guidance and support in prayer; and the discipline of heart which cost her so much pain, teaching her to turn away wrath by a soft answer, to overlook wilful endeavours to place her in a false position with the governess, and to pray for those who did so without either scorning their contempt or courting their favour, was blest to her for her remaining years. In the home where she was beloved and cherished, she could not have encountered such circumstances; and here was visible the master hand taking upon himself the education of this dear child, in his own blessed way, but in a manner which could not fail to be distressing to her parents, when they discovered it.

An incident puerile in the eyes of the world without, but capable of exciting a considerable sensation within a boarding-school, developed her character and purposes, in a way that turned the tide in her favour. The spirit of frolic, or the pleasantness of eating bread in secret, had tempted the young people to enlist the cook (whose integrity they had means to turn aside,) in their service, to purchase for them a variety of cakes, which were to be enjoyed in an upper chamber, when the seniors of the establishment supposed them to have retired to rest. One young lady, who had so far dared to judge for herself as not to join in any act of persecution against this lonely being, entreated her to engage in the scheme. She urged her by the motive, that if she did not, it would only render her more unpopular; that the rest expected, if she did not, she would certainly betray them; that the cook would lose her place, &c. &c. In short, in the form of the tempter, she made it appear that the only amiable and safe mode was to follow the multitude to do evil. Mary was enabled steadily to resist, and was left alone in her chamber, by the gentle girl who had urged her, and who was herself so convinced by her arguments, that what they did was wrong, that she only joined the revellers above stairs, from the fear of sharing in Mary's persecution, if she stayed with her. After the secret banquet was over, the same kind friend brought a portion of the spoil to the bed where poor Mary lay in tears. She urged her to accept of her dainties; she even pressed a bunch of grapes against her feverish lips, but she steadily declined to taste them. Her conduct excited great alarm in the little band, who saw a fair occasion afforded of vengeance for all their wrongs, by a simple statement of the truth. But when some days past, and the same quiet deportment was observed, neither threat nor inuendo exciting their fears, first one, then another, became convinced of their injustice and unkindness. Time after time, she found notes of apology, and overtures of reconciliation slipped into her work-box; and at length the most adverse threw down the weapons of their petty warfare, and sought her friendship;—thus verifying, in their confined circle, the saying of the wise man, 'When a man's ways please the Lord, he causeth even his enemies to be at peace with him.'

As the holidays approached, anxiety about the awarding of prizes arose to a great height. Mary Lundie received the premium for general Christian and lady-like deportment, by a great majority of marks; and, when another pupil received the music-prize, about which there had at one time been a doubt whether Mary should not have obtained it, she congratulated her rival, and kissed her with such affectionate sincerity, that it was marked by the whole school; and, from that time, she might, if she would have accepted the bad pre-eminence, have been the leader, instead of the persecuted. The lady who had presided, during that year, at the close of it was also married, and the establishment was broken up. ' No one, therefore, can be injured by this delineation; and as she has since entered the eternal world, her feelings cannot be wounded by it. Where the head of a seminary is of sharper eyes than this lady, and is as kind and conscientious as she without question was, exercises of tyranny, and evil temper of this description cannot occur. The trial was severe on one whom her father, in writing of it, described as 'a moral plant, ill adapted to the cold clime of this world;' and has been always remembered with concern, but also with the thankful consciousness that He who alone can bring good out of evil, stood by her, in her hour of temptation, and sanctified the trial to her advancement in holiness.

Mary was fortunate in an affectionate and very judicious friend, who opened for her a home during vacations, and treated her as her own child—entering into her concerns; watching her improvement; suggesting alterations in her studies; and writing faithful details of her observations to her distant family. This highly estimable lady was remembered ever with grateful and dutiful regard; and the prospect of seeing her again was held among the bright spots in the vista of future years. This hope was destined to be disappointed. One of this enlightened friend's many acts of considerate and enlarged kindness, was obtaining permission for Mary to pass a week with her in the month of May, 1830. During this time, her letters, overflowing with tidings from the meetings of religious societies, which introduced her to so brilliant and precious a section of the talent and philanthropy of her country, showed how well

bestowed was that week of indulgence, and of high enjoyment. It was delightful to her father to observe the eagerness with which her mind grasped at those subjects which had engaged his own best energies, and touched his best feelings, for nearly the whole of his life. Her descriptions of Wilberforce, Clarkson, Buxton, and Brougham, and of their speeches,—the enthusiasm with which she yielded her soul to the powers of eloquence, and the true feeling with which she embraced every just and holy cause, as it was presented, proved that these opportunities were powerful auxiliaries in the development of her mind, and compensated, in a great degree, for some defects in her school. One great object to be sought in education, is the expansion of mind, not merely by the study of books, but by presenting external objects to the observation, as its powers become stronger. Whatever has the effect of loosening the prejudices which, in some characters, form the chief part of early attachment, is an important auxiliary in mental culture. A young person, born in a great city, will acquire a thousand new sources of delight, by going to school in the country. The sights and sounds of nature, substituted for the ceaseless pavement, and the throng of men; the very view of snow, resting on cottage-roofs, and clothing every spray, unfolds compartments in the budding mind, which might otherwise be shrunk up and withered through a lengthened life. The converse is also true; and a young person accustomed to country scenes, or the habits and notions of a country town, will not only acquire many new ideas, but escape from many prejudices, by removal to a city; and this, not at pecuniary cost, or at the expense of hard study, but by the mere circumstance of change of place.

The same thing holds true with respect to religious forms and sects. Mary Lundie, though attached to the Church of Scotland by a long line of ancestors—some of whom had suffered persecution in her cause—though educated in the most respectful attachment to her parent church, where she had learned all that she knew of the Saviour, and of which she had the privilege to be an early member, yet learned, during her sojourn in the south, with much gladness of heart, to enjoy the services of the Church of England, and to drink in, with avidity, the ardent addresses

of some of the evangelical dissenters; and thus was laid the foundation of that catholic spirit, which has doubtless expanded in the region of her present habitation, to embrace all, by whatsoever name they may have been distinguished on earth, who have loved the Lord Jesus in sincerity. These valuable objects were promoted by converse with many Christian friends, with whom she was permitted to hold intercourse in London; and, while careless observers might criticise external accomplishments, her parents blessed God that her Christian love, emancipated from mere local trammels, expatiated over all the churches of Christ with benignant sympathy.

The close of the seminary in which her first year was passed, rendered it necessary to seek another. Her ideas of what that other should be, are thus expressed by her, to her friend Mrs. Evans:—'I do want a clever school. Not one where there is a routine of *mechanical tasks*. I want something to exercise my head; something to improve my composition, which might easily be effected in conjunction with lighter accomplishments, if there were a clever sensible person who would take an interest in it.—I hope that, wherever I go, I may hear the gospel preached.'

In the seminary finally selected, that of Mrs. Gordon, in Euston Square, she found a congenial circle, a happy home, and the means of improvement to her heart's content. Those days flowed sweetly on, where pupil and teacher were attached as sisters; where instruction was communicated and received, with equal avidity; where the minutiæ of knowledge, and the higher communings of spirits preparing for heaven, were blended in their daily occupations. On all occasions, Mary expressed her respect and love for Mrs. and the Misses Gordon; and, with Miss Isabella, she formed a tender friendship, which was suddenly interrupted by the death of that talented and devoted young lady, a few short months after she had entered on a new line of duties in the married state. The survivors must forgive this tribute to a memory so precious, and so linked with the ardent admiration and love of Mary Lundie. Three years after she had enjoyed this tuition, in a letter to a friend, she says, 'Have you heard that my ever-beloved Mrs. Clark (the matrimonial name of Miss I. Gordon,) has en-

tered her rest? Her end was triumphant; but O, what a loss! Even to me it is most afflicting. What, then, must it be to her family,—to her husband, who possessed the treasure but eight months! O, to meet her in our Father's house. The south has lost half its charms, now my beloved friend is gone. Pray that my affections may be fixed on God, and not traverse earth to find something to fill up the blank. When shall I love a young friend, as I loved her?'

This extract is purposely antedated, to exhibit the felicity of the pupil under so beloved a teacher. Here also may be fitly introduced, an extract from a letter from this lamented friend, after Mary had finished her first half year, under the roof of Mrs. Gordon.

'69 *Euston Square, January* 3, 1831.

* * * 'We trust you will find her time has not been lost while under our care. I have felt great pleasure in instructing her, she is so attentive a pupil; and her amiable dispositions, combined with talent and piety, have endeared her not a little to us,—a friendship which, I trust, may not be forgotten when we part, but that you will kindly allow Mary to write to me sometimes. It is a pleasing reflection, that any of our dear girls are fellow-pilgrims in the path of glory; and I may indeed congratulate you on having your eldest child a follower of the blessed Saviour, as the influence over the younger ones may be great. We will feel the loss of Miss Lundie's steady example much, as the sight of a school companion, reading her Bible, and walking in the commands of God, has more effect, I think, than the precepts or example of teachers. There is one thing which vexes me about Mary,—a degree of untidiness, and want of activity about such things as she considers of minor importance, but which I consider of great value to a woman,—putting on her clothes firmly, keeping her drawers neat, &c. She is a little improved in these respects; and we hope will be much more so, before she leaves us.' This, the only fault which reached her parents' ears, during her stay in London, would, from its trifling nature, be unworthy of notice, but for two reasons:—1st, It shows, that the picture drawn is designed to be impartial; and, 2d, We shall

see that, in later years, when domestic occupations, which she always considered of 'minor importance,' became duties, she gave herself to them with zeal and diligence.

With that dear friend whose house was her home, during vacations, a constant correspondence was kept up at Kelso, and over her letters are dispersed remarks and information of all descriptions. For example, during her sojourn at the first school, Mrs. E. says, 'Mary shines among her school-fellows with meek radiance; she is a humble, but dignified young person. * * * I think Mary has improved generally. * * * She has also learned a great deal of that kind of experience which is absolutely necessary for getting through this world, and does not now speak of what she considered hardships, when she first went to school. Her sense of divine things seems to be as deep as when I first conversed with her; and this I esteem a great blessing, considering the distractions of school, and the trifling and folly of girls at all schools. She appears to be conscientiously attentive to the best things; and I trust that such an example as hers may prove a blessing to others in the school. * * * Our dear girl is indeed a very lovely young woman. She excites admiration, and the greatest interest, in all our circle, and yet seems quite insensible to it. We shall grieve, indeed, when the time comes for her return to Scotland.'

The impression derived from a re-perusal of Mary's letters from school, is, that she exercised conscientiousness in her endeavours to improve in all her studies, accompanied by a considerate reluctance to put her parents to expense, and a modest concern lest they should not be satisfied with her attainments. For example, 'Everybody thinks it would be a great pity for me to give up singing, which I greatly prefer to any other accomplishment; but if you think it too much, of course I shall be quite willing to drop it. * * * I have done, I think I may conscientiously say, all I can to improve; and I can assure you, at Miss Gordon's school, the solids keep pace with the *adornments*.'

She adds, 'So you think of sending Corie to Glasgow College. I hope his principles are sufficiently formed to make it safe for him to leave his dear home, for a scene in

which he cannot fail to encounter temptations, to which he is unaccustomed. The peace of God is the only anchor to keep the mind steady in the midst of them. If my being away, dear mother, makes it more difficult for you to part with him, and if he will lose by not going this year, let me come home at Michaelmas.'

To her brother she wrote while at college,—

'*London, January* 29, 1831.

* * * 'You, as well as myself, are separated from our dear home. I felt it much at first; but those among whom I have been placed have proved kind and tender friends; and I presently found that I was no longer a stranger. I hope, dear Corie, that your sojourn in Glasgow may be as happy as mine in London. * * * What are you reading in, English, Latin, and Greek? My acquaintance with the last named good old language is at an end; but I still think of Latin with affection, and sometimes sigh for the days when I luxuriated among Virgil's bees and flowers, or mourned for Dido's unhappy lot. But it will be more within my comprehension, if you tell me what works of English literature have lately interested you. I hope that you have time for reading, and that what you do read is calculated to improve your taste and understanding, and increase your knowledge. * * * Are you learning mathematics? and, if so, how do you like this study? Some people are very fond of it, but I cannot say that *that* science ever haunted my dreams.* I have been reading Milman's Fall of Jerusalem, by way of relaxation. It is a beautiful poem; some passages transported me from school, and every thing else, till I fancied myself in the midst of the falling streets, or standing, with the rescued Miriam, by the calm moonlight at the "fountain of night."

* Alluding to a family anecdote of an uncle of past generations, who, when a student, had spent the hours, till long past midnight, in unsuccessful endeavours to solve a problem (which his professor had done before him, during the day,) and had retired to rest in despair. But, when he arose in the morning, he found the solution in his own handwriting, on his own desk, proving that, in his dream, his mind had wrought out what his waking powers had failed in, and that he had risen in sleep, and written it down.

I have read, last half year, five volumes of Turner's History of England, a most interesting work. I think you would be pleased with it. It does not confine itself to what passed in our own isle, but gives a clear view of the state of other European nations. This is an advantage, as it helps us to form distinct views of what was going on in the different states, at one time. Arrangement, you know, is of great importance. A little knowledge, in my opinion, when combined with it, is better than a good deal scattered confusedly through the pericranium. * * Dear mamma and papa must feel your absence very much. I hope they may not, in any way, be disappointed in me. I am sincerely desirous to make myself useful, in every respect that I can. I feel that I *ought*, after their kindness in allowing me to remain so long at school, where my energies have been more bent on improving myself, than in benefiting others.

'I hope, dear C., you do all in your power to improve in your pursuits. Perhaps you may not again have as much time for study. You are now far from those who guided your early years; but remember that the ever-present God still sees all your deeds, and knows your thoughts, and will be your God even unto death, if you will be his son. O give him your heart. My dear brother, a steady principle of love to him is the only sure protection from all those snares you may meet with. Let his word be your standard, and go not with a multitude to do evil. Persons brought up as we have been, have much to answer for. We have heard what it is to love God; and, what is more, we have seen it exemplified in our dear parents, whose examples have been constantly before us. Your sister's prayer is, that the God of your fathers may be yours for ever.'

Mary had already acquired a strength of judgment, which secured her against the misleading effects of adulation. While her love of approbation led her to bask in the purer sunshine of affection's smile, she early discerned the distinction between that and the oblique rays of selfish compliment. After describing a family to which she had been introduced, she added, 'Miss —— is, I ought to tell you, a great flatterer. She complimented me extremely on a little foolish poem I wrote on the overturning of Mrs.

——'s writing-desk. Happily I was aware of her propensity, and did not believe her.'

The early attention of members of the other sex commonly create some excitement in the mind of a girl,—arousing the conviction of approaching womanhood, and fanning either sentiment or vanity, according to the character of the receiver. The only notice to be found of such a circumstance in her case, is this, 'That was a curious letter sent me by Mr. ——; but as I showed it instantly to dear Mrs. E., she will mention it to you, if it be necessary.' Another little movement betrayed the generous and self-denying character of her mind. When about to leave London, a small sum of money was sent, for her to expend in the way she liked best; supposing that some collections of art or other exhibitions, might have been still unvisited; some favourite pieces of music unprocured; or some pretty garment that took her fancy, which she might like to purchase. From this fund she did not make one acquisition for herself, except that of the pleasure of presenting gifts to every member of her beloved family; and the affectionate travelling companion who accompanied her home, remarked, that the expending of five pounds had never before afforded as much delight to an owner.

CHAPTER III.

HER FIRST AFFLICTION.

She had just completed her seventeenth year when she returned to Kelso. The radiant joy and beaming love occasioned by her re-union to her family, her glad review of the dear haunts of childhood, her humble solicitude lest her attainments should fall short of the expectations of her parents, all exhibited the simplicity and meekness of her mind. Till the sense of novelty wore off, she was really uneasy lest the result of her studies should prove far inferior to their expectations; and repeatedly, after doing anything which exhibited the degree of her acquisitions, she said, with an anxious expression, 'Ah, I fear you are disappointed;' or, 'you hoped, after so much pains, that I should have done that better.'

She instantly sought to occupy her attainments by communicating them to her juniors, and became of her own accord their preceptress in any thing or every thing that she could teach, and that they were willing to learn. She now, also, immediately took her place in the Sabbath school as a teacher, and by degrees found her way to the couch of the sick female, and was both acceptable and useful in her visits there. The only means that occur of showing how much her heart was interested in these engagements, is to quote a few scattered sentences selected from letters addressed to a friend in Kelso, a year or two after her tie to that place had been broken by the death of her father.

'I am glad you think Christy sincerely loves the truth. Oh, I trust the Searcher of hearts has accepted her as a lowly follower of his. I think of the Sabbath school very often, and delight to remember both the time when I was your pupil there, and the period, short and precious to me, when I was permitted to try to lead a few dear girls to Jesus: how I should rejoice in being there again.'—'It would be worth living for, if one could benefit but one immortal soul,—and

why not? Let us try, seeking divine aid. Your constant aim it is, dear friend; will you pray that it may be mine too.'—'Do you remember, my dear friend, the promise that poor Betsy made me about not walking on Sunday, and not loitering in the streets; and about continuing to try to pray till the new year? I often wonder how she has fulfilled it, and should be very grateful if you would have the kindness to speak to her, and tell me what you think of her. Is she turning to Jesus, and learning the love which can alone shield her, and save her from temptation? How is C. M. coming on? Does M. M. attend school now? Excuse these questions, but I am anxious about the girls.' 'You know how deeply interesting to us is all we hear of the efforts made for the good of the dear people at Kelso, and with all those efforts your name is most closely associated. God bless you, my dear friend, in all you try to do for his glory. I often sigh to remember that I was removed from such employ, when daily becoming more interested in it. My heart clings to the school, Jeany Ross, and others. There is far more peace and satisfaction in living to be useful than in any thing else, if the action spring from that animating motive, love to Him who so much loves us.' 'I used to think it strange that so many young ladies were in this respect inactive. I was not then fully conscious how much I owed to my circumstances, as the child of a pastor; or how much I owed to my beloved parents, who always had something ready for me to expend my energies upon, and smoothed the way so nicely for me. It is difficult for me now; removed from my own employments. I have not yet found others exactly to fill their place, and, Oh, it is painful to fear that one is but a cumberer of the ground. * * * I am surprised at having unconsciously written so much of myself, but you will forgive me. Will you pray that I may be enabled to see what duty is, and to *do* it. I shall feel thankful if you will, and for a larger and surer share of that peace that is only known when our God reigns supreme in the soul.'

These may give an idea of what engaged and interested her most during her first year after leaving school. Her pleasures and sympathies may be also best explained by extracts from letters.

During a visit to that faithful friend in Northumberland, who always entertained for her a love all but maternal, and watched the development of her character with generous pleasure, she wrote as follows :—

'Yesterday we went to W. to hear Mr. B.'s farewell sermon ; and, as the carriage is small, I set out by myself like an intrepid damsel, and walked the distance, having received many directions which way to turn. All these, however, were unnecessary, for the stream of people set so strong in one direction, that it would have required some ingenuity to go wrong. I was pleased with the sight, they went along so quietly and soberly in their Sunday garb : externally at least they are a set of respectable peasantry. Every new situation suggests new thoughts, and I felt more the value of hearing the gospel preached, from having to make some exertion to attain it. I wonder if this feeling exists in its force with those who do so every Sabbath? Mr. B.'s discourses were very impressive : there are few more solemn scenes than a pastor entering his charge, or bidding a last farewell to his people. * * * We keep early hours at night, and I rise at half-past five, and have a quiet morning before breakfast. Though I cannot gain so much in the use of time as Elizabeth Smith, whose life I have just read, was so happy as to do, I greatly value it, and do not like to let it slip idly away.'

To the friend whom she then visited, she afterwards wrote during a severe family bereavement. 'If we could learn to regard heaven as our HOME, we should be much more willing to part with our dear ones. It is but for a little while. His Father has called him to himself a little sooner than the rest of the circle to whom he was united in Christian love, and soon you shall meet him again in a land where sorrow and sighing shall flee away. Yet the rest of life's journey must be trod without him, and often will the remembrance of what you have lost send a pang to your heart. Oh, dearest cousin, may all of you feel that there is a fulness in Christ to supply *any* loss. May your steps be quickened in the heavenly way, and may the rich consolations of His love be your portion for ever.'

It will be concluded from all that is stated, that her mind was not only of a thoughtful, but of a pensive cast. There

was, however, no languid sentimental melancholy in this. On the contrary, she had much cheerfulness of temper, accompanied with great energy of character, was most readily excited to action, was in all good things strenuous in exertion beyond her physical strength, which was never great, and no mind was ever more flexible to enter with pleasure into the occupations of others, nor any countenance more easily kindled from a state of thoughtful repose to that of beaming love and sympathy. Her aspirations, it is true, were after objects of which the happiest moments in the wilderness give but a feeble earnest. Her enjoyments were of the contemplative, not of the restless or noisy class; and, from the deep views she was early enabled to take of sin, and eternal responsibility, a tinge, not of melancholy, but of sober reflection uncommon to her years, was almost inseparable. For some time after she was first settled at home, far from the associates of her age and sex with whom she had formed friendship at school, and not fully embarked on a course of useful employment, her tender father would study her features, and then ask, with a half dubious countenance, 'Do you think she is happy?' The question could not, without some reservation, be answered in the affirmative then. This perishing world, with its perishing pleasures and disappointing friendships, is not calculated to fill an immortal mind. But now, it can be answered without a drawback. Her soul is *satisfied* in the presence of Him, at whose right hand there is fulness of joy for evermore. 'Yes, she is happy.'

The banks of primroses, the groves, the woods, the rivers of her native place, gave zest to every other enjoyment, and no season of the year was void of charm to her poetic eye. These enjoyments will be best described in her poem called 'A Reminiscence," written several years afterwards, which will appear in its place. Here we shall, for the sake of illustration, introduce her address to the hawthorn, written for her babes a few weeks before her earthly journey was so unexpectedly terminated.

'THE HAWTHORN.

'What faces bright with pleasure!
How fast your footsteps bound!
Come show to me your treasure;
What have my children found?

It is the hawthorn blossom,
The fairest flower of spring;
It smiles on earth's green bosom,
And nature's minstrels sing.

How many joyful voices,
Unite to bid it hail!
O! how the bee rejoices,
To scent it in the gale.

The birds, in concert singing,
The insects in the grass,
The sunny waters ringing
Low music as they pass;

Look at its pearly whiteness,
Faint streaked with blushing red;
It comes, its clustered brightness
Athwart the woods to shed.

O! in my happy childhood,
How well I loved its flowers;
I wandered through the wild wood,
And sought its richest bowers.

Beside the waters meeting*
The fairest Scotland knows,
I gave it joyous greeting,
And wreathed its blossomed snows.

O! that for you some future year,
The hawthorn flower may shine;
To whisper of a home as dear,
A childhood blest as mine.'

Such were her recollections of her early home, which revive the images of the joyous group on those bright days, when they used to stroll, for hours together, in the woods of Floors and Newton-Don, inhaling with all their faculties, whatever was refreshing to the senses, reviving to the spirits, and invigorating to the frame. Sweet and grateful

* The confluence of the Teviot and Tweed.

memory of her childhood, which dropt the recollection of causes of anxiety or uneasiness, if any such there were, and tenderly cherished every tint of beauty, every sparkling of joy, and every throb of affection! Days which it enriches the mind to have once enjoyed, and whatever be its future engagements, the memory of which forms a part of its secret treasures. The bard spoke truly of *his* style of pleasures, when he compared them to

'The borealis race,
Which flit ere we can point their place.'

But of this higher style, how erroneously would it be so said. These delights which, in drinking in the beauty, the variety, the lavishness of nature, embrace an adoring view of creating power and benignity, are more like the long glories of a summer sunset, which fade not till they are merged in the rising beams of a new day,—than the vanishing graces of the rain-bow or the aurora. Life may subside—the mortal eye may close on earthly beauty—but it will only be to open on a scene of surpassing glories, of which the fairest day on earth forms but a feeble type.

In the autumn of her first summer at home, while staying on the sea-coast for the purpose of bathing, she made an excursion to St. Abb's Head, in company with her brother, and some amiable young relatives. A jotting, still preserved in her writing, of the converse of that day, affords a view of the state of her mind, and the subjects that interested her.

'*August* 28, 1831.—Went to St. Abb's Head—a magnificent pile of rocks—and dined on a hillock, with a heathy mound for a table. Fancied the rocks like cottages and churches. Talked of the wisdom of God displayed in all his works—of the *elegance* of his mind, displayed in the formation of a flower, or a caterpillar, so perfect in all its parts, yet so minute—of the variety of human knowledge—of the pernicious effect of unrestrained imagination; contrasted the grand, but unreal poems of Byron, with the sweet and natural strains of Cowper,—the one unfits the mind for real life, the other depicts objects in their true colours, imparts soothing to the heart, and animates to duty: of romance;—were some very romantic adventure

to occur to a neighbour, it would not so much excite our imaginations, as if we read a similar tale in the highly wrought language of a novelist;—there is in man a tendency to ascribe to what is not defined, something more than reality would authorize him to do. We saw two sea-birds bow to the waves; and remarked, how much we might learn, did we accustom ourselves to derive moral lessons from all we see.—From these birds we might learn to bow to the difficulties of life; and thus pass through them much more easily than we do, when we struggle against the appointments of our Father in heaven. Read Douglas's thoughts on prayer. Talked of subduing the temper; and of the evil that is often done by Christians to their Master's cause, by giving way to impatience;—of the world as a severe but useful judge of Christian conduct; of Paul, as naturally of a hot and hasty temper; but as becoming meek when he knew Christ. Let us begin when young, and build on that blessed foundation.'

But, 'when joy is round us, grief is near,' as the youthful poetess sung, when grief was known to her only in theory. Now she was to taste it in its bitterness. Her beloved father was removed from our sight, before she had enjoyed one year with him at home. Mary had been absent a week, and was returning, in a smiling company of cousins, from an evening visit in Edinburgh, when the solemn message reached her, that her father had been translated in a moment, without leave taken of any of those he loved. He was gone where she could not follow him, and her tender heart was oppressed, and bowed beneath the stroke. Amongst the first expressions which betrayed the course of her mind, was that stated in the funeral sermon preached for herself, little more than seven years after, by her faithful friend and near relation, the Rev. Henry Grey, of Edinburgh:—'God is now my only Father.' 'Happy she, who, in that dark hour, had still a Father,—one with whom she held solemn communings, and who will never die. Her sympathizing and weeping friends would have hung round and watched her in that long pang of wo, but she entreated to be left alone; and when, after an interval, their solicitude brought them back, they found her still on her knees, with her arms extended on the bed. Her eyes

were streaming, but her heart was deriving strength and consolation, even under that crushing blow, from Him who "hath comforted his people, and will have mercy on his afflicted;" yea, "a mother may forget, yet will not He forget" those who trust in him. Tranquillized and sustained by this divine strength, she returned to the house of mourning; and it was remarked by those who were spectators of that sorrowful return, that no loud cry, or unseemly wailing, attended the meeting of the bereaved ones; and that Mary's bearing was that of one long tutored in the school of discipline. She was deeply afflicted, but she held her peace. A meek fellow-sufferer, she applied herself at once to sustain as a daughter, and to soothe as a sister; and except when the flood swelled so high that it would not be restrained, and she fled to solitude, to cast her care on Him who cared for her, she was the stedfast, considerate, and self-denying friend of all her sorrowing circle.'

Brief extracts from the outpourings of her heart in letters, will best exhibit her filial love, her grief, her faith, and her desires to improve under the dispensation.

'*Kelso, April* 21, 1832.

'My Beloved Cousin,—The last sad scene is over. We have watched the dear remains being carried over the ground where he had so often walked on errands of mercy; and we have to bless God for tender mercies mingled with his judgments. Sometimes I cannot realize the truth. I can scarcely feel that my own beloved father, the dear guide of my youth, shall never more gaze on me, with one of those fond sweet looks that are so deeply imprinted on our hearts. But oh, he is with Jesus! He has received the end of his faith—light, and life, and love eternal; and we would not call him back to this dreary world. Oh! pray, as I know you have done, for my mother. * * If we may but be enabled to lie at the foot of the cross, all will yet be well. * * Pray for me, dearest cousin, that the selfishness of my wicked heart may be overcome, and that I may be enabled to live for her and my poor dears.

'The sympathies of friends are soothing, and we have them. My own father was glad he had lived to see an-

other spring, beautiful with what God has made for man. Alas! I in my foolishness thought he might be spared for many. Oh! not for *him* we mourn;—the sweet spirit he manifested during the last fortnight of his life was such, that my beloved mamma says, it was the happiest she ever spent with him. Is not this comforting? He has been obviously fitting for heaven; and I trust his last sermons may never be forgotten by any of his people. They, as well as we, feel that they have lost a father. Oh for faith to say with my *whole* heart, thy will be done! The book that was found by my father's side, had a mark in it at the close of a meditation on heaven; and we suppose his last moments were thus employed. Sweet employment! How like a translation was my departed's death! Dearest cousin, I could dwell all day on this delightful theme; but there are moments when I feel I have lost him. And oh, my mother! God bless her. When you come, you shall know more of what our Father in heaven has done for his rebellious children.'

To a correspondent near London:—

'*Manse of Kelso, May* 11, 1832.

'My very dear friend,—The kind expression of your sympathy has been soothing to me at this season of trial. You have been so lately tried with affliction, that you know well how to speak to those who are passing through the deep waters. We have, indeed, cause to rejoice while we mourn. He who has been taken from us, has been removed from a world where a spirit, so tender as his, suffered much, to the presence of God, where he is united to the family of the blessed; and he shall never more grieve for the sins and the sufferings of his fellow-men. None but those who knew him, can form an idea of what he did, and what he felt for others. We have found large packets of papers relating to slaves, chimney-sweeps, widows and orphans, and to many who never knew who it was who was so actively engaged to do them good. It is very pleasing ts remember these things, and then to think that he is now an inhabitant of a land where it shall no more be said, "I am sick;"—that he who spent so much of his life in en-

deavouring to make others happy, is now effectually removed from wo. Yet I would not appear to praise my beloved father. *He* was too deeply conscious of his own unworthiness to have hope of eternal life in any other way than by Jesus; and his hope built on this foundation was strong. But, my dear friend, had you known him whose loss we mourn, you would enter deeply into the feeling that he is *sheltered*. This was a predominant feeling for the first week. * * This is the season in which my dear papa was peculiarly glad; and the sunshine and spring flowers he took such delight in, are all here still, though he is gone. We check ourselves in feeling sad, that his favourite trees are covered with blossom, and he does not see them. Ah! we walk far too much by sight. Had we the eye of faith, we should never forget that he is in a region far more beautiful than this. He has reached a land which is adorned with the beauty of holiness. Could we realize the fulness of joy of which he is a partaker, I am sure our sorrow, now mixed with thankfulness, would be lost in it. But He who sent this affliction, designs that we should feel it; and it is our prayer that we may walk more closely with him than before, and, trusting more simply in Jesus, cherish a constant hope of being reunited to all whom we love "in the Lord," and more than all, of dwelling with the Great Shepherd, whose voice we have heard.

'All you say of the blessedness of considering heaven as our home, meets a deep response in my heart. Let us, my dear friend, walk as "children of the light," waiting with humble trust for the full disclosure of that light. If our best affections are garnered up in heaven, the summons to leave this earth will not be unwelcome. But I fear to deceive myself into tranquillity, while I have unmortified sin in my heart. Pray for me, my dear friend. I think I never knew before that my heart was so unclean. It was indeed a trial to me to be from home when my dear papa was called away, though even this was for good. But when I hear others speak of his words and his actions, so full of love for the souls of men, during the last precious week, I cannot but grieve that I too did not enjoy the privilege of being with him. * *

'I owe you very many thanks for your truly kind letters,

and for the advice contained in them. May I have grace given me to profit by this chastisement. Earthly comfort would be vain; but it always does me good to have my steps urged onward in the narrow path. I need scarcely tell you that I sympathize deeply with you. I have felt for the last weeks more united in affection to those who are sorrowing, than to any others; and I trust that our heavenly Father is making you feel that he is indeed a satisfying portion.'

'*Manse of Kelso, August* 11, 1832.

' * * The mountains looked quite beautiful, and I gazed on them with great delight. My window looked towards them, and thus I could see the moonlight streaming on them at night, and the sun rising on them at early morning. I thought of my beloved father—how deeply he would have enjoyed all the varied beauties of the scene. Ah, my dear cousin! I wish I could always feel willing to be separated from him, for the remainder of my pilgrimage. I want more submission; and I know you will join me in praying for it. Last night I dreamt he was sitting in his own chair, and I was beside him, and my eyes were streaming with tears, and I was rejoiced that he was with us again. But it is foolish to relate a dream. I want to fix my affections more on the bright heavenly land he now inhabits, and on the Friend of sinners who, I trust, will welcome me, and all of us, thither. He welcomes the most unworthy, and this gives me hope.'

'*Berwick, September* 22, 1832.

' * * I know that one subject of your thoughts has been, our now scattered family. Ah! my dear cousin, we have countless mercies to be thankful for; only pray for me —what I feel I want—that a thankful heart may be added to all the rest. J—, B—, and I, left our home on Monday morning, the 17th; and the Saturday night before, we accompanied our beloved remaining parent to the cloister where the mortal part of my now glorified father awaits the morning of the resurrection. There we mingled our tears; and, I trust, the prayers that came from the heart entered into the ears of our Father in heaven. I felt it sweet to re-

gard Him as my reconciled Father, and to look forward to the period that shall re-unite us to him we have loved and parted from. Mr. Baird preached on Sabbath. We felt the afternoon sermon very consoling. The subject was, "All things are yours;" and he showed, that not only life and prosperity are the Christian's, but also, sickness, sorrow, and death, inasmuch as they wean his heart from earth, and all work together to fit his spirit for glory. We felt that this trying season would indeed be *ours*, if we made use of it, to give our hearts more entirely to God. In the evening four dear Christian friends joined us, and Archy Murray* came and conducted family worship. Thus passed our last Sabbath in Kelso; and the next morning we were up betimes, and concluded our little arrangements, and then I went alone to take leave of several spots on the premises, and at eight left the once cheerful abode, a scene of bustle, confusion, and desolation.'

One occupation of the last Sabbath in Kelso, is mentioned in 'The Orphan's Stay,' an article which Mary Lundie contributed to Mr. Ellis's Missionary Annual for 1835, containing the history of a young woman, who had been preserved through many years of peril and temptation, and was left on her death-bed, by her affectionate visiter, peacefully looking for, and hastening unto the coming of her Lord. From this elegant and pious biographical sketch, a sentence or two will describe her last visit; but, before introducing that, one of the early paragraphs may be acceptable, as descriptive not only of the feelings of the fatherless in general, but of her own deep emotions on that subject, ever to her a tender one:—

'But it is not outward dangers and necessities alone, that make the orphan the special object of the care of God. He knows the heart of the fatherless,—the inward sickening of him who feels he has lost, what time cannot replace —who longs for the advice and tenderness of a parent— and weeps to find himself alone. To him the promises are as showers to the parched grass; turning his eager gaze from cisterns that fail, and refreshing his soul; for there is something in each of them suited to his wants. There is

* Now a missionary in Tutuila, Samoan Islands.

no burden that oppresses his heart,—no regret for the past,—no anxious fear of the future,—that is not met by some word of benign consolation. God delights to be reminded of the mercy He has proffered, and does not weary of the orphan's cry; and this condescending love should raise our gratitude higher than even the stupendous evidences of creative might. The Psalmist felt it so, when he said, "Extol Him that rideth upon the heavens, by his name Jah. A father of the fatherless, and a judge of the widows, is God in his holy habitation." * * *

'I left the neighbourhood before her sufferings closed. It was on a Sabbath evening that I took leave of my declining friend. I found her seated in a large chair, supported by pillows, and looking as if all her strength was gone, yet so happy, that I could compare her to nothing but a feeble and confiding child, who entrusts himself without fear to a parent, whose love he has never thought of doubting. Her smile of welcome was more sad than usual, for she knew that we should meet no more on earth. She spoke of the quiet spot in the church-yard, that would soon cover all that remained of her; and of the hope full of immortality that kept her heart from sinking. She pointed me, too, to the gathering-place of the church of the Redeemer, which was opening to receive her, and to the short and quickly traversed space that might divide me from it. One of the last rays of the evening sun darted into the room, and seemed to afford an earnest of that blessed meeting. Our sorrow was mingled with lively hope, and we were glad that the sacred day was that on which we must part, till the dawning of a Sabbath without end. She expressed a desire that, as we had often united in prayer, we should continue to maintain this valued fellowship, by praying for each other at a stated hour of each day that was added to her life. This agreement she never forgot. Some one entered the room, and I bid my sister in Jesus farewell, and saw her no more.'*

This was the 'dear Jeany Ross,' alluded to in a letter already quoted. She finished her weary journey shortly

* Missionary Annual, p. 183.

afterwards, saying with her last sigh, 'He that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.' And now, in that glorious region unexplored by living man, they who by concert prayed for each other daily for a time on earth, are united in a chorus of ceaseless praise:—'Worthy is the Lamb that was slain.'

CHAPTER IV.

STUDIES AND OCCUPATIONS IN EDINBURGH.

From Berwick she conveyed to their new home in Edinburgh, the young brother and sister of whom she had charge. In common with her family, she drooped like a transplanted tree, and was rather disposed to be occupied about the past, than to feel capable of exertion in her new scene. Very few letters seem to have been written during that year. Amongst the few within reach, there are constant allusions to her birth-place and her parent; unmurmuring, but touching regrets, which belonged to the tenacity and tenderness of her nature, and which are not incompatible with submission to the Divine dispensations. To her maternal friend in London, she mentioned the visitation of cholera, which spread terror and grief through Kelso, during the autumn of that year, and said, 'A day of fasting was held, to implore the removal of the pestilence. I do hope the town may derive lasting benefit from this visitation. Had dear papa been in this vale of tears, how lively an interest would he have taken in the sufferings of his people! I can sometimes rejoice that he can no more be subjected to the sorrows that are, in a greater or less degree, the portion of every child of Adam. Ah! my dear friend, it is sweet to think that, whatever may be our alternations of pain and pleasure, *he* is in possession of the happiness that arises from dwelling with, and being like his Saviour. I sometimes pause and ask myself, what improvement has resulted from all our heavenly Father's dealings with us during the past months? It has been small indeed; but He who sent sorrow has, I trust, sent a blessing with it, and taught us more, that He himself is the source of all real enjoyment, and that without His presence no peace can be found. We often receive messages from our poor and sick friends, some of whom will probably soon be removed to a better world. We expect to-morrow to be partakers of the Lord's Supper, and

you will believe our thoughts have been carried back to the last time when our departed one was with us at the table. But this is not enough;—we must also look forward to the land where we shall again unite in praising our Saviour's love.' * *

While she remained at Berwick, she wrote the first pages of a Diary. From this sacred document it is impossible to quote so plentifully as it would be for edification to do; for till the hand was cold that used to turn the key upon it, no second eye had ever rested on it; and it is obvious, from various expressions which it contains, that she designed it entirely for her own private inspection; yet every page proves the truth of what was said in her funeral sermon,—'The principle and spring of her actions lay in the conscience and in the heart. Hers was that genuine inwrought piety, which is primarily and chiefly conversant with Him who looks to the heart,—which labours to have the foundation deeply laid, so as to afford a secure support for the superstructure,—which seeks not observation, or rather dreads it,—yet which shuns not the acknowledgment of the truth, and the confession of the Saviour, nor swerves from the path of duty, to escape either censure or scorn.'

Diary.—'*Berwick, Sabbath morning, Sept.* 23, 1832.—'I have sometimes regretted that seasons of peculiar encouragement or depression in the Christian warfare, have been permitted to pass away unrecorded; for, though some impression of such seasons may be retained, yet the returning engagements of life, whether in the form of attractions or of cares, combine with my own evil heart to render it but a faint one. Perhaps were I, in a little while, to see in writing what had been the exercises of my mind, I should be surprised and ashamed at the quick change in the current of my thoughts. I find it difficult to live, every day and every hour, as in the presence of God, though I know I cannot be completely happy till I can thus live. I know *perfection* does not flourish on earth, yet how many of the dear people of God have given themselves, soul, body, and spirit, to him! and how invariably have they found their covenant God faithful to his promise, "to be a Father to them, and to make them his sons and daughters!" O that

I may be enabled to follow in their bright track! What a happy being should I be, could I, like them, forsake all, and follow Jesus! He is my Saviour—He has given his very life for me. How can I, then, count any thing dear that may come between my soul and him? I do trust that He who has given me the love I feel towards him, and taught me to wish for more, will satisfy that wish, and increase my spiritual appetite, that I may be capable of receiving abundantly that love which is to the thirsty spirit like streams in the desert. I hope that, by sometimes writing down my different states of heart, I may be assisted in judging of my progress in the way to Zion. Yet I fear that snares encompass me, even in this trifling effort. Let me then ask God to make me faithful to myself,—to teach me to search the depths of my sinfulness, and not to be afraid to discover its extent. Let me never write any thing concerning myself that is inconsistent with the strictest truth. Let me never be induced to flatter myself, and gloss over the true state of my mind. And may my Lord help me to be his child, and make this a means of rendering me more careful to cast out what offends him, and to delight to do his will.'

Such was her object in keeping a diary, and she seems to have been enabled to fulfil it most strictly, in the simple truth with which she states her faults, and searches her motives, during the six years in which she occasionally resorted to it.

Soon after settling in Edinburgh, she took advantage of the plentiful means of mental culture which the place affords, and became absorbed in study, in concert with many others about her own age, some of whom were generous rivals in various objects of competition, and two at least became sincerely attached friends for life. Numerous essays remain, evidences of her industry, and advancing store of knowledge, and increased power of thinking. Such occupation always enlivened and cheered her spirits. She never seemed so happy as when put upon the exercise of her faculties in retirement. In a letter, written about this time, she said,—'We are very closely occupied at present, writing an essay on "the best training for female intellect,"—rather a difficult subject. You have heard of people who cry, "Scraps thankfully received,"—I am

somewhat in their case; and *hints* thankfully received is my motto. Will you give me some?'

However earnestly engaged in other pursuits, spiritual progress lay nearest her heart; and by-and-by, the friends who were accustomed to meet and read history, or prepare English compositions with her, sought to sanctify their other engagements, by meeting once in the week, for reading the Scriptures and prayer. In unison with such elevating communings was the increase of benevolence to all the human race. Her diary exhibits many examples of ardent philanthropy, generally terminating in purposes of action, as well as of devotion. The following extract may reveal, to the friends of the negro, by what secret ministrations they have been enabled to persevere, and have not fainted in a prolonged course of trial and discouragement: for doubtless many a faithful soul, that could neither speak in the senate nor plead on the platform—that had neither silver, gold, nor influence—did, like Mary Lundie, bear the wrongs of those suffering tribes, and that continent in ruins, and the strength, zeal, and perseverance of their friends, on their hearts, to the footstool of Mercy.

'*March* 22, 1833.—We have been lately much interested in the emancipation of slaves. I never heard eloquence more overpowering than that of George Thompson. I am most thankful that he has been raised up. O that the measure, soon to be proposed in Parliament, may be effectual! What can *I* do for my oppressed brethren? Only one thing—pray for them. This will be regarded on high. How sweet it is to be able to tell our desires to God, and to know that, though our influence among men may be next to nothing, He will not despise our cry. Let me then bear poor Africa on my heart, and seek a speedy emancipation for her sons, not only from the rod of the oppressor, but from the bonds of iniquity. Long have they dwelt in a night of darkness and sighing, but their cry has entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth. O may they now be rescued by his power!'

Diary.—'*March.*—I have been thinking of the events of last spring. It is nearly a year since my beloved father's death, and all this time he has been praising his Saviour with fulness of joy, while we have still been occupied with

the fleeting things of time. Has this affliction given me an abiding sense of the instability of earthly joys, and made me long more for that purer delight, which is found in seeing the Lord face to face? Has it made me walk more circumspectly, and devote myself more completely to my God? Has it made me feel the value of that blood, which has washed away sin, and taken the sting from death? O! I thought at first that I could never more fancy this world my home, nor forget how fast it must fade from my view; but sometimes I have forgotten this. How lovely heaven would appear, did I always think of it as my resting-place, and employ my thoughts on what would prepare me for going there! My heavenly Father sees all my sins, and the coldness of my heart—my readiness to forget the Rock whence I was hewn, and to live and act as if my daily duties might be performed without his aid, or a reference to his glory. O! that he may help me to live to him, to watch my heart, and to be so humbled by my sins, as to receive gladly my Saviour's offers of guidance, and to feel that "without him I cannot go."'

'*April 28th.*—I was nineteen two days ago. How long I have lived to little purpose; I am so ready to miss opportunities of doing good, and to make some excuse to myself for it! Well! this year of my life is gone; but let me try every day that is added to my time, to serve God myself, and seek to make others do so too. I feel that I have not tried as I ought, to be useful to E——.* Conscience has often told me this, and yet I have waited for a "convenient season." Surely *this* is one, for the communion is drawing near, and she is not yet a candidate for admission. Let me, then, no longer listen to suggestions for delay, but, in our walks, turn conversation heavenward, as those should do, who hope to win a lasting home there. I have also neglected, far too much, the endeavour to make my dear little sister seek her Saviour, and I know that my conduct has been at times such as did not become a disciple of Christ; therefore, I fear I have injured her, by making her think that it is not so requisite to walk with unspotted garments. O! may I be enabled, in patience, to pos-

* One of her fellow-students.

sess my soul,—to behave wisely to her, and, both by precept and example, win her to my Shepherd. I have been looking back on the way by which he hath led us. His dispensations have come in love and wisdom. Boston says, if the wood designed for the building were able to choose, very likely no iron instrument should come upon it; but, in this case, it would never be fit to form part of the building. So we, if left to choose, might prefer to be without sorrow; but should we then, unhumbled and full of earthly prosperity, be fit for heaven? Happily, we are not left to choose, and God sends sorrow to make us like our Saviour. It is well—he comforts us—*he hath done all things well*. May I hope, then, that I am more firmly rooted and grounded in love? I am vile, but I have known and believed the love that God hath to me; and, since he has taught me this, he will teach me more. O! to be like my Saviour, and part with what he does not approve—to see, in its true light, the insufficiency of the creature—and to say, from my heart, "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none on earth that I desire beside thee!" I must go and read with the boys, and let me not forget both to pray and to try to do them good.'

Diary.—'*June* 9.—I think that, during the last six weeks, while my dear friends have been in town, I have gone out too much, and mamma has felt the want of one who could sympathize in her feelings. This pains me to the quick, and I can hardly write for tears. O! my heavenly Father, when shall I be wise? When shall I faithfully do my duty to her, and all of them? Not till I have left off considering self, and thought only of glorifying thee, by being useful. * * * When we were in our own home, and my beloved father was with us, it was not thus. Dear mamma has lost what she cannot regain, and no wonder she feels sad; and when she looks at me, feels the contrast sadder still. Yet surely I, loving her as I do, better than any thing in this world, ought to be a comfort and help to her, and I wish and pray to be so. O God! I am ignorant; wilt thou make me holy? and let me walk softly, lest I lose the little spark of grace which I trust thou hast kindled in me. I want to learn prompt obedience. When I was a little child, I never thought I knew as well as mam-

ma; but now I at times feel inclined to take my own way. Why should I be so proud? Let me learn humility; this is my best wisdom. My God puts me precisely in the circumstances where my corruption shall be shown me; and I should be thankful for it! Ah! how unlike the children of heaven, are the thoughts that fill my heart. I want to glow with love to all, so that I shall forget myself, and be happy if I can, in any degree, make them so. And why should this appear so difficult? I have a Friend on high, who knows my vileness and weakness, and will forgive me, and help me too. He renews his forgiveness every day. May I live near to him, and may every thorn that pricks me, make me look up to the beautiful city, where is a tree of life without a thorn, and a morning without a cloud!'

This extract is given as an evidence of her extreme tenderness, both of conscience and of affection. The young heart is not easily convinced, that an affliction is irreparable, and to be endured with what meekness and faith may be bestowed. If she enjoyed herself with friends of her age and character, and returning met the same wan, enduring countenance that she had left, she reproached herself, as if she ought to have been doing something to alleviate feelings which were quite beyond her reach; and because her ardent affection would have rendered it the joy of her life to fill that place, which the Divine dispensation had made empty, when she found that was not within her power, she accused her own natural cheerfulness, as if its indulgence were selfish.

'*July* 1.—Dr. R——'s two days' visit has been pleasant. He gives a useful turn to conversation, and has been a successful minister. Some instances that he related, of remarkable conversions, showed me the great efficacy of faith and prayer. He asks and *expects* great blessings, and he receives them. It is strange, that, when I am asking for quickening grace for myself, or conversion for those I love, I often think of the answer as a *distant* thing, and do not seem to know that He who hears me is ready to give far higher things than I have ever asked. If I remember this, my prayers will be much quickened. I fear to deceive myself by kneeling with a wavering heart. My dear uncle preached yesterday on the evil of wavering. May the Lord

help me to "ask in faith." Dr. R—— told us much of the tenets of the Rowites, which I heard with deep interest. It is mysterious that the flower of the church should thus be suffered to wander. May this make me very watchful over myself. O! may I be thankful that, from my infancy, I have been taught the "good old way," and while I keep clear of those errors, may I be preserved from indifference, that clogs and benumbs the soul.'

'*July* 14.—*Ruthwell.*—I arrived on Friday, and have been charmed with the beauty of the grounds, and cheered by the kindness of my friends. The Sabbath has come, and I am once more spending that sacred day in the country. The scene is bright and calm, and all nature seems to praise Him to whom it owes its being. Strange that my heart should be so out of tune, so little in unison with this sweet and universal concert!—I have not, of late, made proper use of my Sabbaths. At Kelso, my class, and the beautiful scene I delighted to look upon from my attic, gave elasticity to my spirits, and I felt that it was a happy thing to seek to be useful, and to bless the Giver of so many pleasant gifts. But in Edinburgh, I felt at first such deprivations so much, that a feeling of discomfort—discontent, I fear—stole on me, and made many moments dark, which might have been very precious. O how sinful was this! I felt it so at times, and strove against it. My God! may I live on thy word, and then I shall not be so unprepared to lay hold on thy blessings as they flow! I have not felt the ordinances of God's house very precious, nor been able to say, "How amiable are thy tabernacles!" and, worse than all, I have not grieved at this. I know these things are so, but I do not rouse myself to make them otherwise. This verse comforts me, "He who hath delivered my soul from death, will he not deliver my feet from falling?" Yes, he will. May I not quench his Spirit. I feel something of my old buoyancy of spirit. But this is no proof of nearness to God, for while I have been sitting in the cottage porch, trying to raise my heart to him, all sorts of foolish thoughts have passed through my mind. I am sin—all sin. But surely the grace of God, which is sufficient for me, should ere this have been exerting a stronger power in my soul. My days, this week, have been

idly spent, for I have not sought God in my occupations; and no wonder I am all wrong to-day. I have been considering how I could do good to others, and have not attended to the first step to it—watchfulness over myself. Example does more than any thing, and I can only be made to walk uprightly by keeping close to God. O God! whom I have so often vowed to serve, and so often forgotten, pity and help me! Thou art *Love*, and wilt not cast me off. I am thine—save me. Do with me whatever thou wilt; but do not let me forget thee any more. Leave me not, or I shall perish. Thou art God—Oh! rule in my heart.'

'*July* 21.—Another week has fled, and I have been strangely tossed in spirit. Now that is passed—but O! how much sin has there been in all parts of my conduct. I once thought of writing it down—but I am not sure that it would be to profit. I have had pain in my spirit, and not sought relief in God. I knew not that I had so much folly about me, but every new situation in which I am placed brings out new sins. May God lead me out of temptation.—Oh may I be quite willing to be so led. He knoweth what is for my good, and bringeth good out of evil. If I lived on "manna," I should not stop for husks.'

'*July* 25.—Last night we went to the high part of the road to see the English coast, which was sparkling in sunshine, while passing clouds cast deep shadows on parts of it. The cliffs stood out in beautiful relief, and the summit of Helvellyn appeared at a distance beyond Skiddaw. It was a scene never to be forgotten, and excites a longing to be a hermit on the side of one of those peaceful hills. But storm and mist shroud them sometimes, and they are not often so lovely as then they were. Let them act on me as a similar scene did on James Montgomery, "yonder summits far away," &c.,—and "beyond the tomb," let me look for perfect peace.'

'*July* 26.—The fast day. I have been trying to seek my God. "My best desires are faint and few," but He will help me. I have to mourn for *half-heartedness*. This was my complaint when I wrote the first sentence in this book; it is so still. Present things have far too great a hold on me, and eternal things dwindle from my view. But God is showing me that all below is vanity, and I seem less

and less to look for perfect happiness on earth. I have been in varied circumstances, and each had its peculiar trials, and in all I have found my only help in God. But oh, how much more hopefully can I seek for peace and comfort when the trial is of His sending, than when it is of my own making! He sees my heart and will empty the vanity out of it, and make me such as he approveth. I want to be all his own. Often I blame my actions, and deeply too, when the only way to correct them is to purify the source. I have not truly sought that God should direct my daily steps. I have lived away from him, and no wonder that I have offended him. I have not been instant in prayer. I have been called by his name, while I obeyed not his law. He says, "return and I will heal your backslidings." May I do so this very day—and as, when Daniel confessed, Gabriel flew swiftly to him with a message of mercy, may my Father pardon me, and let me feel myself pardoned, that I may henceforth walk in newness of life. How precious is Christ! When I think of my sins, he is my only hope, and worth all the universe. May I love him more, not in name only, but in deed and in truth.'

Such were a portion of her fast day exercises, in the country, surrounded by Christian friends, whose converse might have prevented the depth of her heart-searchings, had she not been resolved on converse with God. About this period, the germ of that attachment was formed, which gave a bent to the remainder of her life. Acting as a disturbing force, on the divine love which was the master attraction of her heart, it distressed and unsettled her; and explains the quarrel she had against herself in this extract, and also in the following:—'I have every thing here to make me happy; but what avails it, when the mind is disordered? May I act conscientiously! Oh, that I could live as seeing Him who is invisible. Why should I write this wish, and yet not pray with all my heart that it may be realized. Help me, my King. Save from sin one who is ransomed by the blood of thy Son.' Again, a few days after, she writes, 'Were I sure that what I do meets with my Lord's approval, I should be happy. Sin is mixed with every thing. May I learn to prove my heart and reins. The Lord weigheth the spirit and teacheth us to weigh our

own too. Why then is it that I so little seek his guidance? Peace is far from the heart that seeks it not at his throne.' The next extract, written when she returned home, and happened to pass a few days there alone, shows the continuance of the same internal conflict.

'*September* 1.—I am yet more puzzled about the state of my feelings. May God direct me, and forgive me! I have a weight at my heart, when I view it in some lights. Let my mouth be stopped, and vanity and self-indulgence never more be given way to. I am solitary, may I use my time to probe my heart, and, above all, to seek the Lord, whom I have lately too much forgotten.' '*September* 8.—I have been trying to draw nigh to God, but find it more difficult than before. I am sick of myself and my wayward heart. I want to examine myself, yet fear to do it thoroughly. There are so many things mingled in me that must be disentangled. I do wish my Lord to be my portion, yet my conversation is trifling, and to little purpose. How long, oh how long, shall this disquietude of soul rest upon me? I do not wish for peace, if the reverse is good for me. But repentance I must seek, and it is madness to go on thus. I must pour out my soul before God; yes, all its workings must be made known to Him. Leave me not, my King, to wander in the dark without a guide to point my way—give me power to see whither thou wouldest lead me, and oh! be my earthly path what it may, let me not lose sight of the light at the end—the light of the eternal city.'

Poor humanity! How strong in resolve! How feeble in execution! When David exclaimed, '*unite* my heart to fear thy name,' he was probably suffering under similar experience. The infirmity which disables the mind from occupation by more than one object at a time, and, in yielding strength to one affection, enfeebles another, is one of the burdens under which the 'new creature' groaneth and travaileth in pain; and even they who 'have the first fruits of the Spirit, groan within themselves, waiting for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of their body.' But 'we are saved by hope.' The conflict endures but for a time. Our guide does not shelter us from it, but having tasted its bitterness, the soul is taught more clearly to discern, and more simply to seek sanctification in all its attachments. Bless-

ed be his name that this is attainable, and that the more the heart is expanded in such love as becometh a Christian, the stronger evidence it possesses of having passed from death to life. For a season, poor Mary was in heaviness, but the 'King' to whose holy dominion she so fervently renewed her submission, guided and consoled and taught her, so that she enjoyed peace with Him, while she exercised, in healthful vigour, all the social and domestic affections.

At this period, we find a *jeu d'esprit*, descriptive of high intellectual enjoyment, in the society of choice friends, which shows how much alive her soul was to the charms of society.

'AN EVENING AT NO. 11.

September 10.

'Oh! is there a time when enchantment descends
Like light from a sphere that is brighter than this?
When the soul's warm emotion so dazzlingly blends,
That they seem but as one,—the sensations of bliss!

'Tis the hour of the evening when daylight is fled,
And with it the toils that awakened with day;
And the tapers, that glow in the drawing-room, shed
Their reflection on faces still brighter than they:

When the man from his desk, and the boy from his book,
And the lady from thousands of matronly cares,
And the maid from her work and her lone little nook,
Have cast to the wind every trouble of theirs:

And he to whose genius a senate might bow,
The champion of right, to humanity dear,
Forgets the proud laurels that wave o'er his brow,
And gilds like a sunbeam the moment of cheer:

And wit flashes out in electrical spark
Till the sad and the sprightly acknowledge the spell,
And feel that if prospects at times appear dark,
Such moments of rapture repay them full well:

And eye answers eye, in the sparkle of mirth,
Reflecting the dance of the heart in its ray,
And the chorus of laughter swells loud round the hearth,
And the past and the future are lost in to-day.

And more I might add—but the deep doleful chime,
Of midnight steals o'er me and breaks on my dream.
Go—whisper to those whom I love, little rhyme,
"Keep a place for your songster at evening's fair gleam."'

While still alone, she received a visit from the Rev. S. H. C——, D.D., of New-York,—a man whose brilliant and erratic genius, warm affections, and fervent piety, have kindled admiring sympathy in many less ardent and less intellectual characters than hers. It is he to whom allusion is made in the next extract.

Diary.—'*September* 22.—I have been at prayer, but my heart wandered often, and now I do not feel at peace. The work is *God's*, so it cannot fail—but how very long I am in becoming completely His. I will not cease to beg him to make me so. He is my God, and will show me the emptiness of earth, and the reality of eternity.

'I hope often to pray for Dr. C——. May a spark of his fervent spirit linger among us! May we be revived as his church has been, and in the place where an all-wise God has cast my lot, may I consecrate myself to him! One great sin is, that the remembrance of past folly, instead of making me pray and strive for newness of life, makes me gloomy, and, I fear, has an effect on my deportment to my dear family. Now, adding one evil will not cure another. Just let me seek oneness of aim and motive. O for a sense of sin forgiven! Let me seek it on this holy day.'

'On Saturday, 14th, Dr. C—— mentioned the half formed intention of the General Assembly of the United States to propose a correspondence with ours. He told us also of the invitation sent by the New-York University to Dr. Chalmers to lecture there six months. On Sunday, his last prayer was, that He who walked between the golden candlesticks would be with us still. On Monday, he spoke of pneumatology, the science of spirits, and said that an idiot's soul might be noble when freed from the encumbering bodily organization. We visited Knox's pulpit and the Castle. He looked with the eye of a republican on the regalia; and, on leaving the Castle, said, he thought it well to visit such things, for they taught us of how little value they are, and how much nobler are the objects that fill the Christian's mind, than any earthly splendour.'

One, who has read Sir Walter Scott's account of the solemn convocation, and the breathless emotion at the opening of the ancient chest in which the regalia of Scotland had lain so long concealed,—and of his ever after regard-

ing one of his daughters with *increased respect*, because her mind was worked up to such a pitch that she nearly fainted at the scene, cannot fail to observe the contrast between his mind, and that of the American visiter. However much of just regard for lawful institutions, and of regret about departed honours inhabited the breast of the native patriot, had the view been extended from the perishing earthly splendours to the crown of glory that fadeth not, the emotion experienced on that occasion would have been tempered down to a degree not far above that of the republican Christian.

'On leaving the armoury, Dr. C—— said, he longed for the time when swords should be beat into pruning-hooks; and he believed there were indications of the approach of that time. He spoke of an attempt to settle disputes by writing instead of force. At seven, I attended a prayer-meeting where Dr. C—— spoke of revivals, and I longed for an effusion of the Spirit on my own poor heart, and all around me. May I never forget that night.'

'*Wednesday*, 18.—Mamma came home at last, and Dr. C—— drove to the door an hour after. He explained the 5th of Romans. He held up his Greek Testament, and said, "Out of this blessed book I have derived all the light I possess. Why do my countrymen trust so much to each other's printed expositions, and not seek to learn for themselves from this, the pure spring?" I felt, while he spoke with a glow of delight of the Bible, that I had never prized it, nor understood it as I ought. I have read it like other books, not impressed with the thought that every word of it is God's, and therefore must be strictly the truth. No expression of the Holy Spirit's choosing is without its purpose; it is always the very one that will express precisely and fully the meaning intended. Let me carry this thought with me when I read the Bible. But I cannot tell all the gracious things Dr. C—— said. His heart is full of Christ, and thence his mouth speaketh. And am I a member of the same family? Ah, how unlike him in spirit! Then, I am also unlike Jesus, of whose spirit he has but a small portion, and whose model he doubtless feels that he imitates but imperfectly. O to yield all to Him! I want to be *His*, and I know I cannot be sin's too. Take all my

heart, my Saviour! Let me crucify the flesh in every way, and love thee entirely, and my peace shall be as the morning. After a hasty dinner, we went with Dr. C—— to the Temperance Coffee-house, and soon the coach whirled him away. Not so the impression his visit had made. Long, long may it rest on my heart, and may his singleness of purpose, his constant occupation of mind, his love to God, which is the source of his actions, and the true secret of all the excellence of his character, be my example!'

A memorial like this, must be encouraging to the servants of Jesus, who, as they move through the world, endeavour to leave a sweet savour of their Master behind them. How many, from coldness or backwardness, put aside their better thoughts, supposing them to be unwelcome to those with whom they converse, who might, if in love they would *try*, refresh many a disciple in their course, and honour their Lord in doing so. To her maternal friend in London, Mary wrote of the same gentleman in a similar strain. 'I was never five minutes in his company without hearing something useful, and have had great delight in retracing all that he told me. I fear his mind is too active for his frame. Though his tour has caused a temporary cessation of his pastoral labours, it has not brought him *rest*, for wherever he goes, he seeks to do good; and, during the week he passed here, he preached twice, and once addressed a meeting. The latter was on the cause of revivals, and made us grieve that so often the heavens above us are as iron, and the earth as brass, while showers of grace are falling in another land. Dr. C—— visited Mr. Douglas of Cavers, and my little brothers had the good fortune to be his companions, for he met them at Kelso and took them with him. He went over the manse grounds, which are dear to him for his friend Bruen's sake. To-morrow he will embark for a home of which he speaks with greater enthusiasm than any man I have heard. It is delightful to see one whose soul is so engrossed with mighty things, yet so full of fireside charities.'

Diary.—'*October* 4.—Took J. and B. to a missionary meeting. They were much interested; and, next evening, when I told them of my missionary box, and that Mr. Knill gave away Bibles which cost a ruble each, B. threw his

arms around me, and whispered, "Sister, I will give you a ruble." Dear child, may he love the book he wishes the heathen to have!'

'*October* 31.—Fast day. I have a great deal to do today in my heart. I have tried to review what have been my chief sins this summer, and find that sin is in every thing, yet I do not feel it as I ought. When I was suffered to commemorate Jesus' death, I did not derive nearly the good I ought from it. I did not set myself stedfastly to seek him, and am ashamed when I remember how very little effect the holy ordinance had on me. I have sometimes made the excuse that some of the clergymen were not very improving. But I had the "footstool" to go to, and have cause to grieve that I sought my pleasures more from the nothings of time than from the love of God. I find that vanity helped to ensnare me. It pleased me to be admired,—and though the temptations are not near me now, is vanity weaker? I often feel it rising, and though some other sins have more power over me, it has some share in my evil heart. Let me put it down. Then, self-indulgence was one of my great sins. I did not look so much whether a thing was right, as whether it pleased me; of course, there I got wrong. Against this let me watch. Oh! that I could unweariedly watch, and hate the things that wound my Lord! The motives of my heart were crooked, because other things than his will entered into them. Since then, my conscience has felt burdened. Peace has often been far from me; and, when I have felt unhappy, I have not acted to mamma, or any one as I ought. My heart, and thence my brow, have been clouded. I have been most cheerful when I forgot! Oh! this is a false cheerfulness. I want to be made clean every whit. When God pleases, I want solid peace. I will seek him till I find him, his grace assisting me. My chief concern is with eternity. Thither each day hath borne its record,—and how shall I stand when it is all vividly recalled to me at judgment? Oh! Jesus, give me thy righteousness! It was only last Sunday that I was thinking over some of the past, wherein I knew I had erred; and strange! it was with a kind of pleasure. Thus, I nearly lost an excellent sermon, and "sinned in the recesses of the temple." If one of my

friends knew my heart, and especially the want of uprightness in my train of thought, I could not look at that one. God knows all—give me, my God, the grace of repentance: I want to draw nigh to thee to-day; to begin anew to check sin in every shape—to love thy law—to be a "servant of Jesus." I am cold and vile, and have only sins to bring, but she of old to whom thou forgavest much, loved much. Let it be so with me. Let me, at least, love thee indeed. Do what thou wilt with me. I should destroy myself, if left to myself, but leave me not. Let this fast day be one long to be remembered as one wherein, in sincerity, and truth, I yielded up my mind to run in thy way.'

'*November* 9.—I have not been able to write about the exercises of the 3d. They were precious, and I renewed my covenant with my God solemnly. Dear E— and I spoke of the delight of being his children when we came from his house. May that day be long remembered as her first open avowal of her love to Christ, and may she belong to him for ever! I thought of my sins, but hope in my Saviour, and trust he will strengthen me to keep my vow, and make me feel my union to him. I thought of the dear friends in London who were engaged thus;—it is a sweet bond.'

The laying open of these exercises so sacred and so secret, is like the harsh process of the naturalist when he saws in sunder a shell, whose external, polished, and uniform surface, gives no indication of the spiral column, with its many involutions, within. It is not done without thought or without effort; but if the purpose had in view, in undertaking this sketch at all, is to be accomplished, it is by exhibiting the heart laid open before God,—the jealous search after secret sin, and the humble contrition for it. This was Mary's season of sorest conflict; and it is much to be observed that, in the midst of it, she never lost her confidence that God would make a perfect work in her soul. The child-like simplicity of her love and trust is very touching, and may be traced to her happiness in having been awakened, through regenerating grace, at so early an age. Had she only a year or two before this time of trial given herself up to Christ; and acquired the habit of prayer, her conflict must have been sharper! the former course of her thoughts

would have acquired a fearful dominion over her, and she might have felt as if she were cast off from his presence; but it was not so with her: she was still his redeemed one, with whose soul he had 'been at charges' long before; and she was assured that his purpose to sanctify her for himself could not change. 'I am still his child,' said the sweet mourner.—Happy they who surrender themselves to the Lord in youth. 'They who are washed, need not save to wash their feet, but are clean every whit.' It ought to be remarked also, that, while her own concealed uneasiness led her to imagine that her conduct was not what it ought to be in the family, she was comforting and helpful as a daughter; and as a sister, she was tutoress, counsellor, or sympathizing friend, at all times. If her spirit was bowed down, her brow was serene; if her mind was anxious, her conduct was uniformly mild and dutiful.

At this period she was called to sojourn at Berwick, for some time, with an aged and valued relative, who required to be ministered to by younger hands than her own. Her diary while there, shows the same watchful disposition, the same mistrust of self, and aversion to the admission of little sins.

Diary.—'Berwick, Nov. 14.—I have been living quietly here, and time slips through my fingers fast. My dear aunt seems to have comfort in my presence, and I give up my own will, as much as I can, to hers. There is little outward temptation, but much from within; and I fear lest I let time pass without the benefit I hoped to derive. Let me renew my efforts. I have tried to employ my mind during my lonely walks on the best things. On Sunday, the 10th, I enjoyed a good deal of prayer, and remembered the preceding one. But, for the last two days, "the cage of unclean birds" has had more influence in my heart, and prayer has seemed less dear and less necessary. I can trust to no frame of mind: but this morning, when I read of Jesus' resurrection, I felt that I could trust *him*. O, I am his, why do I, then, so often forget him? To-morrow is the Sabbath. Is my heart in a Sabbath frame?

'Last night I commenced teaching Nancy. She is ignorant, indeed: may I be assisted, and made useful to her.

I am very quiet here. How strange is the propensity to look *forward*. My prospects are all misty and uncertain; my retrospects lately painful. Shall I not, then, look back with repentance, and forward with submission, and seek grace for the present need? May I make heaven my future,—the loveliest bourne far, far, on which my heart can dwell!'

'*Friday*, 22.—I have not this week been lively in secret prayer, and therefore I do not feel at peace. I have been much interrupted during the day, and have sat late to do something for my *mind*. But thus my soul has suffered; for, by the time I went to prayer, I have been sleepy and listless, so as to have difficulty in keeping myself up. It is difficult to watch the very point, which, if transgressed, is wrong. I don't like to let my mind rest,—at least, not more than necessary; but I will try to improve the flying hours better, doing what I can in the day time, consistently with cheering my aunt, and obeying her little behests. I have thought much of dear F——, in her little room betimes, seeking her Father in heaven, and commending herself, her friends, and the world, to him. How rich and ennobling is prayer, when we enter on it with all our hearts. What can be so exalting to the mind, or fill it with such pure and heavenly thoughts? Let me remember this, when I am poring, in spite of weariness, on something I am bent on finishing ere I retire.

'There is another fault I am guilty of,—that of speaking too much, and loving to display my tiny conversational powers. I believe I wish to do good, in my intercourse with others; but, when I begin to tell stories of Mr. Knill and Dr. C., I feel pleased at having something to say that gives pleasure, and a little information; and I have wondered to find my head in motion, and my tongue speaking with great animation, to people wiser than myself. How contemptible! Should it not make me humble to think how vile I am in the sight of God? Will nothing teach me? Even when I am seeking information there is a solicitude not to seem ignorant, and an idea that this will make me seem wiser when I know it. Now, all this should lead me to secret prayer. When I think I wish glory to God, I find I am seeking it for myself. Let me pray for a

new heart, a complete change, and seek to forget myself, and aim, in conversing, to make others happy, and honour God. Let me try.'

A poem, alluded to above, and dated December 12, 1833, forms a suitable close to this year.

REMINISCENCE ON LEAVING KELSO.

'There is a spot where memory loves to rest,—
A scene whose image, pictured in my breast,
Is twined with all that's beautiful and dear,
With all that weeps affection's mournful tear—
My home!—by the soft sunshine of thy glades,
Thy daisied pastures, mixed with forest shades;
The gentle breeze, that fans thy waving tree;
By thy sweet wild-flowers, I'll remember thee!
And thou, my native stream, whose waveless flow,
Whether thou laugh'st in morning's roseate glow,
Or spread'st thy bosom to the noontide beam,
Or smil'st in beauty at the sunset's gleam,
Art lovely still.—Bright stream, farewell to thee!
Thy silvery waters flow no more for me;
No more for me the music of thy play,
When lengthening shades proclaim the close of day.
One hour there is, I've prized above the rest,
One halcyon hour, when thou wert loveliest;
'Twas when the day of rest was well nigh sped,
And its sweet influence o'er my heart was shed;
When courting solitude, at balmy even,
I sought for peace, in communing with heaven.
'Twas rapture then, to gaze on thee, fair stream,
All sparkling in day's last and tenderest beam;
While the rich trees that graceful o'er thee wave,
Were trembling in the golden light it gave;
And breezes stirred the incense of the air,
As though some Spirit kept his Sabbath there;
It seemed, as if those deep and spacious skies,
That kindled earth with their celestial dyes,
Shot rays of glory from some heavenly clime,
To bless the sabbath of the sons of time,
And raise the soul, on contemplation's wing,
To the pure source whence endless pleasures spring—
A foretaste of that glorious land of light,
Where those who love the Lamb shall dwell in robes of white.'

CHAPTER V.

CORRESPONDENCE AND DIARY.

Diary.—'*Edinburgh, Jan.* 13, 1834.—Up at four to see Cornelius off. I felt sad when he set out in the dark and damp, and thought of his many disadvantages in living alone. Do I pray enough for my brother? My heart condemns me.'

'22d.—The first night of my beginning to read Watts' hymns, at the same hour with my ever-dear friend F——. I have not of late prized this means of keeping up Christian fellowship so much as once I did. I fear I can trace this to my thoughts being too much set afloat about the future in this life.—The future! what is it? A moment like the past, and more uncertain;—if the very brightest dreams that ever dazzled my fancy had been realized, still it would have been but a moment. Shall I suffer things to flit before me, invested with proportions not their own, till all things else seem tame and insipid?'

When George Thompson, the eloquent pleader for the abolition of slavery, was called to visit the United States, in the hope that his remarkable power of influencing the public mind might be beneficial there, we find the youthful philanthropist, whose ardent mind glowed with more exalted sympathies and felt an interest in loftier occupations, than usually kindle the enthusiasm of girls of her age, embodying her desires for his success in the following verses:—

'*To George Thompson, Esq.*

Edinburgh, Jan. 1831.

'Ah! what can tempt your wandering steps
In foreign lands to roam!
Ah! why forsake your native plains
And leave your peaceful home?

Say, will it be your lot to find
Where'er your footsteps turn,
A land as dear, and hearts as kind
As those you leave to mourn?—

Yet go—heaven-favoured hero, go!
Pursue your glorious plan;
Abridge the weight of human wo,
And raise the slave to *man*.

Blest purpose! Soul-ennobling aim!
Worthy a generous breast;
Of all the schemes that man can frame,
The noblest and the best!

For what can sweeter joy impart,
What purer pleasure give,
Than to relieve the aching heart,
And bid the wretched live?

This bliss by you, so often felt,
How gladly will you claim,
When grateful thousands weeping join
To bless your cherished name.

May gentle breezes waft your sails
Swift o'er the western main,
And fortune's smiles, and prospering gales,
Restore you soon again!

Heaven bless your cause! your country's prayers
Attend you o'er the sea:
Go! break the chain that slavery wears
And bid the oppressed be free!'

'*March* 8.—Have had delight in the Life of M. J. Graham: her remarks on conducting study to God's glory, and drawing out the mind to its full extent, as a precious talent, and his gift, pleased me much. Let me try, like her, to bring all things to the "Test of Truth." On Sabbath day attended the communion at Lady Glenorchy's. Mr. Bruce in serving a table, spoke of the value God has for us, and our consequent duty of being a peculiar and separate people, as, for the sake of being served by us, he had given his Son. Too light have been my impressions of that blessed day; how soon earthly things warp my soul, and absorb my attention! Let me keep fast by my hours of retirement, as the only means of receiving spiritual life, and obtaining the blessed Spirit of my God.'

These extracts, scanty as they are, compared to the mass from which they are drawn, betray a holy jealousy of self, and a sedulous mortification of all those emotions which the admiration of a continually extending circle of friends, was calculated to excite.

The extracts from letters to friends of her own age, about this time, will exhibit the elegance and playfulness of her mind, ever mingled as they were, with thoughts beyond the present scene.

To one of her class-fellows.

'*Edinburgh, May* 5, 1834.—I had been longing to hear of your welfare and pursuits for days before the arrival of your letters, and was a *wee bit* disappointed that there was no line for me; but it was only because "all men seem to themselves of some importance;" so, at least, says my counsellor, Pascal, that man of many thoughts. My sober judgment soon told me you had chosen your correspondents wisely. * * * Is it not most animating to feel oneself beloved by those who are dear to us? To me it is the most exhilarating of all feelings; and we, dear friend, shall continue to love and pray for each other, whether we are together or divided by many miles. Last week I had a long letter from my dearest F——. So long a time had elapsed, that I feared she had forgotten her northern correspondent, or did not know how large a share she possesses in my heart; but this sweet message of love bears no token of forgetfulness. She urges me onward to the Celestial City, where, though our lot be far distant *here*, we shall together bow before our Saviour. Yes, my friend! it is a glorious prospect to be in His presence for evermore, and to associate with all those who are formed after his likeness; and it is sweet to hold converse with the loved companions of our short pilgrimage, those who have helped us to draw nearer to our Lord, who have poured consolation into our spirits when wounded, or doubled our joys by their sympathy. It is strange when I think of my friend, Miss R——, that my thoughts always flow in this current. Our intercourse has been *nearly all* connected

with our highest hopes, and I trust the perpetuity of our love will much enhance its value.

'I hope, dear M——, the spring breezes that open the roses in the garden, are also planting them on your cheeks, which were at times so pale as to tell us that the heat of schools did not please them so well as the wooded slopes of C——. Do run about and be as wild—I was going to say—as an ass's colt! but stopped, lest you should think, which is not the case, that I meant to insinuate any affinity between my fair friend and that interesting quadruped. No, no! B. B.'s lessons in botany and all the sciences, profound and light, will preclude all possibility of this.—There is more danger of your becoming a *blue*. * * Our little friends at Stockbridge school, go on as well as usual; I really respect and like the teacher. * * * You will think of us next Sabbath.—Do pray for me. I could tell you of the coldness and carelessness of my heart, but I would not sadden you with my confessions; only ask that I may know more of the hidden love of God.'

The friend, to whom she makes such grateful allusion in the foregoing letter, and of whom she states that their intercourse had been nearly all connected with their highest hopes, had shown her much considerate kindness when a school girl; and, though they never saw each other again, the tone of their intercourse was of an elevating cast to the end. Daily spiritual communion was maintained, by a concerted course of scriptural reading, which was occasionally varied by a collection of hymns. The salutary effect of this was obvious on Mary's mind, for the name of that friend seemed invariably to lead to a train of pious reflection. A part of what appears to be the reply to the letter mentioned above, is as follows:

To her friend near London.

'*Edin., May* 3, 1834.—I have risen an hour before the household, and shall enjoy my quiet time with you; but most sincerely do I join in your kind wish that we could meet for an hour or two. I should like to thank you *viva voce* for all your letters, and to tell you that they have not unfrequently come when I was in want of quickening and stirring up, and have helped me to draw more near to my

Saviour, for a time at least. Let us, my beloved friend, set our faces more stedfastly to seek Him who is our King, and our only hope. I often wonder at my own hardness of heart, that I should prize earthly friendship, one of his sweetest gifts, so much, and yet love so little Him who is the source of love, from whom flows all the kindly feelings that cheer our way, and who has manifested towards us a compassion whose depth we cannot fathom. Why is it that all perfection should be so coldly thought of, and that cisterns which fail should be so cherished?—or that the prayers of Christian friends should be sought and prized, and yet the open door to the throne of mercy be so often passed by? I was struck with the contradiction in this, when this morning I had many wandering thoughts in prayer, and hoped that *you* would pray for me. Ah! surely, if I truly desired to grow in grace, my own prayers would be more frequent and earnest; for what can be more plain or more encouraging than the command, "ask and ye shall receive?" My God bears long with an untoward child, and this makes me hope, that my slow walk, and *frequent* deviation from the path of life, may be changed for that "unwearied running," which must make present objects lose their false importance, and heaven and holiness be viewed aright. Is it not cheering, dear F., to feel that strength is not in, or from ourselves, but "our help cometh from the Lord?" To him, then, let us always return, and never be satisfied with any thing that may pretend to the name of happiness, short of His love. It is delightful to me to commune with you, dear fellow-pilgrim, even at the distance of so many miles, and to feel that the bond which unites us is our fellowship with heaven. To love in Christ is the happiest earthly feeling, and I do trust it is thus we love each other. It seems a preparation for another state of being, where, indeed, God will be all in all; and, though we are widely separated here, may we not worship together *there?* The continuance of our friendship makes me prize it most; for I think it will not die with us. No! what belongs to the soul cannot die; and if you should in time find out all my weakness, and cease to love me, or if long absence should even break off our correspondence, yet in heaven, purified and made one in Jesus, you

could not but love me again; and not the less for remembering that in this vale we held sweet converse, and often met in spirit before the Lord. But my dear friend will smile at this glance into the future and the unknown; yet, will not she agree with me, that friendship assumes a nobler character, when we look forward to the period when we shall be filled with the same holy joy, and satisfied with the same glorious "likeness?" * * My time is at present so much occupied, that it is important to employ each moment as it flies, or I could not do half that I wish. Indeed, I never accomplish every thing I have purposed in the morning. Two mornings in the week are spent in schools; one of which interests me much,—the other is but a new acquaintance, and there is a want of method and spirit in the management, which only the regular teacher can wholly supply. I am also taking some lessons in singing, of which I am very fond; and my inward discussions, on whether the value of time admits of such employ, generally terminated in, "it is but for a little while, and mamma and all of them like it." I meet my singing companion twice a-week, to practise, and to give her a little rudimental knowledge of Italian; and as we have begun with John's gospel, there is an occasional opportunity to speak to my amiable friend of some precious words of Jesus. Mamma often reads aloud in the evening, while I work; and I enjoy this more than most things. My little sister's improvement I now watch eagerly, perhaps selfishly, I do so long for her changing from the dear child to the friend. * * You will not forget us on our communion Sabbath. I never enjoy my dear uncle's* preaching so much as on those days; he seems so deeply impressed with the value of the dying memorial of the crucified Lord.'

To her Edinburgh class-fellow she wrote in June:—

* * 'Though you may rejoice in your absence from dusty streets, you must allow me to cloud your sunny mind by telling you that you have missed what has been most interesting. We poor sojourners in busy haunts of

* Rev. H. Grey, St. Mary's, Edinburgh.

men, have some compensation for our exclusion from the loveliness of early summer in the country, in seeing those, whose names we have been accustomed to venerate, and hearing discussions that lose half their interest when they have passed through the ordeal of a reporter's pen. I need not tell you of this most satisfying General Assembly. Think how it has advanced in liberal feeling within three years. Let us, dear M——, pray for the peace of Jerusalem, that the spirit of her King may, in yet larger measure, descend on those who minister in his sanctuary. To-day, I passed a short time in the gay scene in the Experimental Gardens, but I could not enjoy the flowers for the swarms of "knights and ladies gay" who crowded the walks; still, there is something inspiriting in timing our footsteps to the cadence of martial music; and I could have fancied myself in some promenade of gay France, where all the *idle happy* creatures (an anomaly I own) meet to while away their hours amid sights and sounds, and odours in blended beauty; but it outraged my northern feeling, with regard to what a garden should be. Is there not in the word *garden* something that expresses retirement and quiet, that could soothe the mind when ruffled, and soften it when gay? Does it not bring to view Cowper in his alcove, and Hannah More among her clustering roses at Barley-Wood, or our first parents in their heaven-appointed home, where their employ was to learn the wisdom and love of God from every blossom that opened to the sun? And does it not recall calm hours that we, ourselves, have spent, communing with nature, as if following the thoughts of some great mind far away from outward distractions, and drawing near in our solitude to Him who made the blades of grass we press beneath our feet, and made us, immortal, highly-favoured creatures? Many such thoughts used to fill my heart in the garden at my own sweet home; and would you believe, the floating scene of this morning recalled those feelings vividly? You will not smile at this, when you remember the pain of being obliged to leave every inanimate object that has been long endeared. But after all, change of place should not strongly influence the real Christian, for his Master never leaves him, and His peace in the heart makes even the wilderness to blossom as the

rose. Have you, my M——, had your breast filled with that best gift since your abode in the country? I have hoped that a few months there may prove a time of refreshing to you; and may not the heavy stroke which has rendered the house of your faithful pastor desolate, convey additional earnestness to his words, and increasing desire to his hearers to learn heavenly wisdom? My dear friend, use the precious hours as they fly, and oh! pray for me that I may do so likewise, and have my heart and my portion in heaven.'

To a friend who had lost a brother in a foreign country.

* * * 'Alas! what can earthly comfort avail when a cloud of doubt hangs over the departing hours of "one whom our souls loved." Yet, my beloved M——, the balm of Gilead is sufficient even for this, though to a Christian the most afflictive trial that can befal him; and you, I know, have felt that the Sun of righteousness shines bright even amid thick darkness. * * It not unfrequently occurs, that the God, whose footsteps are not known, leads some wanderer from his fold into a far country, where no Sabbath bell is heard, and there, remote from human aid, teaches him by his Spirit, that eternity alone is worth living for, and that true religion alone is the safeguard of any individual. Poor Nugent Richmond was so taught on the bosom of the trackless waters, and led on, in an affecting manner, through various trials, till his Father saw him ripe for heaven, and called him hence. This is a severe test of faith, but may it issue in the brightening of all your Christian graces. It is well to learn to give glory to God, even in the fires. I understand the clinging affection which this sorrow, along with the departure of your elder brother, makes you feel for the younger; yet, do not rest *on any* earthly support; go at once, and without reservation, to your God, and in trusting him you shall be greatly blessed. Try to gather the fair fruits of sanctified affliction in these dark days, my friend; do not seek, by other things, to weaken the impression that God is dealing with you, but keep close to him, and become all that he designs this first oppressing grief should render you. Your spiritual peace, your singleness of eye may be greater now

than ever, if only you make use of the sluices that have been opened in your soul, which, painful though they be, form a channel for the healing waters to flow in. Does not the world seem "a vain show" to you now? Oh! I never knew the meaning of these words till my beloved and revered father was taken from me, and then they rang in my ears for weeks, and seemed to be written in their full meaning on my soul. How new the old and familiar language of Scripture seems, when a *second being*, as it were, is awakened in us by sufferings. What rich mines of treasure the promises become, and how we hold by them, sure for once that no other stay can prop us.'

To her correspondent near London.

'*Edin., June* 8, 1834.—I wonder if you love the Psalms as I do; they have so often cheered me when sad, and filled my heart with sweet and peaceful thoughts, that I feel as if some of them were peculiarly my own; I feel that they have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage. I like to have my feelings at once expressed and deepened by the words of inspiration, and to believe that the same emotion which tuned the harp of David of old is in a faint degree possessing me; and, in God's own time, a harp of purer tone shall be given us, and along with the Minstrel of Israel, we shall tune them to the praise of his Lord and ours. Why is it then, that I am content to be so far, immeasurably far behind him now, in devotion of spirit and Christian attainment? It startles me to think of the high and blessed hopes I cherish, and then to return to my daily walk, and see how little it is regulated by them, or by a motive more constraining still, the love of my Saviour. I know you will say, your trust must be fixed on Him alone; you must not expect to find any thing in yourself on which to lean. True! but what is it that prevents my coming more frequently into His presence by prayer, and why is it, that, when there, my desires are so languid, and at times I even seem to have nothing to ask—I do not mean that I never heartily pray—Oh! I should indeed be miserable were it so; but I have been cold of late; I want quickening. * * * I feel painfully how easy it is for me to bear the character of a Christian, while I have very slightly

"taken up my cross," and very imperfectly renounced the love of this vain world. Dearest friend, how shall I entirely belong to Jesus! Oh! animate me, by your love, to love Him more, and do not fear to say what you think of my evil heart, for how shall it become purified unless truly dealt with? I sometimes fear life has for me too much that is engrossing; though, two years ago, I did not suppose I would again estimate it as aught but a vain show. How strange is the tendency to seek for rest, where all is fleeting! I have had a lesson of great pain that it is so, in the removal of my most dear friend, Isabella Gordon. You have no idea what a blank it is to me to think she is no longer on earth; though far separated, we could think of each other with the happiness of those who know that such remembrances are mutual, and the hope of seeing her in Scotland this summer, had been held out to her friends here, and had given me lively pleasure for months; but she is gone—quite gone, and earth shall not be our place of meeting. I had believed it a sweet friendship, formed to add to the enjoyments of time; but, though it has not proved so, the memory of this loved one will continue most precious, till we meet to love more intensely, and more in *the Lord* than we could have done here. I cannot bear to think of her mother and sister's grief; it must be overwhelming: and her poor husband, who so lately thought he had secured such a treasure for his own—how great must his desolation be! She was a creature so full of spirit and liveliness, that I never thought of her in connexion with death. * * There is no cloud too thick to be penetrated by the beams of divine love, and where *they* shine, how can it all be darkness? They are often most glorious and reviving, when creature comforts fail. * * How the passing thought of losing those who are entwined with our very being, deepens and hallows our love to them! How it makes us anticipate every wish, and strive in communing with them, to catch the glow that rests on their souls ere they are called from us! Oh! how perfectly can I enter into your feelings, and how earnestly I pray, that, whatever befalls you, may tend to fit you for your mansion in Immanuel's land, the land we love the best; and to which every friend who is gathered, draws our hearts more closely.

Help me to praise Him, while we are still in this far-off country, and we shall sing with gladsome voices, when fear and care are known to us only in grateful remembrance.'

To the same friend under a family bereavement.

'*Edinburgh, September* 19, 1834.— * * * I long to know how you have sustained the blow, and what have been the exercises of your soul since it was struck. I trust you have been enabled throughout, to view it but as "the sterner voice of love," and to find rest from all your grief at the footstool of the throne. Oh! what place of refuge is like this, when heart and flesh fail? Where can we flee for support, but to the rock of ages? To hide beneath the shadow of the Almighty, when the storms of sorrow beat around us, is "perfect peace." To call him Abba, Father, while he is depriving us of what we loved the most, is something like a foretaste of heaven, where He shall be all in all. This hidden joy you daily experience, for He has long been your portion; and his perfect fulness is never felt till some delights have withered, and our eyes have been opened to the vanity of time, and to the nearness of eternity; earth fades away as we follow the glorified spirit to its new and holy abode, and attempt to join in the song of praise which fills the upper sanctuary. A tearful and faltering song it will be, my loved friend, so long as we are here, yet not disregarded by the God of compassion, and not the less sweet, because a sense of unworthiness almost makes it die on our lips. He will one day give it the strength and purity of angels' praise, and we shall adore him face to face. I know not a more intensely delightful occupation of mind, than to look stedfastly upward for a time to see the Lamb of God pleading for us with pity and love; and the Holy Spirit breathing around influences of grace, that make heaven what it is—a place of perfect purity; and to see the ransomed throng casting their crowns before the most High, in the height of their grateful love, and to recognize amongst them some whom we have known as companions of our pilgrimage, when they, like us, were creatures of sin and infirmity, longing for that full converse with God which they could not here enjoy, sympathizing in our sorrow for sin, and urging us onward to the home they now have en-

tered. True, they are ours no longer, but they, as well as we, are of the family of Jesus,—sweet, indissoluble bond! Oh! to be among those blessed ones in his presence. The time will soon come, dear sister in Christ, and then no more weeping, no more pain, no more sinning against infinite goodness. I pray for you, that the port of endless rest may be brought so near to you in contemplation, as to enable you to feel, that though your *all* were taken away, you would be still rich, still happy.

'It affects me greatly to think, that while you were suffering, and I knew it not, I was enjoying a greater pleasure than I have for a long time, in visiting some of the loveliest parts of Scotland in company with dear friends. I little thought how you were engaged when I was tracing the bounteous hand of God in fertile valleys, or seeing the precious things of the "lasting hills," that rise among lakes and rivers. Ah! had I known, you would have been borne in my heart through all my wanderings; but now I shall daily pray for you, that you may produce the peaceable fruits of righteousness, through this chastisement of your God. Is it not joy to have a dear friend safe—safe with Jesus. To think of you in your sorrow, makes me love you more; you will learn much in sorrow that you did not know till now; and may I hope, that, when strength and inclination permit, you will tell me of the things that you have seen and heard, that I may enter into your joys as well as your sorrows. Farewell, sweet Friend.'

The next letter, from which a portion is extracted, is addressed to the same precious Christian friend, and in it, for the first time, she mentions the engagement she had formed with Mr. W. W. Duncan, the youngest son of her father's highly-esteemed friend, and old college companion, the Rev. Dr. Duncan of Ruthwell:—

'*Edinburgh, November* 20, 1834.— * * * How sweet is it to resign our treasures to a God of love, and to follow them in thought to the sacred bliss of His immediate presence, where they expand into new vigour, and a joy which they could not here have known, and lived. Does not the one thought of their exemption from sin, their freedom from the dread of ever again grieving the Saviour make one long to be with them, where all is peace and purity? Oh! to be ready when the call is heard! Strange, that sin should

ever acquire an ascendancy in us, when we know that "the end" draws near! Would that it were so nailed to the cross of Jesus that we could never see it in any light but that of abhorrence. I wish I were near you for a little time, my dearest friend; I selfishly wish it, because I am sure you would help my slow and wavering feet to run the race set before me. I have profited little by the trials that have entered into my lot, and each day discloses some evil to be struggled against, or some corruption that I had long since thought in a measure vanquished, rising with new vigour, and surprising me into sin. How difficult is it to keep the heart, and how impossible to serve God without doing so.

Our circle of acquaintance is on the increase, but it is not less than self-denial to pass much time in society, unless it consists of *friends*, and those who can improve and sympathize with me in the best things. This feeling grows upon me, and leads me to evade it in many ways. I fear this is selfish, yet how little good can I do in company, and how little do I ever obtain. Tell me what you think about this, my dear friend. A true friend in Christ is invaluable, and the few who are so kind as to be my friends in this sense, possess my warmest love; I hope I may always count you among the number.

'You have of late been living much on the confines of the unseen world, and getting your spirit brought into sweet accordance with the will of God; you have tasted much of his goodness, and have been preparing for the morning of joy that shall follow the night of weeping. I know the tender and subdued frame into which you have been brought, and I pray God it may be increased, and that all your life you may be glad when memory refers to this mournful and precious season. Is not the Christian life unlike all other things, in the abounding of joy when tribulation is heaviest? I long for the time when all the world shall know what this means, and all hearts shall resign themselves to God.

* * * 'Why is it, my loved friend, that we have so little *real* Christian fellowship with those we love, while health and time remain to us? There is so often an approach to the subject, without its leading to any thing that may warm our affections, or elevate our dull hearts farther

above the passing scene. Is it that the vanities of time engross us, so that we are unwilling to embody in words, wishes which we feel to be too evanescent, lest the action of the next hour should bring upon us a charge of inconsistency? Ah! we do not remember that the Searcher of hearts knows all that may be concealed from our fellow-pilgrims. I am convinced there would be more consistent watchfulness if we sometimes gave them a look of what was passing in our hearts; and this is only an incidental advantage among many direct ones, for we might learn much by placing our hopes and fears by the side of others. For myself, I feel that, if I were greatly rejoicing in the hope which maketh not ashamed, the reference to it would be more frequent and more fervent than it is. I have been trying for the last fortnight, but I find a danger of being obtrusive, and injuring the best of causes. Truly, wisdom is necessary to the child of God. * * *

'We are not without our trials this winter; my brother G. is unable to attend school. * * * If this illness be the means of leading him to the Saviour, it will be cause of joy, and not of grief. He loves mamma, and listens to all she says to him with deep interest; but how delightful it would be to see him devote himself heartily to God. You know the heart of a sister, when she longs to see her brother walk decidedly and steadily in the truth. Will you join me in praying for this dear boy? * * *

'I am informed by a mutual friend that you have heard a piece of intelligence concerning me, which I am at a loss to know what wind has blown southward. My dearest F., I ought to have told you of this before, but for my great aversion to write about it. Yes, my dear friend! my lot is cast—and I trust it is the Lord, my heavenly and *only* Father, who has decided it. I have been engaged, since spring, to the son of my beloved papa's dearest friend. I look forward to the future, if with some trembling and fear, with a counterbalancing mixture of hope in the God who has led and guided me all my life, and of confidence in the friend whom I have so deeply trusted. We have met during the summer, but are now separated. I feel that correspondence unfolds points of character which personal intercourse does not do so well. You do not know how long young clergy-

men in Scotland are sometimes obliged to wait before they obtain a place in the vineyard to which they have devoted themselves. It may be years,—but we have from the first left all in the hands of our covenant God, and he will do all things *well*. I love the prospect of being engaged through life in winning souls to Him, and of having extended opportunities of usefulness. But it is a responsible and solemn post. Oh! for a spirit that would willingly give up all for Jesus, and endure whatever he lays upon me. There are trials connected with my present situation which I did not know before, yet they are pleasant ones in one sense. But you will pray for me, and will now sometimes blend another name with mine in the petitions which I value above many things. I need your counsel, my beloved friend; give it me faithfully and freely. Tell me to set my affections on things above, and not to permit either happiness or grief to take too great possession of me. It is wrong to have filled so much paper with what relates to myself, at a time when your spirit is so differently engaged; but I know from the sorrow I felt in your affliction, that you will not disregard my state of mind. It is pleasant to forget self in sympathy with others; it gives new impulse to the thought, and lightens the load that may be weighing us down. When I think of all the events of April, 1832, which are as distinct as if it were but yesterday, the evanescence of all earthly things comes before me. Then I was in the deep waters of my first sorrow, and it seemed as if I could never be again very happy here. Those days looked mournful, but sacredly beloved: yet different feelings have the ascendancy,—my own papa's place never can be filled,—oh, no, not in the least degree; but there is more hope, and more calm happiness in looking forward, than I could then believe that any earthly prospect could afford me. I want none but such as comes from God, and is built upon his love; and I shall watch my deceitful heart, and try all things by the test of his word. Heaven is the only place where there can be no disappointment or sorrow, and the reason is, that sin is banished from its holy mansions. Then let me watch against sin, or the supports on which I lean will give way, and pierce me through. There is no true peace, but such as cometh from above.'

Of her beloved father, whose memory was present to her in joy and sorrow, and never failed to open the sluices of filial reverence and strong affection, she writes to a friend in Kelso, on occasion of going to the sculptors to see a marble tablet to his memory, before it was sent to the place of sepulture—a tablet which was a token of affectionate remembrance from his parishioners :—

'How feeble is any memorial in comparison with the affection that delights to linger round the departed—to recall his image—and to dwell upon his words. Is it not striking, that even of those most loved and most lamented, it may be so truly said, "Their memory and their name is gone ?" They appeared indispensable to the performance of a thousand duties, and their removal seemed likely to make a chasm that could not soon be filled;—but the grave has closed over them—they are gone—another steps into the vacant place, taking on himself the duties, and acquiring the interest in the hearts of those around him, which had belonged to his predecessor. Is it not well that a Christian's home and happiness are in heaven, and that, however men may forget, their God remembers them ? It makes one humble to see how easily one's part is taken, and work done by others; but at such times the unchanging love of God becomes unspeakably precious. To try to leave our lasting remembrance on earth, is writing our name on the sand; but if our Lord has written it on the palms of his hands, we need not care how quickly the restless waves efface it from the earth.'

These extracts have brought us near the close of her twentieth year. But before leaving it, a gleaning from the diary, at various dates, will put us in possession of her views on some subjects, and the uniform state of her soul, waiting on, and following hard after God :—

Diary.—'*June* 26.—Last night I read Mr. C.'s account of my beloved Isabella Gordon, with many tears and longings that, if God takes me away as early, I may be as willing to go, and as joyful in the prospect of eternity.'—After going minutely through the details of that touching 'entrance into rest,' she sums up the character of the friend she so much loved and admired, and whose early removal so much resembled her own :—'My loved friend had been, she fear-

ed, too happy in the few months of her married life. She was the charm of her circle. * * She lived for the happiness of others—there was a crucifixion of self—her love of *truth*, and her tenderness of conscience were great;—it was her constant aim to be useful to others. * * * Who would not wish to resemble her who has been so suddenly taken from us, to a glorious and early eternity? Never, my friend, shall I forget thee. We shall meet again.'

On occasion of a passing fear that the sojourn of a friend from a far country in her mother's house, should, in some degree, interfere with the interchange of sentiment between them, she wrote:—

'*July* 15.—I must conquer that pride, which makes one averse to the idea of being laid on the shelf. Why should I think of *self* at all. Oh! my F., [the friend in the south to whom her most interesting letters were addressed,] how unlike is my spirit to thy holy and submissive one. When shall I see thee? I feel as though thou wouldst shed over me a part of thy humble and steady devotion.'

'*July* 28.—Yesterday my heart was with those dear friends at Kelso and Ruthwell who compassed the altar of the Lord, and in praying for them my soul caught a portion of the love of Jesus. It is true that blessings sought for others are returned to ourselves, and there are few pleasures like that of communion of spirit with absent friends, at the throne of mercy.'

'*August* 1.—Freedom has dawned this morning on the British colonies. No more degraded lower than the brutes—no more bowed down with suffering from which there is no redress—the sons of Africa have obtained the rights of fellow-subjects—the rights of *man*, the immortal creation of God. Now, they may seek the sanctuary, fearless of the lash;—they may call their children their own. Hope will animate their hearts, and give vigour to their efforts. Oh for more holy men to show them the way of salvation! The Lord keep them from riot and idleness! They have been so little taught, that He only can avert confusion and tumult, as the result of their joy. Some Christians there are among their number, who will influence the others. My poor fellow-travellers through life's short wilderness,

may I meet with many of you in heaven, where even I can hope to dwell, through the love of my risen Lord! There none will despise the negro, whom Jesus has pitied and redeemed.'

In anticipation of a highland tour, in the society of those she most loved, she writes her purposes of keeping her own heart, and aiding the hearts of her associates:—

'*August* 24.—To-morrow, D. V. we shall set out on our long anticipated tour. Will it bring all the enjoyment it has promised? I wish to go in the fear of God, remembering him in whatever company I am, and seeking to keep those I love best near Him. Oh may He help me so to do! We shall praise Him in his beautiful temple: and glow with love to Him amid the wildness and magnificence of nature. What double joy it gives to be his children! What serenity to go out leaning on him! I heard Mr. Candlish, on the man who wished to save his five brethren from hell.—His remarks on friends loving as immortal beings, who should only regard each other in another world according to their mutual influence in preparing for it, were beautiful, and fired my desires, as well as those of W. W. D., who was in another part of the church, to walk as a child of light, and to be helpful to my dear ones in the best things; for we shall blend our voices in the angelic song; and it is sweet to cherish the tenderest bonds only in the Lord.'

Diary.—'*September* 19.—The happy month is ended this day, by the departure of the last of the party. Seldom have expectations of enjoyment been so well realized, as in this case. A portion of beautiful weather, magnificent scenery, and kind friends, have made this a season of much pleasure,—not unmixed, it is true, but what *is* in this world? The scientific meeting, and the triumphal coming of Earl Grey, have occupied us since our return. *We* had one quiet walk to the Botanic Gardens, where we read part of a sermon on prayer. May the God of mercy send his Spirit to him who composed and preached that sermon, that many souls may be the fruit of his labour! May his inward life be renewed day by day! This shall be my prayer: and oh! may my influence be of a holy kind. May I help him to resist evil, and cherish love to God, and purity of conscience. * * * This morning we joined in

prayer, and felt it sweet to commit each other to Him who never slumbers; and in His light may we walk till we meet again! Last night, when Dr. D., &c., were about to set out by the night mail, we all knelt together and prayed for this dear but separated family. There is a joy in prayer. Oh that I had known more of it in this united form! To-morrow, I trust, W. W. will be strengthened in body and spirit, for the performance of duty; and may a desire of converting sinners be his first and ruling motive. "The blessing of Him who dwelt in the bush" go with him.'

Diary.—'*Dec.* 1.—I spent the evening with Miss ——, and had some profitable talk. I love her much, and feel more alive and stedfast after such hours. The reading of Charles' of Bala's life, has shown me what God can do in sanctifying his people, and making them meet for his own inheritance, and I hoped it was the beginning of better things for me, and that to live to Him, and have his will done in me would be, as I have often resolved and broken, hereafter much more my object. But though I had some time of prayer that refreshed me, pride crept in.' Her experience of this chronic disease, which has been the affliction of the children of Adam ever since he was cast out of Eden, and which has forced thousands to enter into the sympathies of Paul's complaint, 'when I would do good, evil is present with me,' was, at this time of good and hopeful resolution, specially verified; and the diary traces the causes of wounding her conscience, with simplicity, and sincere self-examination. A single extract is given to show the watch she kept over her state of mind, and the exact account to which she called herself for every emotion on which conscience set its stigma. 'On Thursday morning, rose late, and had little time to pray. On the way to Stockbridge school, read a French play, which so occupied me that I had not my usual interest in teaching the children. On Friday was impatient to get off to the Canongate school, and was *rather* cross in hearing my sister's history lesson. In the evening went to Mr. ——'s. He told me they thought me clever, and the foolish words did me harm the whole evening. I felt an assumption of something. * * Next day I sought the small, too much neglected chamber, where I have so often poured out my prayers to God. I

had scarce visited it for days,—a friend's presence had prevented me having it to myself. Nothing can keep the heart but converse with God in solitude. Without that, confusion enters; sins prevail; and on awaking we find we have gone backward. I wept and prayed for pardon, and a new, *entirely* new heart. I thought that my example might injure the children, whom I ought to lead in the good way.'

This is the closing entry in the diary for the year 1834. Before changing the date, a specimen of letters to Mr. Duncan may be useful, as exhibiting the turn of her intellectual powers when at ease, and the course of her reflections on the union of mind with another, which she had in prospect.

Extracts of letters to Mr. Duncan in 1834.

'Every one says I do not allow myself enough of sleep; but when my days are much broken up, the still evening hour is very valuable; and if I am awaked by a bright sunbeam at early morn, how can I but spring to meet it, and snatch some calm and refreshing thought and reading before the bustle begins? Are not these reasons valid? Sometimes I fall asleep for ten minutes (not more) during the day, and feel strengthéned. Oh! how little can I do at most! How ill could I afford to pass as many hours in the land of forgetfulness as some people do! I long to spend my short fast fleeting life, as an intelligent immortal being ought, "redeeming the time," as one who knows that soon the record of her deeds will be filled up.' * *

'*Nov.* 19.—I know not if I ever expressed to you what I have often felt, that if I was losing sight of my mercies, or forgetting that I do not deserve the smallest of those thousand blessings that have been given me, I never felt any thing more salutary than a visit to some lowly cottage, where another child of Adam, and perhaps a far better child of God, was suffering from privation or pain. Such a sight recalls me to myself, and sends me away humble and grateful. * * * I must ask you to thank our preserver with me, for an escape from danger I was unconsciously incurring some weeks ago. You remember the sick woman I told you of. The doctors had not ascertained the nature of her disease, and the last time I went, her daughter had been taken ill. It has been too surely proved

that it was typhus fever; and though they are recovering, the eldest son, on whom their support in some measure depended, has been cut off in three days' illness, and one of the little children is very ill. Poor things! I hope the hand of God is heavy on them for good; but I knew not that I was going where I might be seized by the breath of fatal infection; but my God who watches the meanest of his flock, has shielded me from danger.

'To-day we have gone through the Writers' and Advocates' Libraries, and while we admired the magnificence of the principal rooms, it was in a little side apartment that we paused, for there the Covenant of our Fathers, and the Confession of Faith, were unfolded to us. They are solemn and affecting documents, and we long lingered over the writing, dimmed by unsparing time. The writing of the unfortunate and misguided Mary, Queen of Scots, attracted our attention. How could a lively, elegant young creature, reared in France, govern the Caledonians of the sixteenth century? We saw a flag from Flodden, "*veritas vincit*," and views of Edinburgh one hundred and forty years ago, when the Nor-Loch flowed over the site of the buildings beneath the North Bridge, and the New Town was not. It is bewildering to glance over so many books (the collected labours of centuries), as are enclosed within the walls of these Libraries,—it is so small an inroad one individual can make on their massy lore! so little of the wisdom that is scattered throughout the world, or even assembled in a room, we can attain to!

'But if we be "wise unto salvation," and steadily advance in those pursuits that enlarge the mind, and strengthen its capacities, living as the children of the Highest ought to live, with our observant faculties alive to all the sources of instruction and harmony that surround us, we shall be very happy here, and O! how happy in those regions, where no barrier shall oppose our mental progress! There is intense pleasure in the full exercise of every faculty. What will the delight be, where a blaze of heavenly light discloses to us the counsels and the character of the Eternal? Does it not animate you in the pursuit of knowledge and of piety, of all that will exercise the mind, and elevate devotion, to think of that glorious period? O! let us fill

up wisely our little day, for time is short. Since I could think, it has been my impression that our *individuality of character* will be retained, though all the dross be purged away in heaven. It seems to me, therefore, particularly important that we should watch the formation and progress of our tastes, habits, and joys; for who would not desire to be as like the angels that excel as they can be permitted? Who would bind himself down to comparative lowness?—But I must cease. I fear that I am degenerating into earthly feeling. He that is least shall be greatest. He that lives nearest, in humble penitence and love, to his benign Redeemer, shall be most blessed among the enraptured throng. Be *this*, then, *our* ambition, the only destination we aim at, to live at the foot of the cross, abhorring ourselves for the sins that made the Son of God to suffer and die. Redeeming love is the note that will tremble most sweetly on the harps of eternity, which even angels, who have not required an atonement, "will lean to hear." There is no view of heaven so touching and so lovely as that in which we see the Lamb of God dwelling among the spirits he has so dearly bought, and feeling repaid for his pains and agonies, by the joy that fills them, and the grateful and adoring love they bear to him.'

'*Edinburgh*, 1834.—Quietness is a great delight; much more is accomplished, when you are not startled by the thought that there are fifty things you ought to do; and even thought flows more freely, and affection wears a sweeter, calmer aspect, when the hours glide peacefully on, and contemplation is not driven away by life's small but engrossing cares. Yet, to make quietness pleasant, there are several requisites. The heart must be at peace with its Maker, and feel that his words are its most loved meditation,—his perfections the study it would rest on, till it becomes tinged with their purity, and elevated a little nearer to their sublime meridian. *Then*, quietness is blest, and those with whom we associate must be kindred spirits, with the same aims and hopes, and some congeniality of thought and pursuit,—with some energy to keep life from sluggishness, and some enthusiasm, ready to kindle at all that is noble, or melt at the sorrows of others,—to stamp the flying moments with acts, the result of feelings regulated by the

word of God, and seeking first his glory. There must be ready sympathy in each other's joy or pain, and such an absence of self, that in its exercise our personal feelings will often be forgotten; and "to remove the thorns that wound the breast we love," will be the dearest employ that the round of earthly things can furnish! How much we can give a character to our days, by cherishing the best dispositions, and struggling with those that haunt us like spirits of darkness, by saying at once, and from the heart, I am thine, O Lord, to serve thee for ever; to shed a holy influence, as thou dost enable me, on those I love; to enjoy, with grateful praise, the blessings thou hast given me; and to live for the eternal welfare of mankind.'

'*Edinburgh, Dec.*, 1834.—It has always been the case with me, to be very jealous of the improvement of time. The weeks glide on, and mingle with the irreclaimable past. Is our improvement commensurate with their flight? Do new volumes of nature's wonderful book unfold their stores to us? Do more just and philosophical ideas supersede those which might have been crudely and rashly formed? Does deeper knowledge of Scripture grow upon us, showing the riches of divine wisdom, as it was not felt before, and causing our hearts, in understanding the love of God, to expand with charity to all mankind? while that charity manifests itself in acts of *self-denying* and holy zeal to those who are placed within our sphere. Such inquiries throng on me, as Sabbath succeeds Sabbath—those weekly marking-places, that tell us time is gone. I would fain rescue it from vain oblivion, by doing something that might leave a more perceptible effect on my mind than my occupations, necessarily rather desultory, have had this winter. It is sad to feel energies within, that are not called into play, and to know that the gathered wisdom of time is resting on shelves, while we may be living in indolent quiescence, only half alive to its existence, and content to wend our silent way, like a slow stream, to life's close without it. You may remind me, that, when that period comes, it will but little signify whether the noblest thoughts have found admission to our hearts, or whether small and simple labours have fallen to our hands, and the mind sought little more than they could furnish for its aliment, provided

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the one thing needful were secure. True; but the mental powers, if thrown in upon themselves, sustain severe injury, and may fall into a deep sleep, which often terminates only with life; while their healthful and vigorous exercise doubles their capabilities, and adds a second life, as it were, to the happy man who has seized them betimes, as his portion. And the "one thing needful" is fraught with themes for thought, that ennoble and refine more than earth's fairest scenes. * * * But I might thus run on all day. The sum of the matter is this, that I mean to read more, *if possible*, and to take such books as Jebb and Lowth for my companions, that, while my taste is gratified, it may be by means of the best things; and that, while my mind is informed, it may be fixed on the central point of bliss. And you, dear friend,—are your hours conscientiously spent in improvement? I often muse on those circumstances which have thrown one so fond of action into a state of seclusion and ease for a time. * * The motives which should urge you to diligence in study, you know; the happy effect of it, experience would teach. Will you not try to do something that may make this winter a bright spot to look back to? I commit you again and again to God. I am comforted by the sweet expressions of submission that sometimes fall from your pen. Still I fear that your character may not be improved, as it ought, by those wise but mysterious dispensations that have given colour to your lot. * * You speak of being left like a spade to *rust*. Nay, but you are being highly tempered that you may be of more efficient service: and it is far indeed from the intent of the gracious Husbandman, to let rust and damp settle on you. May we both be enabled to submit to the requisite discipline, and let our Lord make of us what he will.'

'*Edinburgh, Dec.*, 1834.— * * * Oh, my dear W., does not every day show more of the evils of our alienated hearts! I tremble to speak of my own state, for hard experience has proved me irresolute and fluctuating to the last degree. Yet to you I shall say, that, for some weeks past, I have been seeking that precious, but very difficult attainment, a "single eye," to see God always, to do his commandments, and reverence his presence, not only in hours of retirement, but whatever I do. The attempt shows me

my extreme feebleness; and when I remember that it is six years and a half since I came to the table of the Lord, resolved to give up all my soul to him, sadness fills my heart; for how many, who did not know him then, have far outstript me since! He has given me mercies and chastisements, like a tender parent; yet I am only on the very threshold of the temple. Oh, when shall I be a lively stone, firmly built in, and resting on, the Chief Corner Stone? I have had some pleasant times of prayer, and sometimes felt the blessing of continuing in a praying spirit; but it seems as if the turning of a feather were enough to take it away. I never have felt more awake to the influence companions have on the state of the mind. With the giddy or hardened, the sweet savour of spirituality is weakened; while those who live near to God, lead us to him. Intercourse with such is one of our highest blessings. I have seen more of my sweet friend Miss ——, than usual, and each time have returned refreshed and happy. My love for such associates is very strong and decided. My *own will* would be always to be with those who are much more experienced than I. But this is selfish. I want to work for my Master among poor wanderers, and should rejoice to lead any nearer to him; yet I am so much more apt to receive injury from those who are not decidedly pious, than to do them good, that time past with them is commonly subject of after regret. I am nothing but weakness, but my Saviour is strong. Is it not delightful to come home, as I did the other evening, from Miss ——, with the heart glowing and filled with love to God? Oh! W., I wish you knew my friend: her consistency and devotion of heart are beautiful. I wonder she can be at the trouble to speak to me. But she sees that I love her much, and she wishes to do me good for the sake of Jesus. We are both much occupied, but the few times when we can meet brighten my days greatly. Our friendship is of an entirely Christian character. I do not think we ever had five minutes' talk on any other subject, and she is an *intellectual* Christian; so you may fancy our style of converse. * * * *Jeany* has come at last! (The "Orphan's Stay" formerly alluded to.) It looks *small* in print, and is a very feeble transcript of my friend's eventful life, yet I hope even it may be

useful to some. It is not without its good effect to print a little. It shows the smallness of one's attainments, as they might not have been discovered if not so called out.

'May a blessing ever follow you,—ever keep your heart, making you a shining light; drawing you near to the gates of heaven, and enabling you to lead *many* thither with you. Such are the breathings of my soul for you, and more numerous and more distinct than these. The God of peace will fulfil all our petitions.'

CHAPTER VI.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE event which most delighted her mind in the opening of the year 1835, was a letter from a London school-fellow, whose intellectual powers and pleasant temper had always endeared her, but who hitherto had been alien to the covenant of peace, and though educated carefully in the Christian path, had delayed to unite herself to Christ. The revolution, wrought by all-subduing grace in her heart, had revived the remembrance of Mary Lundie, and she wrote to her for the first time. The tearful but beaming joy with which the glad news was received, was far beyond what appears in the reply to that communication. Yet a portion of it may be interesting.

'*Edinburgh, January*, 1835.—* * Though the casual mention of your name in letters was all I had heard of you, yet the very pleasant school days we passed together were not forgotten, and I have often thought of you enjoying a lively chat with Miss Isabella Gordon in the short time before morning lessons began. You will smile at the part of the day I have fixed on, but whether it be that this associates you with one I so much loved, or from some other cause I know not, this scene brings you more vividly before me than any other. But, if I loved you before, your letter draws my heart toward you much more, for it contains expressions of a change of heart which mark you as blessed indeed. I thank God, my dear friend, that he has permitted you to find the pearl of great price that will not elude your grasp when earthly things fade away. 'May the God of all power keep you stedfast, and teach you daily more of himself! The hidden life of converse with him is full of peace—but oh! how easily, when we neglect it, do our weak hearts fall away, and lose the nearness to him, which makes us feel, though, alas, at few and short intervals, that heaven is not a land very far off! Always, dear

M. A., have I thought that our heavenly Father had purposes of mercy towards you. You were the child of many prayers; and even when you have turned away with a smile, from any thing relating to religion, I sometimes thought the smile was assumed, more to hide what you felt, than because you did not feel. And now, you have chosen the right way, in the full vigour of your judgment, and with the consent of your whole heart, and I can understand the new happiness the choice has given you,—you have my earnest prayers that the blessing of God may follow you continually.

'I am reading a book by our old friend Sharon Turner, over whose prolix history we spent some of our mornings at No. 69,—"The Sacred History of the World;" and I amuse our circle at dinner by telling how excellent he has found thistles as artichokes, and dandelions as lettuce, not to mention the fine bread which can be made from either saw-dust or bones. But I cannot get the creatures to do any thing but laugh at these enlightened statements, which would well nigh erase the name of *famine* from the page of human sufferings. But, seriously, the book is worth reading, and I have a great regard for the worthy old gentleman who wrote it. Believe me (in the hope that you will again write to me,) very affectionately yours.'

Letter to her correspondent near London.

Edinburgh, Jan. 16, 1835.—* * I have had much comfort in thinking of you since receiving your last kind letter, it is so fully expressive of the peace which our blessed Lord makes his children to know in the day of trial, when more than at any other time, he makes himself known in the fulness of His covenant love. Is that support still continued, my beloved friend, and can you still say all is well? Has God made your soul to grow in this afflictive season, and have you felt the sweetness of communing with him, and so renewing your strength when it was ready to fail? Those times of prayer, though alas! too seldom experienced by me, wherein we can pour out our whole hearts before the Lord, and feel that he is speaking peace to our souls, and that we are indeed united to our Holy Saviour, are worth whole days of distraction by the things of

time. In those short and hallowed glimpses of the character of God, there is some faint realization of what our feelings will be, when all the storms and all the deadening calms of life are past, and we have entered into the rest that remaineth. But at present the *calms* are more dangerous to me than the tempest. Day follows day, and I make little advance in the way I have so long loved. Do you pray for me, dear F—? Do you ask Him, who has redeemed my soul from death,—to preserve my feet from falling? I should, indeed, be discouraged, did I only remember myself, my deadness of heart, and my frequent forgetfulness of my best friend. But I look on my risen Redeemer, and hope revives: I will cling to him as long as I live, the Lord enabling me. There are moments when I long for a *friend* to whom I could unfold all my heart, and from whose faithful counsel and Christian love I might derive much benefit and comfort. I think you would be that friend, were you near. There is *one* here, and when circumstances permit us to meet, a sweet savour is shed around more than one succeeding day.—I have many Christian friends, but it requires an attraction of heart, which may be better felt than described, to fill exactly the place Miss ——— does. Now, do not think me a romantic girl, for my love to her is founded on love to God; she is older, and her experience much greater than mine; her singleness of aim marks her as one "whom the Lord hath blessed." You will tell me to look to *Him* for the support I too much seek in earthly friendship.—I do; and he is ever willing to draw near to my soul, whether burthened with anxiety, or deadened by intercourse with the world.—*I do not love the world*, and its atmosphere is not that I desire to breathe—yet of late my circle of acquaintance has enlarged, though I am always trying to keep it small, and I have lost some time in visiting, which I cannot spare. Does not life appear very short and uncertain to you now? And do you not long to spend it all to the glory of God? We have no time to trifle, and the years which so swiftly mingle with the waters of eternity, admonish us that the record of our days, in the book of God, is coming nearer to its close; and oh, what peace is in the hope that we are awaiting that period in the strength of our Saviour!

* * * Death is not dreadful to those who hope in Jesus. I have been struck with the answer of a little child to a dear friend of ours, who did not leave him during months of severe suffering. She asked him if he feared to die? He looked earnestly in her face and said, "I don't know much about the pain of dying; I have not thought much of it,—but *surely* you don't mean to ask me if I am afraid to go where Jesus is, and to see my own mamma?" There is something in the confiding faith of babes, that speaks more to the heart than the most erudite discourse could do. It is felt to be *truth*, and Jesus is shown forth in the glory of his love as a "teacher of babes." Let us receive His teaching in the same spirit, and try, as the lowly Tersteegen did, to forget self in His presence. Have you seen his life? It is full of spirituality, and well repays a careful reading. Some passages are rather mystical, but I do not remember ever to have met with so beautiful an example of poverty of spirit. He was made the instrument of bringing many to the cross, though his constant desire was to be permitted to be alone with God. Public speaking was self-denial to him, but it was richly blessed. That book has given a colour to my thoughts for the last few weeks. Will you tell me if any thing has been interesting you lately, and I shall try to read it too. You know my delight in sympathizing with friends in Christ on sacred subjects. I have gone on steadily reading Watts' Hymns, though I have little hope that I have been accompanied by you—you were too sadly interrupted. Will you now join me in reading each evening, the little book I send. Many passages are very sweet, and afford matter for improving thought. We both love the psalms, and these reflections will not make us love them less.'

Diary.—'*Feb.* 1.—The second month of 1835 commences with a Sabbath. This day should be helpful to me, in serving God through the whole month. It may originate resolutions to live to God, and He may so draw near me, in answer to prayer, that I may know the joy of his presence. In reflecting on the circumstance of my having so little real Christian joy, I find the reason stated in some book, in a way that conscience feels to be true. "Joy is incompatible with a careless walk." I know my walk is such. I

lose the savour of divine things, and trifles turn me out of the way. The course to take, is to determine that, whatever are the employments of the day, I will make *this* my first object, and seek to get my thoughts disengaged from earth, and fixed on divine things. It too often happens that they wander, and I do not know what I need, or what to ask for. There are, indeed, various hindrances; but may God pour out on me the spirit of prayer and supplication; while I muse, make the fire to burn. Now, let me seek more solemnity in coming before Him, remembering to whom I speak; and more knowledge of my sins; and more particular confession, and casting away of each; and a clearer sense of the wonderful love of Jesus, who casts them all away; and to feel the Spirit's teaching, who can make light to shine in a dark place, and then my times of prayer will be exceeding precious. On the morning of the 5th, I fainted at four o'clock. My strength was turned to weakness, and I felt how soon I might be cut off, in the midst of my days. I saw my dependance on God for every breath, and for the strength which I have so often misapplied. I desire to have a near view of death, that I may live prepared to meet it. When Jesus speaks peace it is not dreadful. I want such a clear view of my acceptance in him, as will take away the monster's sting. That morning I read Halyburton's dying experience. His end was peace.'

To her correspondent near London.

'*Edinburgh, March* 5.—I thank you much, my very dear friend, for your two precious letters. The last arrived was peculiarly touching, because it referred to one who was the object of your anxious, yet hoping, solicitude, when it was written, but has for some time been in another sphere, drinking in the streams of living water from their source, and learning more of the hidden things of God than we can know till we have crossed the Jordan. It brought home to me the feeling that "life is a vapour," to read the expressions of your resigned hope, and your anxiety that the Lord might be with your poor sufferer during his ill-

ness.* How completely all such feelings are now swallowed up, and exchanged for those of gratitude and triumph for him as one of the redeemed of the earth. You can now no longer minister to him—you can now no longer pray for him: all that is past. But your faith has been strengthened by the trial; and you have had a Pisgah view of Canaan in parting with him,—in going with him to the shore, where you were obliged for a little while to remain behind, and to commit him entirely, and without *putting in your claim for self*, to Him to whom he indeed belongs. Oh! my dear friend, it is sweet to praise God when all is smiling around us,—when our cup runs over, and we are rejoicing in His gifts; but His love is more fully manifested in the time of great tribulation, when we are called to part with our dearest treasures, and to have the roots of our affections torn up; it is then that He shows himself as an all-sufficient portion, and makes the darkest hour the most resemble heaven, by hiding creature-comforts from our view, and far more than supplying their place by His own presence. We, my dear friend, have had many proofs of his unchanging love. Oh! is there in our hearts the glowing devotion which these should inspire? I often wonder at my cold and unsteady heart, and adore the patience that so long waiteth to be gracious. Much more shall I wonder when my eyes are opened in another world, that momentary shadows could have so much power to turn me aside and mingle in such undue proportion with the glorious, the immortal realities of eternity. Affliction places us on an eminence whence we look round and see the true magnitude of objects, and learn how small are those that in *their seasons* have seemed great to us, and how unworthy of a thought are many that may have been suffered to mingle with our breathings towards God in time of devotion. But how great is the perversion of spirit which renders affliction a necessary instrument to show us this in its force. We should be happy beings if such a view of things ever remained with us. Convinced of this, let us seek by constant prayer to maintain the reign

* This letter was accidentally delayed, till some time after another had been read, which showed that the throb of all these trembling pulses had ceased, and the suffering tenement was left vacant.

of God in our souls, to dethrone his enemies, and live in the healthful atmosphere of humble repentance and earnest devotion. What might we become if we always hearkened to the voice of the Spirit within us?

'Have you not felt, dearest F——, when troubled about your own state, that if the Lord enabled you to work for him, you were greatly comforted, and could look up to him with more steady hope than before? Every day convinces me, that, to spend any part of our time and strength in feeding his lambs, or binding the wounds of the weary ones of his flock, is not only our honour and privilege, but our greatest help to advancement in the Christian course. It is not only that lessons of faith are learned beside the death-beds of the afflicted, or that, in explaining the truth to the young, it breaks with greater clearness on ourselves; but, by using the talent entrusted to us by our God, it becomes two or more: For he lays liberally to the hand of those who desire to be spent for his glory. How good is he, in placing us where we have opportunities to help one of the least of these his children! * * I rejoice that your dear sister has joined the visible church, and trust that He who has begun to teach her will lead her all the days of her life. What a happy feeling must be experienced in leading the youngest of a pious family to the altar of the Lord. Oh! how earnestly I desire that my dear little brothers and sisters may all be made partakers of the grace of life. I think they will. The thought never rests on my mind, that *one* should be ignorant of all that it is important to know; for grace is free, and God is the hearer of prayer. * * I tremble to think of my influence over the dear friend I mentioned, but strength may be made perfect in utter weakness. It is my desire to look beyond all passing scenes, to my journey's end; and my God never leaves me long without some admonition. * * You and I, dear friend, have the sweet hope, that, whatever befalls us, nothing can separate us from the love of Jesus.'

The letter which follows, makes the first mention of severe headaches, from which she suffered, upon almost every great exertion, till the final disease. The Sabbath services, attendance on any public meeting, her schools, all that interested her, or moved her feelings, produced the

same distressing result; so that her early rising, perseverance in the use of her pen, pencil, books, and needle, seem on recollection to have almost surpassed the power of nature. She pursued her occupations under acute pain, which was only betrayed by flushed cheeks, and heavy eyes, when a person with less energy, or with less sacred motive to action, would have reclined on a sofa, and thought herself exonerated from all exertion.

To the Rev. W. W. Duncan.

'*Edinburgh, Feb.* 25.— * * My head began to ache, so that I waited from hour to hour, thinking I should like to be better able to write. But the foe has not departed. These headaches have been my frequent companions for about six weeks. I am tired of them; but am trying to learn in patience to possess my soul. A dull submission, because I cannot help it, is most comfortless. I would seek a willing resignation to the will of God, and make the more careful use of my hours of health, because they are abridged. I trust I shall derive good from whatever my Lord may appoint for me, and learn to value, not too highly, a world where pain is a necessary discipline to fit me for an eternal heritage. Blessed abode, where pain is excluded, and sin, that deadly evil, can pollute no more! Oh! for habitual nearness to that Redeemer who has prepared it for us. I have occasionally found, so deceitful is my heart in its best moments, that at prayer my thoughts have been prevented from fixing long enough on my own case, by the prayer for you that is ever ready to spring from my heart. Ah, what close watching is needful to keep it right! I am surely more unsteady and unteachable than others; but, I do trust, I am in the school of Christ. He will correct me with the rod, when the gentle voice of love is insufficient. Is it not blessed to have such a teacher, one who will never forsake us, even when we are untrue to ourselves? Let *us* be his humble observant disciples. My headaches are generally removed by a night's rest; so you see there is nothing that requires great fortitude. Indeed, I should not have said all this about it, had I not been actually suffering while I write. But how selfish to write all this, and not a word of the events and hopes which have

been recently so much the theme of your thoughts. They have been much mine too; and I long to know what may have befallen since you wrote. Is your mind calm, and resting *solely* on the divine disposal, and are you searching for all the motives that may influence you? Oh! how well it is to find all our happiness in God, so that dark clouds do not harm us, nor the bright days of accomplished hope divide us from him! Such a state would be surely nearer heaven than aught else upon earth. Such Tersteegen attained, and why should not we? When I reflect on the influence we mutually possess, I tremble for your responsibility and for mine. Let it be used in drawing each other to the source of all our blessings.

'There is in the Canongate an old Irish woman, who is much an object of interest to me. She lost a daughter, whom she much loved, and during the months that have since elapsed, she has had many thoughts of her spiritual condition, and desires to serve the God she has so long neglected. She still looks too much to her own efforts, and though they all prove vain, she still seems to think she can do something for herself. "Oh! I am too unworthy," she says, "I try to do my duty, and to pray, but my heart wanders too much. I cannot live so near God as I ought." She does not yet see that Jesus died for the chief of sinners, and that no work of hers, however free from wandering, is fit to present to God without being washed in his blood. She has not the peace and hope that come from a sense of this cleansing and all-sufficient sacrifice. It is touching to see the tears rolling down her thin cheeks, and to hear her seeking help from one so unfit to give it as I, who am but a child compared to her, and doubly a child as it regards the knowledge of the counsel of God. I wish I had more wisdom, and above all, strength constantly to practise what I do know. Help me to pray for this woman. I fear lest she should forget her impressions when the season of grief passes away.'

Lest some prudent persons should question the propriety of her visits in such crowded and unholy localities, as the *wynds* in the Canongate are known to be, it is right to mention, that her acquaintance with cases of distress there, was procured from the discreet and humane mistress of the

school which she visited, and that in exploring the narrow lane, or lofty and sometimes broken stair, she was generally guided by one of the pupils. It is a touching sight to see one chamber cleanly and quiet, surrounded by the filth and din of many others, and one suffering inmate, in the very core of evil, yet 'preserved in Jesus Christ.' It is like a beam of light, which contracts neither pestilence nor pollution from its having penetrated into a noisome dungeon, and is to be noted to the praise of his glory, who gives to the feeblest that trust in him, power to walk in his ways, and final peace. Many such instructive scenes were witnessed by Mary Lundie, and, it is believed that in them she both communicated and received edification.

In the month of March country air was recommended for the removal of her headaches, and she, with a younger brother, journeyed through a departing snow-storm to the dwelling of her future father-in-law. Of the journey she says:—'The pass of Dalveen looked so beautiful in alternate streaks of snow and green sward, that I could not tell whether to prefer it so, or in the rich glow of summer as I saw it before. On the way I read Haldane's Sermon, "The Jews God's Witnesses," with much interest. Elliot's poetry employed me for miles, but it leaves a sad and gloomy impression of discontent with the government of his country, and even implied censure against the plans of Providence, which his "pale alpine rose" and "sunny celandine" cannot dispel. But I must leave the regions of poetry, and come to life's close companion, DULL reality!'

* * *

She does not mention, as one of her travelling employments, the composition of a poem, found in a scrap book, titled 'Fragments of Spring, 1835:' it is dated 'March 12, H. C.'——interpreted Heavy Coach:—

'How clear, as o'er each shortening mile,
The rapid coursers fly,
Beams on the soul the gentle smile,
Of faithful memory!

Joys that in other days were bright,
But dimmed by after cares,
Shine out in pure and beauteous light,
That mocks the touch of years.

Swift thought brings near the forms we love,
Voices of music's tone,
Light steps that through the silent grove,
To meet us oft have flown.

Fair mornings, when the breaking day
O'er lake and mountain wild,
Rose not more bright, in sunbeams gay,
Than our young pleasure smiled.

When round some ivy-mantled tower,
We strolled the summer day,
And plucked the harebell's graceful flower
That fringed its arches gray.

With that blue wreath young hearts were twined,
—Nor deem the fetter's frail;—
The vows, then breathed to whispering wind,
Still float on each low gale.

Fair scenes, how bright your memory is!
Ye coursers onward fly,
And teach me that the dream of bliss
Is blest reality.'

The manner in which time was spent with her friends is thus stated:—For myself my head has been free and clear, and I have tried to follow my beloved mamma's council to the letter. We retire as regularly as eleven strikes, and start up at seven, or before it; from eight to nine we read Edwards' History of Redemption; and in the space after prayers, search for scripture proofs, according to a very clear and good plan laid down in Bridges' Scripture Studies; afterwards I draw, read Italian or English, ride or walk, sometimes against a stiff sea-breeze, sometimes in bright sunshine. After dinner, B. and I learn our Hebrew alphabet, and read for practice, in Genesis, words that are as meaningless to us as the winds that shake the windows, and more so, for those winds are the voice of Him who speaks through universal nature, and call up strange emotions of the past. When awake at night in my quiet chamber, I listen to their mournful tones, till they seem to speak to me. I smile to be obliged to decypher the Hebrew words like a child in the attempt to acquire the first step of the ladder of knowledge; but hope to find sufficient perseverance to acquire the power of reading the

beautiful tongue of the sweet singer of Israel.' * * * 'Uncle Henry* tells me the dear old cottage must soon come down—beautiful place! If you, dear mamma, have any *inhabitiveness*, you will understand how it went to my heart to hear it condemned; but its work is done, and the venerable head it was built to shelter, is in another home. Why should the fair dwelling last, when the inmate, the soul that gave interest and pleasure to its erection, has passed away?'

'*Ruthwell, April* 21.—So dear Mrs. M—— is freed at last, and gone to the happy gathering place, where the precious redeemed are safe from suffering, and more,—from temptation. She has seen my beloved father, who has now, for three years, rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory—while you, dear mamma, have had many burdens to bear, and many sufferings since that time. But they have been dealt by a Father, and you have felt his supporting presence. This is the evening of the dark and afflicting day, when all that was left of him was removed from us—but he is in heaven.'

The following poems were written during her residence at Ruthwell:—

'A HYMN.

'O Thou who hear'st the contrite sinner's mourning,
And meet'st the trembling soul to Thee returning,
Bow down thine ear, and grant me answer speedy,
For I am needy.

Thou know'st the sacred vows so often broken,
Thou hear'st the words forgot as soon as spoken,
Thou seest earth's chains, of fatal lustre, twining
This heart declining.

From the fair paths of peace too often straying,
I wander far, my Saviour's love betraying;
Till, wounded by the thorns that mercy scatters,
I seek life's waters.

My gracious Shepherd, in thy pasture lead me;
With living streams, with heavenly manna feed me;
With thine own voice of love, oh! call me, guide me;
From evil hide me.

* The pet name of Dr. Duncan.

Be Thou my first, my best, my chosen treasure;
Delight my soul with love that knows no measure;
Filled with Thyself, can earth's delusion's charm me?
Can Satan harm me?

From strength to strength, my Lord will lead my spirit,
The purchased crown in Zion to inherit;—
Mine eyes shall close on time, shall cease from weeping,
In Jesus sleeping.

Then, clad in robes made white by love redeeming,
I'll veil my sight, before his glory beaming,
And ever sing his praise in accents lowly,
Whose name is Holy!'

March 22.

'THE STAR OF HOPE.

'When the star of hope is beaming
Mildly through the silent sky,
When its ray of promise streaming,
Trembles on the anxious eye;—

Fears that chilled the spirit vanish,
Woes that bound it break their chain;
Those pure rays descending, banish
Clouds of doubt, and storms of pain.

Brightly to the gazer's spirit,
In its light the future shines;
Bowers of bliss his thoughts inherit;
Peace for him her olive twines.

Calmly round each rising morrow
Smile the gathered joys of years;
Days that know no shade of sorrow,
Nights undimmed by memory's tears.

Dreamer cease! That ray of glory
Shines a light from love divine,
Guardian love, that watches o'er thee,
Cheers thee when thy steps decline.

If in Time, so swiftly flying,
Joy's fair star so radiant seems,
Fix thine eye on realms undying,
Brighter, fairer, *there* it beams.

If in Time,—where clouds descending,
Quick may hide it from thy sight,
Hope and peace their influence blending,
Sparkle in that beauteous light.

Who shall tell the blaze of glory
That shall fill the land above,
When its courts arise before thee
Bright with truth and holy love!

Who shall tell thy sacred gladness
When thou lowly shalt adore,
Him, who conquering sin and sadness,
Gave thee light for evermore!

Follow thou the ray illuming
Jesus o'er thy pathway flings;
Leave earth's pleasures, falsely blooming,
That, when fairest, plant their stings.

From the cross,—the tenderest, purest,
Saddest light that ever shone,
Points to realms where peace is surest—
Pilgrim, gaze and follow on!'

April 20.

A circumstance occurred at this period which gave great joy to many attached friends, and seemed to open views of a station of usefulness in the Church, and a speedy union of that young pair who had not ventured to deem such an event less than far distant. Mr. Duncan received the royal presentation to a parish in Galloway, and being welcomed by a numerous body of parishioners, including the leading people, he thought of nothing, but with a thankful heart going through the necessary preparation for entering on a solemn charge. He who seeth not as man seeth must often look upon his feeble creatures rejoicing on the very verge of disappointment, as also weeping at that which forms the channel for the flow of new spiritual life into their souls. If the Christian in the calmest season requires, like Peter on the water, to fix his eye on his supporting Lord, how much more, when the wind agitates the unsteady element on which he treads, does he cling to the extended and sustaining arm, and cry out with sinking drowning Peter, 'Lord, save me, I perish.' The afflictions appointed for each, are adapted with minute and

tender wisdom to the character of the afflicted. But, on first being brought into the wilderness, the soul cannot see the design, or anticipate the comfort, which shall afterwards be spoken to it. It is the tempted who know how to succour the tempted, and those that have mourned, and had their tears dried by the power of divine consolation, who have acquired the art of opening its treasures to others. Some such purposes were to be accomplished in the present instance. But, meanwhile, we have to deal only with the joyful circumstances. The diary contains brief allusion to it.

'*March* 28.—How varied and important have been the events of this week! It is one never to be forgotten. The hopes of W. W. have been surpassed in his appointment to Urr. To us prospects looked gloomy, but our God has seen it meet to brighten them suddenly. Fears are turned to gladness, and doubt to praise. Since the news came, W. W. has been full of happiness, and says he thinks he cannot again be faithless. *Alas! it may require hard lessons to teach that.* Since the tidings came I have been oppressed by head-ache. God blends joy and pain in great mercy, but I have felt less able to think, and pray, and resolve. Oh, may He be nigh to-morrow! My heart is dead even under this load of goodness. When shall my life be praise? How easily, by withdrawing health, could God wither earthly joy and hope. He may see it needful, but let me ever keep near him, and then no real evil can come.'

After having been confined for some time by illness, she writes:—

'*April* 3.—The Lord was merciful and raised me up again, and oh! I wish to spend my time for him. We have not yet made a sufficiently serious business of the great change that, within a week, has been wrought in our prospects; my heart is too frivolously dissipated, but the Lord will teach me! I have been pretty industrious, but not profitably so. My time is not my own. May I use it while it flies!'

'*April* 16.—[After reviewing the three years that had passed since her beloved father was taken to his Saviour she adds,] 'Oh! that I could be of any use, but here too I have been too much at ease—how shall I look on this *at*

last? Earth looks so green, so flowery; my skies, far off it is true, yet still often gazed on, are so blue and tranquil, that the fair world of peace is forgotten, and sanctification little sought. God could startle me into a waking of awful anguish in a moment—but great are his mercies. Let me wake *now* and live in heavenly contemplation. Let me pray much for and with my friend in the few days we still may be together.'

CHAPTER VII.

VENERABLE CHRISTIAN—VISITS TO THE POOR—REV. JOHN BROWN PATTERSON.

From Dumfries-shire she went to her uncle's residence in Northumberland, and there wrote to her chosen friend near London on the same interesting subject in this manner:

'*Dilston House, May* 4.

'Your account of the death-bed experience of —— calls for praise to the Rock of her salvation, who made the dark places bright; her end was peace. Does not everything confirm these words, "all things are yours?" Even death, so dreadful to nature, can be met joyfully by the most timid; or, what is equally wonderful, by the most happy; by those whose earthly prospects might seem too peaceful to be left without a struggle. Those words of hers, "it is the happiest day of my life," have dwelt upon my mind. She was willing to bid adieu to time and all its pursuits, and to go, in the strength of her Saviour, to the unseen world. And thus it is that Jesus shows himself to be "all in all." Oh! why do we ever seek delight from meaner sources? There is in Him a loveliness which forms the surest refuge of the afflicted. It is more known as other joys are withdrawn. So Cowper felt, when he said,

"Earthly joys no more attracting,
Half the Christian's conflicts cease;
Earthly lights no more distracting,
Thou mayest trim thy lamp in peace."

'Since receiving your most touching letter, I have often asked myself, whether I should be quite willing to die, should God recall my spirit soon. Alas! my dear friend, my heart is too much twined with earthly things; and I cannot feel that I wish to go, but rather should like to live long here. Are you not sorry for me? I may be called

at any hour, and yet I desire to stay. I know that strength is sufficient for the day, but I know also that my deceitful heart has laid up too much treasure on earth—has suffered itself to be possessed of too many hopes of future days, and does not gladly and often turn to heaven as the abode where it longs to be! Thus it is that temptations rise out of our best blessings. I can only commend myself, feeble, weak, and needy as I am, to Him who hath led me hitherto, and I *know* that He will not cast me from Him. But you do not know the difficulty I have in keeping the things of time in due subjection. I spent a few very pleasant weeks at Ruthwell, not idly. While there, my friend received an appointment to a parish twenty-five miles from his father. Some of his friends had anticipated it, but I had been so fully persuaded *that he would be longer held in a state of probation*, that I had never expected such an issue to the matter, and the surprise was great. The population of Urr is, I believe, large, and the responsibilities connected with it are great and solemn. There is only one source to which to look for requisite grace and strength, and I desire ever to wait upon the Lord, who daily loadeth me with benefits. He is trying me with mercies now. *Ah! who can tell how soon He may see it needful to change his dealings!* There is no situation more calculated to make its occupant look constantly to Jesus, than that of a clergyman. It is his own work, and utterly unavailing without his blessing.

'I am now visiting my kind uncle and aunt near Hexham, and many are my lonely musings here. The woods are extensive and wild; and as I tread the steep and winding paths alone, my thoughts often take a sad and sober turn. I think, for all that passes around teaches me, how vain it is to fix the heart on any earthly object, which may be taken away in a moment. I try to draw near to God in prayer, and find it sweet to commit all that is dear to me into His hands, and to be sure that it is safe and blessed in his keeping. The past, with all its forgetfulness of Him, returns, and makes me sorrowful; but this quiet time may, by his blessing, be of great use in making me love him more. I have written, my dearest friend, a most *selfish* letter, and can only plead in excuse your gentle reproach for

saying so little of what relates to me. You now see a good deal of my foolish and weak heart, but I hope it will make you pray that I may constantly be taught of God. Are you well now, dear F——? I wish I could tell you how often I think of you, and what a delight it would be if I could in the least contribute to your amusement, or help you to draw sweetness out of the portion of bitter which God has mingled in your cup. But I can pray for you. This is a privilege which the little flock alone enjoy, and nothing deserves the name of friendship that is not thus cemented. Let us often bear each other's names to the holy place, and then, oh, how shall we rejoice to meet in heaven. I should be very much pleased if you could join a little society of Christians, many of whom live distant from each other, who meet in spirit on the evenings of every Friday, to pray for personal increase of grace, and for the outpouring of the Spirit over the world. An hour cannot be fixed because of the various circumstances of the parties, but it is very pleasant and salutary. We should use every means to arouse our souls to prayer. Write very soon, my dear F., and do not spare me. Tell me all you think of my state of mind. Yet how should you, for I cannot represent it to you as it is. Ah, how gently I deal with my own sins! I desire to feel them more, that the blood of Jesus may be increasingly precious.'

A soul, so timorous lest prosperity should deaden its exercises, and accepting a promised blessing with so solemn a consciousness of unworthiness, was not ill prepared for a reverse; solicitude about securing her ultimate hope being ever the paramount sentiment, prosperous and adverse circumstances in the present time, were both modified in their power over her. There is something so graceful and single-hearted in her manner of mingling her enjoyment of nature with the sentiment which, at that period, was most potent in her heart, that we are tempted to extract one or two passages from letters to her future husband, written on the banks of the Tyne, where her soul flowed peacefully in the exercise of the most confiding affection.

'*Dilston House, May* 5.—When I look at the bright sunshine which, at this moment, gilds the winding glen that stretches itself beneath the windows, I am reminded of

the description of the path of the just, which is as a shining light, and the peace of those who ever have "Heaven's sunshine on their joyful way;" and a sweet hope springs up, that whatever we have yet to learn, will graciously be taught us, and that the sins which cloud our skies and dim our prospects may be subdued, and that, growing in holiness, we may be of those who heed no more the deluding lights of earth, because of the Sun of Righteousness, which, beaming over our horizon, attracts continually our admiring eyes. The landscape before me is beautiful, but far more so is the state of the spirit where the Lord has fixed his habitation, and if it be so with us, how blessed shall be our lot!'

'*May* 15.—A lady showed me her very complete *Hortus Siccus*, which it has been the labour and amusement of years to collect and arrange. This country affords every facility for the pursuit of botany. There are wood flowers, water plants, and rock vegetation in endless variety; and now the purple gems of the *orchis* are rising with the curious *arum*. The old lady went over her dried flowers, the pride of by-gone springs, with an artist's enthusiasm, and dwelt on long walks, which had been made short and pleasant by the discovery of the object of her search, some little weed perhaps with no great beauty to recommend it. But she was in pursuit of it, and could not have been more pleased to find a treasure. So is it ever. Some gather flowers, others dig in the mine of science; what we have set our hearts on we rejoice to find. I hope that, whatever cheerful and instructive objects may attract us, we may through life have the service of our God to urge on our steps, and his image in our hearts, and his image in his works and word as the cynosure of our gaze. Yesterday I rode with my dear uncle to a Roman camp on the military road, and to Aydon Castle, a fine old border fort, now a picturesque ruin. It stands on the verge of a deep woody precipice, of dizzy height, and beneath flows the little Cor. A fine view of Hexham and the vale of Tyne extends on one side, and some flowers are cherished by a careful hand on the top of the castle rock. It seems tame and tautological to repeat on paper the praises of the floral train, and to say again that each one reminds me sweetly though

sadly of a distant friend. Yet the feeling flags not. The blue hyacinth that rises among the grass, the violet and geranium that blow in the wilds, renew it, and transport me to days I love to think of, and to a kindling smile, of which I shall weary—never! These fair children of nature—these woods with their budding hawthorn and venerable ivy—I am about to bid them adieu. I love to commune silently among such objects, with nature, and with her Author, and shall leave them with regret; but with a very different sentiment from that which oppressed me in leaving the *last* place of my sojourn.'

A poem, dated Dilston, May 5th, is doubtless addressed to flowers presented by that beloved friend on her leaving Ruthwell:—

'TO SOME FADING FLOWERS.

'Fair blossoms born in April's light,
Ye once were fresh when day arose;
Ah! wherefore fading in my sight,
Do your shrunk petals close?

Your brethren on the parent stem
Still on the breeze their fragrance pour;
Why withering thus, unlike to them,
Is your existence o'er?

In those pale looks of swift decay,
I read, my flowers, your sad reply,
'Twas I who bore you far away,
In foreign air, to die!

Reproach me not; your native shades
Were dear to me as evening's star;
Their mossy turf, their sylvan glades,
The silent hills afar!

And lingering, as I said farewell,
A gentle hand dispoiled your bowers,
That ye to memory might tell
Of many happy hours!

For those loved scenes, for those past days,
I deem your drooping buds more fair
Than when ye glowed in noon-tide rays,
Or scented evening air.

And if again, in other years,
I tread the spot that nursed your bloom,
And see new flowers in dewy tears,
That flourish in your room;

The brightest of the vernal train
Shall call your faded forms to mind;
Sweet relics of your beauteous plain,—
Of all I loved and left behind.'

During her tranquil musings in the woods at Dilston, she possessed an overflow of spiritual joy, which is discovered in her diary as thus:—'I feel calm and happy, and at times my heart so overflows with wonder and joy at the thought of what has been, and what may be given me by my Lord, that I feel humbled that it is to poor rebellious me that He has extended such mercies. Oh that I could praise him always; and yet when temptation to forget him comes, I am almost sure to do it, nay, to wound my conscience by what is sinful. Was there ever one called by the Christian name so slow to learn, so ready to forget! No earthly friend, I do believe, would have a spark of love for me left, if I offended and grieved them for one year as I have done the Lord all my life, and yet to which of them do I owe a tittle of the obedience that I owe to Him? Lord melt my hard heart. Sunday was my 21st birth-day. Oh how little of the past year has been spent to God! I feel a danger of going lightly into my sins. I want to probe them well, and not to fear to look at what I truly am. How can they be cleansed unless they be spread out to the purifying blood of Jesus?'

Diary.—'I was escorted from Dilston to Newcastle by my uncle, and passed ten days instead of two with mamma's friend. She has much peace in communion with God, and, though weak in frame and grieved in spirit, holds fast by the treasure that makes her independent of earth's possessions or the smiles of the worldly for happiness. There is in this lady a renunciation of earth, and a settled frame of spirituality that few attain; and she holds it by frequent prayer, and by constant waiting upon God. Friends, who come, often join in prayer; their intercourse is what that of Zion's children should be.'

Of the venerable mother of this estimable friend, she

draws a portrait correct in its lineaments, and lovely for its repose and moral truth, in a letter to Mr. Duncan:—

'*Newcastle, May* 22.—I wish you could see her. She is a handsome and venerable old lady, with snow-white hair, and the sweetest expression of peace and affection on her countenance; and there is good reason for it, as now, at the age of seventy-nine, she has found what in earlier years she was a stranger to. Four years ago, during a severe illness, and after much mental conflict, she was brought to the feet of the Saviour, whom she had, during a long life, rejected. The words of our Lord to Paul, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me," were put into her mouth, and she wept for joy and contrition of heart. Since that time, she has gone on her tranquil way in much converse with her God, and when we enter her sitting-room, we find her in her great chair, with a large bible before her, marking the words that suit her best. It is a solemn thing to be near an aged pilgrim hastening, willingly, to the Jordan, and having little to do with time. * * * We have had many sweet seasons of prayer, and this room has a hallowed air to me—it is a Bethel. I think I have learned more of the use of prayer as a guide, and as a means of quieting the soul when any thing has disturbed it. It is the constant resource of my kind friend, and the bond by which her union with those she loves is cemented.' After alluding to some anticipated trials, she adds in the same letter:—'In God we shall do valiantly. Prayer is the shield which must blunt the many darts, and make them slide off our armour harmless. Therefore, let us pray without ceasing. In these latter days, when men are heady and high-minded, let us keep our lamps burning with zeal, and be wise as serpents, and harmless as doves. * * * This is the preparation day, for Sabbath is at hand. Oh, let us both use such days henceforth more to God's glory than before. Let us give our *entire selves* to him. Why in action halt between two opinions? I have been most happy this week in seeking him continually. I have felt that I have been far (O, how far!) too lax, and that one day in his courts is better than a thousand. May the mantle of saints departed descend on us! May the robe of Jesus' holiness be around us! May heaven be before our eyes, and earth beneath our

feet! May love be in our hearts, and praise on our tongues. This I solemnly pray, and then what evil can life, or death, or sorrow do to us? Our record is not within their reach.'

Remarking the conduct of a friend who deemed it duty to withdraw entirely from a newly formed family connexion, because she disapproved the religious sentiments of the parties, Mary thus mildly investigates, and draws lessons of instruction for herself. *Diary.*—'I am not sure if these views should keep us from trying to do good to such as may be pointed out to us by Providence, in meek Christian charity and consistency, that they may be won from their errors. But the party alluded to calls this *spurious* charity. One would not recommend intercourse that could only be productive of unpleasant feelings on all sides, but the question now afloat with me is, whether it be the *right thing* to be in the state which would make intercourse so painful, or whether it be the right thing to tell one's sentiments mildly, and with much allowance for early training and habits of thought. I may, however that be settled, gain from these things a new view of the Christian's high duty, to maintain his Saviour's cause, and be always on the watch tower. I have at times lost my own spirituality, and done no good to others by letting myself be led into their trains of thought, instead of seeking to lead them to better things. I have even smiled acquiescence, or passed in silence, sentiments I disapproved,—but then my enemy was love of self, so easily does charity degenerate and become a cloak for evil!—Against this, I have by what I have here seen, been put on my guard.'

A few days after, when she had, on her homeward way, reached the habitation of another dear friend, she still dwells in her diary on the character of the aged and waiting servant whom she had admired and loved to contemplate. *Diary.*—'I came here on May 23d, and the kind welcome, the flowery garden, the rose of Sharon and lily of the valley, have greatly cheered me. I want to see the love of God in every thing. When I think of that aged lady, so kind, so peaceful, so meek in waiting for her departure, I feel it a privilege to have been called early to that service, whose perfect freedom she did not know till seventy-five

years had passed in the bondage of sin! The grace of God is wonderful to *her* in unloosing all the bonds of habit, in softening the hard heart, in opening the eyes that had remained blind when light was around them; to *me* in having led and taught me from infancy, ungrateful backslider as I am; in having daily patience with me, and teaching me more and more of his love: would that my whole being were devoted to him!'

Shortly after this date, she reached the home to which she had often turned during the enjoyments of her absence. She remarked, on being asked *why* she was so desirous to return, 'I have too much "inhabitiveness" to like to be very long away from you all; one never gets so well established at improving employments as at home, and the mind wearies when it has either nothing to employ it, or is forced by change of place to fly from one thing to another.'

The first five stanzas of the poem which follows were written about this date; the concluding four in November, 1839.

'ON SEEING A PRISM SHOWN IN AN INFANT SCHOOL.*

'The morning is over, the lessons are done,
And bright on the group shine the beams of the sun;
"Now show us the rainbow," each little voice cries,
And turned to the lattice are many glad eyes.

The prism is displayed in their wondering sight,
Out spring, as by magic, the colours of light,
And over the throng the fair vision is cast,
Like the bow in the cloud when the tempest is past.

And now on the ceiling, and now on the walls,
Fast flitting, and flying, the brilliancy falls;
And now for a moment the lustre is shed,
Like a circlet of glory, on one little head.

With eagerness flocking, to catch at the prize,
The children esteem it their own—but it flies;
High and low, as it skims, they at vacancy clasp,
While, in courting pursuit, 'tis eluding their grasp.

The remembrance of this may a lesson impart,
When manhood has ripened each buoyant young heart;
When flying in chase of some vision of bliss,
They grasp it, and find it allusive as this.

* Probably at Newcastle.

For hope, like the rainbow, adorns the sweet scene,
When dew-drops are gleaming, and nature is green;
And we think, could we reach the fair hills of its rest,
And gain what we wish, we should surely be blest.

We pant in pursuit of the vanishing prize,
We deem it our own—as we near it, it flies!
It loses its brightness, it fades from our sight,
And the eye that admired is left weeping in night.

Ah! bliss is not here, it is born in the skies,
Though hope, the sweet dreamer, its absence denies;
And ne'er to mankind shall its fulness be given,
On earth be made bright by this native of heaven.

Look upward from time, and its dreams of delight,
Pass on to the land of possession and sight;
Seek this, and this only, and all shall be peace,
When hope and the rainbow together shall cease.'

Immediately on her return home, the entry in her diary mentions her attending the celebration of the Lord's Supper at Lady Glenorchy's Church, which, she says, she enjoyed, 'calling sin to remembrance, and praying that all might be blotted out, and she be enabled to fix a steady eye on Jesus,'—and then follows another entry which refers to a public execution, and exhibits the power of divine love in strengthening the character, and expanding the charities. That a criminal should be condemned to suffer death on the scaffold is, and, indeed, is designed to be, shocking to the tender mind; and the natural impulse of refinement is to dismiss so horrible a thought, But grace judges differently. To attract the attention of a Christian to a soul in peril, is to engage that Christian's prayers. And so it was with Mary. The diary reveals the secret exercises of her closet, which were open before to the Searcher of hearts alone.

'*July* 14.—Yesterday poor J. Bell was hanged in the High Street for killing his sergeant. Mr. Hunter had good hope of him. He was penitent; and his heart "so filled with the judgment-seat, he did not think of the scaffold." I trust a God of mercy has redeemed him, poor desolate creature. He had no other refuge. No one has—but his was a situation to make him peculiarly feel it. I hope Jesus received him like the thief on the cross! I never

remember to have prayed so much for any one I never saw, as for him. I longed for his salvation. May the many prayers offered for him in Edinburgh be remembered by a faithful Lord, and may we be taught to be earnest in supplication for our own poor souls.'

To Mr. Duncan.

'*Edinburgh, June* 8.—I have like you, been writing under the peeling of a loud thunder-storm, grand and awful. It brings home the question, "Am I ready to die?" Would that we were *sure*, for the hour each day draws nearer. I think I am sure that if I died I should go to heaven, through my most blessed Saviour; but O the coldness of heart! How true to earthly love, how forgetful of that which lasts through eternity and began before our being.

When she heard the solemn and earnest pleading of Dr. Duff on behalf of the millions who people the idol-blighted plains of India, she wrote to the same friend.

'*Edinburgh, June* 17.—The world is dark and wretched when we look at such melancholy facts, and think over what an extent the same evils, the same destitution of spiritual guides, and of the means of pleasing the Lamb, are diffused. When shall the day dawn, and the day-star arise? When shall the multitude of the Isles, and the fulness of the Gentile nations, become the ransomed saints of the God of glory! The poor heathen! He pities them, and shall not we, his saved ones, pity too? Oh! let us pray for them more earnestly than we have hitherto done, that SOULS, everlasting souls, may be given to our petitions. The millennarians, whose creed I do not much understand, seem to believe, that, when the last vial is poured out, the wrath of God will come upon those nations which know him not. There will be plagues and great destructions, and only a remnant shall be left. Now, I have been accustomed to hope, and with delightful expectation, that those forsaken nations shall be taught of God, and have at least, as we have, a free offer of the great salvation; and many, who sin through ignorance, shall be offered that which they will, with meltings of heart, accept; and so, in the rescue, and not in the destruction of his scattered flock, Jesus will be glorified. I speak only my own thoughts; tell me

yours. Should it not be so!—He is just, he is good, and it is right. But, O! how the consideration of their sad case should stimulate us to prayer for them, and to exertion too.'

Diary.—'Last Sunday, —— came home with me, between sermons, and we had some profitable conversation; in the course of which, we resolved to guard, for one week, against saying a single word against any living creature. I much wish to have that deep sense of my own unworthiness, which will make me charitable to *all*. Not that I would lose the power of *discriminating*; but it is well to seal the lips in some conversations, lest we be tempted to speak in this unadvised way. I love the character of a peace-maker, and should like to be one. There *are* times when it is well to point out to a friend the faults of another; but, on examining, we find these to be very few. The effect is to prejudice the friend we love, and, therefore, are most likely to speak to, against some individual, and chase from him some of that balmy dew of universal love, which most resembles the state of angels in heaven; and who can say where such a course might end,—in lessening usefulness, in impairing happiness, in sowing dissensions?

On the death of the Rev. John Brown Patterson, between which and her own, as well as between the expanded benevolence and devotedness, not to name the poetry of their characters, there has appeared an affecting analogy to some who knew them well, she wrote and felt much; and, though never privileged to mingle prayers or tears with the mourners, hers were offered before Him, who binds up the broken-hearted, and helps the widow.

To Mr. Duncan.

'*July* 7.—We all feel deeply for the family of Mr. Patterson, who are plunged into the deepest distress by their heavy bereavement. He was, I believe, the victim of conscientiousness; for Falkirk is a large and most discouraging parish. He was dissatisfied with the measure of good he was enabled to do, and, during his short convalescence, his spirits were in a state of painful depression, and he said, "O, I cannot return to Falkirk!" He preached eighteen times in the last fortnight of his health, and the

last time was so exhausted, that he rested on the sofa, in clothes drenched by a heavy rain, during his walk home. Thus were the seeds of disease sown. At last, typhus turned to *brain*-fever, and he was in wild delirium for the last few days. During that time, he was now praying, now preaching. At times, the beauty of his thoughts was quite beyond himself. That glowing spirit is gone. That voice, so zealous in the good cause, is hushed. That mind, mingling religion and literature so invitingly for the young and studious, shall weave its splendid imagery no more; but all—all those powers shall be perfected in the land of his joyful habitation; and all shall be swallowed up in the near and rapturous view of the Lamb, whom he shall follow whithersoever he goeth. I never remember to have prayed for any one in sickness, not in the immediate circle of my friends, so earnestly as I did for him, and his mourning relations; and it enlarges and softens the heart, to weep for those who weep, and commit their cause to God. May you and I know much of the blessedness of thus sympathizing with the sorrowful, in a world where sorrows abound, and may we be the instruments of binding up many worn and sad spirits! I would also desire, that, if it be the will of God, we may not be subject to such trials as were his lot, in his bright but troubled course, and spared such anguish as now rends the hearts of his bereft ones. My uncle made some just and beautiful references to Mr. Patterson in his sermon.' To another friend she wrote:—' "We thought him fit to live," said my uncle, "but God saw that he was fit to die." And let us be willing, my dear F——, that our lights should be removed to the land of glory. We shall not be dark and dim, when they are gone, if, by their loss, our eyes are more stedfastly fixed on our heavenly King, the source of all the brightness that attracts our love.'

CHAPTER VIII.

DISSAPPOINTMENT, AND THE MANNER IN WHICH IT WAS BORNE.

Blooming and lovely herself, attractive by her chastened cheerfulness, and shedding love and peace around her, yet in the sober and subdued light which we have seen her correspondence and her diary unfold, was the passing scene clad to Mary's view. It was the hope beyond the glories of the world where sin is not, which fixed her eager gaze; and thus one might expect she was prepared for the stroke which was even now about to fall; and so, indeed, she was.

To her confidential friend, near London, she wrote in this strain:—'The 23d of this month (July) is the day appointed by the General Assembly as a general fast throughout the church. I trust it may be a day of blessing in our land, and that we may be aroused to covet earnestly the best gifts, for if we ask we shall receive: If we really believe that our Lord will do for us what we ask, we shall not be sent away empty. Not one word of heartfelt prayer is forgotten by Him, though it is not always answered in the way we wish. The 23d will be a day of double interest to me, because it is the first of three days appointed for my friend to preach before the people of Urr, in order to their sustaining or rejecting the royal appointment. Should he not be received, I believe that faith and submission will be increased, and hope will not die. Should it be otherwise, I trust he may prove a faithful and unwearied labourer in the vineyard of our merciful Lord. Oh! my beloved friend, will you pray that it may be so? I scarcely dare to pray that it may be as we desire, for I have learned, by constant experience, that the things we set our hearts upon would be injurious. Then, be our pray-

er for those things which God sees best, and which will most effectually help us to be pure and without offence in the path of Jesus.'

The hopes excited by the presentation of Mr. Duncan to Urr, were not destined to be realized. Those good men, who were deeply sensible of the evils of unrestrained patronage, as established by the iniquitous act of Bolingbroke, in the reign of Queen Anne, had recently exerted their influence to enact the *Veto Law*, as it has been called. They honestly believed that the ecclesiastical courts possessed an inherent right, lawfully, to enforce a mitigation of the evil; and they were willing to reconcile themselves to a mitigation, rather than seek a complete remedy, which could only be obtained by an application to Parliament, where secular and party views seem to overbear the temper and motives which ought to be engaged in ordering the affairs of the church of Christ. This is not the place to discuss those weighty questions, which have since that period agitated, and do still continue to agitate the church of Scotland. It is enough to say, that one of the first operations of the new law was the rejection of Mr. Duncan by the apparent majority of five. The patronage of Urr is held by the Crown, and the parish being divided between two candidates, Mr. Duncan, a third, was presented with a view of procuring the union of both parties on his behalf; thus wisely 'following after things that make for peace.' The people, however, inexperienced in the recent law, flattered themselves that it might be so worked as to place the unrestrained power of electing their pastor in their own hands. It was no stain on the character of the presentee, to be rejected in these circumstances, as some of those who exercised the Veto against him, declared openly that they would reject the Apostle Paul himself, if presented by a patron.

But this attempt, if successful, threatened to counteract the object of the Veto Law altogether, and to convert a salutary arrangement into a source of hostility between patron and people. Stimulated by this fear of the perversion of the law, some of the very individuals who aided in framing it, counselled Mr. Duncan to persevere, not for the purpose of opposing the legitimate operation of the newly

acquired right, but of seeking to restrain it within due bounds. He, therefore, zealously supported by the well educated and well informed of the parish, appealed from the decision of the Presbytery which rejected him, to the higher church court, with a view to prove a combination of the people, for the purpose of defeating the presentation, irrespective of his merits, and also to investigate the validity of a few of the votes.

From these sketchy remarks, we must return to the individual whose conduct under the rod was to be a test of the reality of her former experience.

The sunny 7th of August is still bright in memory, when she took her way to the Hall of the High School, to witness that august moral spectacle, where the civic authorities come forth as the patrons of education, and distributors of honours acquired by the industry and talent of their juvenile townsmen,—her eye beaming with joy at the expectation of seeing her little brother bow his flaxen locks before the Lord Provost, on the reception of his first prize, —her heart bounding with the expectation that an hour would bring her betrothed with the glad news that all was passed in harmony and love, on the previous day, and that they might prepare together to enter on the work they loved best, at Urr.

The coach arrived, and with it the honoured father, not the son; and on the street were Mary's steps turned homeward by the disclosure of the event. It is not, perhaps, well for one who partook deeply of that time of trial, to enter too minutely into the scene, or to describe the subdued emotion, the Christian and almost dignified calmness of the hour. She passed some time in her closet, and obeyed the summons of the dinner bell, expecting she had self-command enough to acquit herself as became one who believes that the Lord doeth all things well. But she had tasked her strength too heavily. She smiled and conversed a little at first, but the expression of love and sympathy in the surrounding countenances was too much,—the willing spirit succumbed to the weakness of nature, and she was obliged to glide away. After allowing a time free from intrusion, she was followed, and, with dismay, found extended on the floor; her over-exerted powers having for a

time retreated, from that severe strain, by a fit of fainting sickness. Her disorder hung about her for some days; but no word of complaint, fretfulness, or impatience was heard from her, and the peace which the world cannot take away, soon acquired a renewed and stronger influence in her heart than before she was afflicted. But she will speak best for herself.

In the diary, the entry is brief. After stating the fact, and that she had been writing to cheer Mr. Duncan, when she sunk exhausted, she adds:—

'W.'s hopes! where are they? The sanguine predictions of many friends! what has become of them? Man lays wise plans, but it is with God to bless or bring them to nought. I want truly to say, "Thy will be done;" but dread a spirit of settled sullenness or discontent. My hopes were so precious! Yet the child of God can never be in despair. I—we—need chastening, and it has been sent in love and mercy. We may yet be happy; at least resigned we must, and by God's help, *will* be.'

To Mr. Duncan.

'*August* 7.—I would write comfort to you, though my aching eye-balls and pained head, tell that I have need of it too. Comfort, and sources of new hope, are what we may be likely to turn to, though at present I feel no temptation of that kind; but do you not think that we should rather search our hearts diligently, to see wherefore our God contends with us? We have sinned in many ways. If we have not cast out those sins before, let us do so now! This is a voice that makes itself heard. Let us strive for holiness of heart and life, and then our God may give us so much heavenly peace, that we shall be happier *far, than if all our wishes had been fulfilled.* He can do this! in so far as it regards man. I know you will not give place to any angry feelings, but only pray for your enemies, and look on all as coming direct from the hand of God. I feel that He must have something to teach you, and from this very thing, while I weep, I derive encouragement: for many a careless shepherd is plunged at once into the work of the ministry, while those, who are to be true vessels of honour, are tried as the silver is tried: but our merciful

Saviour watches the furnace, and does not let it burn too fiercely. It may be, my dear W., that we shall, at some time, look back on this cloudy and dark day as one of the happiest of our lives, if it is the beginning of better things to our souls. I had been indulging in the delightful hope that your character and graces would be best improved by the exercise of preaching and the care of souls. But a wise God sees that more of those disguised blessings, which come in the form of trials, are needful for you, and for me. Oh, I hope it is not through my sins, and my negligence that this has befallen you! There is reason to think he designs us both to glorify his name and to win souls, or he would not take so much pains with us, and send us back so often to examine the *foundation*. And shall we turn away as if we were injured, repining and rebelling against the will of God? No! let us rather kiss the rod that smites us, and exercise truer love than ever to our King. We are short-sighted creatures, but our precious *faith* teaches that *all is well*. * * * I pray that the people and their pastor, whosoever he shall be, may be blessed; and we too, doubt it not, shall not be forgotten of God. He has blessings in store for us more precious than earth can offer. I grieve for you among comparative strangers, to none of whom you can freely open your own heart, oppressed as it must be. But *the throne* is your sure refuge; there you will find relief. Never, when things seemed to smile, did my heart cleave to you more than now. You have *one* earthly friend who will never have divided hopes or interests from yours.

'Farewell, dear W., and may God ever bless you and keep you, prays your attached and sympathizing

MARY LUNDIE.'

One cannot fail to observe the simplicity with which she unites herself in the trial and in its causes, and also with which she anticipates her position as the wife of a clergyman. as being in a peculiar manner that of a servant of the church. Her plan was not to be a help-meet for her husband alone, but to be a succourer of many, who would depend on his ministrations for spiritual food. It is the happiest of all unions where the wife has sufficient experience and love to be inclined to follow up her husband's work

among the females of the flock, and to guide the lambs to the good Shepherd. These views of her office rendered the disappointment in some degree of a character similar to that of the young preacher; and made the trial of a more searching kind to her own heart.

The following letter is written with the same desire to console and to derive improvement from the dispensation.

To Mr. Duncan.

'*Edinburgh, August* 17.

* * * 'You can, in active employ, in reference to the aspect of things, and in talking of them with friends, throw off some of those feelings which, if all confined, might become too burdensome;—all I can do is to keep still, and muse and pray,—and this I truly do; and when thought would become rebellious, or earthly hope too vivid, prayer checks their flow, and rekindles that trust in the love of God, and that sense of the importance of that one thing—preparation for the unseen world—to which all the discipline we undergo is subservient. What is it to the candidates for a life of perfect bliss and endless duration, whether their few years on earth are spent in preparing for it, by delightful and easy lessons, or whether their upward way is hedged round with thorns, and strewed with those rough stones—privation and sorrow. We know that "the more we mourn and suffer here, the sweeter rest will be." Jesus trod the way of privation before us—privation! oh how far beyond what we can, in dreariest moments, picture! And, triumphantly as he passed through it, he left a parting promise that all his children should follow in his steps, and be supported by his hand. Let us not then refuse, if called upon, to partake those sufferings: His grace is sufficient for us, and the fire may frighten, but cannot consume. These thoughts are ennobling,—they nerve us to bear what might, without them, make us sink; and faith is kindled, and roused to lively exercise, by those very things which our spiritual foes would fain employ to slay it. Should evil be said of you falsely, should your hopes be frustrated with aggravations devised by malice, there is but the more hope, as it seems to me, that you are to be a polished and sharpened arrow in the quiver of the Lord. We must

try to praise, however it turns, and so will God be glorified in us. Ah! I would that you might be polished by actual service, instead of long delay. Well, our God is wise; just is he, and hates every sin; but still he loves his people, and I trust all he does will be in mercy, not in anger. Be prepared then, dear W., for whatever comes. Seek submission in *constant* prayer;—as you pursue your solitary path, or mingle in the eager converse of friends, still be your spirit in one place—with God. Seek to find Him, as Hall of Leicester beautifully expresses it, "the home of the soul." Rest firmly, confidingly, in Him, and you possess a support that the war of elements can never drive from you. Examine well, lest even in your submission, there be not concealed a hope that this very state of mind will lead Him to make a smooth way for you at Urr yet. I know it is not inconsistent with his dealings from the beginning of time, that this may be. But *we must not serve Him for his gifts;* and are always safer when we can offer ourselves a living sacrifice, without reference to what may here befal us. Search well, and seek to give up every earthly thought, and merge your wishes in a zeal for the promotion of His glory. I do not advise you because I think myself entitled, or you in need of my counsel. No; each day teaches me that I am but dust and ashes; and I believe you are taught by that most wise and Holy Spirit, whose counsels are sufficient to lead you, without stumbling, to the land of peace. Yet we should "exhort one another daily;" and one, who has so often prayed for you, may be excused for saying a few words, from a fulness of heart, beyond what she has often expressed. * * Yesterday, Mr. Clark of Inverness preached at St. Mary's—a solemn sermon, on the witness of the Spirit. He clearly set forth the peace of the heart that, being undivided and sincere in its desire to serve God and resign all for Him, has this precious testimony. Oh! for such a state as would let it be ever here, even in my soul, and would drive away all lingering endurance of sin, and fit me for pure regions, sensibly feeling that each day brought me nearer to them. Let us mutually pray that each person in the Holy Trinity may work in us, that we may be complete, wanting nothing, through the rich grace of God. * * To-day, Mr. A. Murray

has come to visit us (a youth whom you may have seen at Kelso) on his way to London, whence he will shortly embark for the Navigator Islands. It once seemed as if he would never have got forward, but a way was opened for his education under Dr. Pye Smith; his feeble health is much improved, and he is on the eve of commencing his labours in the work he loves. I feel disposed rather to take encouragement from the goodness of God to one for whom he has provided education and friends, and cleared for him so wide a sphere of usefulness.* His time for you, too, will come, and now he is but *filling* you for it: so, surely, all is best.'

The final confirmation of the Urr veto, and the appeal to the Synod, being at last communicated to her, she wrote:—

'*August* 28.—Your sad letter came in due time; and now, what can we say, but "the will of the Lord be done?" I feel no disposition to think of men, good or bad, who have been the instruments of this trial. The Lord's hand is here, and to it let us look. Let me entreat you to take away your mind from the outward circumstances, and let the majesty of God, his holiness, his right to do what he will with us, be much on your mind. We are, I trust, of those whom he wills to sanctify wholly to himself: and shall we refuse to taste the requisite chastisement? Let us try to say, as a good man did to Mr. Venn, "I love the rod; how gentle are the strokes I receive—how severe those I deserve." There is one danger I feel, perhaps you do also, and which must be guarded against—that of praying less, and sinking into a listless state, and indulging in a half acknowledged feeling that our prayers have been disregarded. But, no: every prayer is heard, though in wisdom our earnest request has been withheld. But this let us learn—to let the glory of God have a larger share in our prayers, and our own selfishness less. Had this been, from the first, the mainspring of our petitions, we

* The Rev. Archibald Murray, is now in one of the Navigator or Samoan Isles, a missionary successful above many, for a wide door and effectual has been opened to him there, and many of the swarthy natives have turned to the Lord.

must have felt clearly that they have been granted; for this is in strict accordance with the will of God. But make a convenant with me, my dear friend, that you will pray as often, and as earnestly, by the help of God, for spiritual blessings, as we have for some time done for temporal ones, and this sad check may be very useful to us. Oh! it would have been happy, as far as we can see—I scarcely dare now let myself think how happy; but we know who rules: and, even humanly speaking, we are both young yet, and Providence may see it best to sharpen us better for the work, before he puts it into our hands; so let us use the time in communing with him, and studying his word.

To Mr. Duncan.

'*Sept.* 19.—We shall have no cause to repent our trials, for our foundation standeth sure, and our record is with a compassionate Saviour. We know we have much to learn—we know, too, that he is now teaching us; and shall we repine because we are in the school of Christ, among all those who can ever hope to have part in the first resurrection? Our master will not give us one stripe too much, and, even in the midst, He smiles on us, and addresses us in accents of surpassing love as His ransomed ones, His beloved children. Glorious is the dispensation under which we are placed! It is no new remark, that those whose labour He designs to bless, are prepared for it by initiatory trials.'

An entry in the Diary, next day, shows her in her closet, following up the desire to realize the benefits which she expects from affliction.

Diary.—'*Sept.* 20.—After reading what Venn says of the Holy Spirit, I have been entreating His influences for W. and myself. I would seek to realize in this period of solitude the time when I shall be no more one of a kind family on earth, but shall stand before the throne, and, in the midst of myriads, feel myself alone with God. I want more of his daily presence and blessing, and I want to be strong in Him, that I may not sink under, but obediently submit to, whatever He designs for me. All must come from above, for I can do nothing but sin.'

To her correspondent, near London, she wrote not till a month had elapsed, on this subject :—

'*Edinburgh, Sept.* 26.—While the Head of the Church has been training many souls, by suffering, for glory, it has been his good pleasure not to leave me wholly untried. Would that I could dismiss every feeling but gratitude for it! You heard of Urr, and you may imagine how affecting your expressions in reference to it were, and your hope that its shepherd might receive grace to lead his flock, &c., when I tell you, that ere they met my eyes, our hope with regard to that was over. * * * You know how trying it must be, to one full of energy, and desirous to devote it all to the work of the ministry, to be stopped at the very door of the temple, and told to go again, and stand yet another hour, in the prime of the day, in the market-place! Your words went straight to my heart, "Shall we teach our teacher how to instruct us?" Let us wait in faith; and, being kept in the hollow of the Father's hand, can trial be an evil? Blessed are they who do not see how such a trial is to terminate, and yet have believed that all is well. The links of the chain, that we cannot see, are in the hands of unerring wisdom; and it is sweet just to let them remain there willingly, and to consent that *more* should be hidden, if He wills it. I have been ten days quite alone, a new thing for me, all the family being in the country; and I preferred returning from a visit in beautiful Stirlingshire, to my quiet home. Here I have time for thought; and, when thought becomes perplexity, and faith grows weary, the mercy-seat is near, and there my spirit is revived.'

In the Diary, at this date, there is an observation on one of the uses of social worship, which is true, but will be new to those who have not experienced its effect, by entering the sanctuary from solitude.

Diary.—'*Sept.* 27.—The close of another solitary Sabbath. My present situation has shown me a use of public worship, of which I never thought before,—the enlivening of those who dwell alone. It is very refreshing to a spirit which has poured out its prayer to God, but without one of human kind to express a feeling to, to mingle with a large worshipping assembly in praise and prayer. We are feeble, and need aids, and this is a blessed one, devised

for us in much wisdom.' In this month she wrote to a friend who had read the Life of Byron:—'As to poor Byron, I am glad you are but *skimming* the annals of his unhappy and degraded life, which I believe had better have been left to perish in forgetfulness, than dressed in the smooth language of Moore, to teach mankind the way to be discontented and miserable. Blessed is the lowly and humble saint whose name is unknown, or known only to be despised, but whose record is on high, and his place secure in the purchased inheritance of Jesus Christ! What a glorious spirit, what a vigorous character might the heaven-taught Byron have been! What engines of good he might have moved, what soul-stirring songs of praise he might have penned; songs that should have filled the mouths of the joyous and the young, and cheered the lonely sufferer in the sad night watches! But all his powers were employed—were ruined—in the service of the prince of darkness, and his name stands like an upas tree, scathed and destructive, as far as its influence can reach.'

To her Sister then in London at School:

'*Edinburgh, September* 26.—I rejoice to hear that you are in health and happiness, and thank our gracious God, who watches over my dear sister in her new home. I am grateful to the kind friends who take so much pains to improve you, and to make you all that we desire. I have great pleasure in thinking of you, under the kind care of Mrs. Evans, whose power to charm away *home-sickness* I had many proofs of in former days. Oh, my sister, have you given you heart to our blessed Saviour? Have you asked him to take it entirely for his own, and to cleanse it from all iniquity? Have you tried to love *him* more, whose love to you passeth knowledge? Dearest child, may you be taught by the Holy Spirit, how inadequate earth's dearest blessings are to make us happy, without that love; and how firm and abiding is this portion in all outward changes. Oh! be you of those who early seek the Lord, and sometimes retire to your room, to pass a few minutes in that communion with Him, which has made our wisest and holiest men what they were.

Tell H. I am charmed with some portions of Coleridge's

Aids to Reflection, though occasionally he gets either out of my depth, or his own, perhaps both. Miss M. and I are reading together Ganganelli's Letters, which are written in simple and easy Italian, and display, for a pope, no small degree of candour and liberality. Our friends do not forget J——y, whose return will be a bright day for all of us.'

In the month of October, it was thought advisable that she should taste a little more of the country air before the winter closed in, and she enjoyed a brief excursion among kind friends in her native county. She writes, 'I greatly admire the country, which is pale and lovely in its autumn dress, and often speak with some of these dear young people, of the kind and gracious Author of it all. We *make* little employments here, as idleness is never happy. But no wish has ever sprung up in my heart that such "otium cum dignitate" had been allotted to me, for though it is very pleasant, I feel that my heart is so apt to grow to weeds, it needs the safeguard of steady employment; and I think I should trifle likely, if I had nothing to do but please myself, as is the case now. I thank you, my dear mamma, and I thank Isabella Gordon for teaching me to fill up and value time, though I have not always practised your lessons to my own satisfaction. Dear V. has introduced me to some of her favourite books, and last night we enjoyed some of Herbert's rich quaint old poems, which contain as much in a line, as many of late date do in a page. Ever since *our affairs* went wrong, I have had a restless feeling, as if I should be better elsewhere than where I am. This is a wrong state of mind, and I do not give way to it.'

To Mr. Duncan.

'*October* 12.—The Sabbath was valued, and helped to extend my thoughts

> "Beyond the dark and stormy bound
> That girds our dull horizon round."

Oh, how gracious it is in him who seeth not as a man seeth, to hear prayer whenever it is offered, and bless and support the soul that leans its feebleness on Him! I would be bound to his service as long as I live. It makes me happy to be conscious that now, seeing as I do all that

wealth can give, the elegance, the luxury, and the complete command of time, I feel no wishes rising that your destiny or mine had been other than it is. Obscurity is safest, and the graces blossom best in connexion with regular and daily employment, above all, when this has the glory of God for its immediate object. So, to the work when our God calls us, cheerfully we will go, nor shrink from any toil he lays on us, assured of deriving strength from His omnipotent love.'

During a morning drive with some of these amiable friends, they visited the birth-place and former happy home of their family, now deserted. In her poems of this year is found one, which was probably never shown to the much-loved companion to whom it was addressed.

'*To V——, on our visit to the "Bower Woods."*
October 22, 1835.

'Fairer than joy's meridian day of light,
Which with its radiance dims the dazzled eyes,
Is that calm twilight, soothing to the sight,
On whose pale gleam scenes dear to memory rise.

Hast thou not felt it, loved one, when thy heart
Refused to echo back the voice of mirth,
And mused in its own solitude apart,
On former days, and friends released from earth?

Yes; and I felt it with thee, on the day
When we together sought thy native bowers,
And trod the wood-walks, where, in infancy,
Thy playmates sweet beguiled with thee the hours.

Those glades were dear to thee as morning's beam,
Each flowering thorn thou knew'st, each stately tree,
And every mossy plant that fringed the stream,
And lowly wild-flower had a charm for thee.

Chill was the autumn breeze that o'er us blew,
Faint was the trembling warbler's greeting song,
And sere and dry, the leaves of varied hue
Fell on the green sward as we passed along.

With thy fond thoughts the time accorded well,
A summer's day, too bright, had made thee sad,
For that lone bower, where memory loves to dwell,
No more resounds with voices young and glad.

Silent and torn, it seems to mourn the past,
Cold desolation marks its mossy wall,
The bending trees that shade it from the blast,
Are monuments of joys beyond recall.

I marked the letters carved in that fair bower,
Simple and few, yet fraught with meanings deep.
Names traced by sportive hands in some gay hour,
O'er which thou lov'st to linger now and weep.

Yet in thy tears is bliss; what, though the voice
That was thy music, thrill thy heart no more;
Its tuneful tones in heaven-taught hymns rejoice;
Its melody is full, its faltering notes are o'er.

And thou canst smile, in musing on the past,
To hail the future beaming on thy view,
Where never sorrow can thy eye o'ercast,
Or joys celestial fade, or prove untrue.

Then, dear one, though time's ruthless hand efface
Each name that marked the forest-bower thine own,
And rolling years destroy each early trace
Of sunny hours, too bright, too quickly flown.

Oh! be each name enrolled by love divine,
In life's blest volume, in Emmanuel's land,
Where glory beams on every deep-traced line,
And words by Him inscribed, through endless ages stand!"

Before her return home, she passed a few days in her native place, to experience other and deeper emotions than those of the friend who had so recently, along with her, explored the once happy home of her childhood.

Kelso, October 23.—'My Dearest Mother,—It is some hours since I arrived at my beloved former home, after a drive through the well-remembered country on the finest day that has shone since I left you. Every thing looked beautiful and bright, and though the tears started in my eyes as I passed one object, then another, that spoke of past days, I was in a more grateful state than usual (yet oh, how little!) in the review of mercies *continued* and mercies *given*. The Tweed is blue and sparkling, as when I knew it first, and laughs along its course, as if no weeping eye ever turned to it for sympathy. It is not a foolish feeling, dear mamma, that makes every tree and field around

the home of childhood so very dear. It was from them that the first impressions were derived, and the first tinge given to the thoughts of a spirit that cannot die, but will have its actings carried through eternity. *Our home* I did not look at; but I could do so now.'

In a scrap found among her papers, she has written:—'It is my home no longer, and yet the Tweed flows along in the sunshine as before; the well-known trees are covered with autumn's pallid leaves; the fields, walks, and houses, are what I remember since long ago. To-day, when tracing some of my old haunts, I could almost have thought I had never been an exile. But ah! there is a weight that does not go, a remembrance that, when even not formed into a distinct thought, extends its sad and shady influence through all my heart. Our tie to this place, its ornament, my revered and beloved father, has passed from the face of the earth. Life may have new joys and fresh colouring, but can never again be the unscathed thing it was. His memory sweetly lives here, and his child is welcomed by many kindly voices and smiling faces for his sake. Wherever I go I see his picture hanging. Oh! do they remember what he taught them, as well as how he looked! My inclination would have induced me to wander alone in my retired walks, and prayerfully to recall the past; but it may not be, and the society so dear to my beloved papa must have a powerful interest for me. To-morrow is Sunday—Oh! may it do me good; I rather dread going to church.'

Sabbath night, 25th.—'A Sabbath at Kelso has flown, and waked as it passed many a silent chord, and made it vibrate with full-fraught feeling. It was painful to go to church, and my courage melted into tears as I passed the threshold. Painful, too, it was to see my father's pulpit, the very spot where I have seen his features glow with earnest tenderness, occupied by another—a stranger once, but now the pastor of the flock he fed. The tones of the band, and the old tunes went to my heart. In the afternoon, Mr. T. preached and baptized Mr. Macculloch's babe, with a solemn exhortation to him. It made me think of the time when my own papa held up his first-born, his little

Mary, that she, too, might be admitted into the pale of the visible church.

'We staid in church for the Sabbath-school, as the school-house is being painted. I saw the youthful company assemble, and was affected at the small number I recognized, and the change which three years has wrought upon such as I did know. They took their places under Mrs. H.'s kind eye, and I felt thankful that such a directress is left them. N. T., my old scholar, came there to see me, and gave me a cheerful affectionate greeting. She is a woman now, and a steady Christian. I urged her to try to meet with C. N. for prayer, as in old times, and I think she will try. I was led to a class, and getting into the pew among the little ones, a flood of tears relieved me before I could begin to teach them. They were too young to understand the cause, and I heard whispers among them of "Eh! she's greetin." Poor things, they did not know how dear that school is to me, nor how it is associated with beings most beloved, and times most precious—with holy lessons received by me in childhood, and in turn given in youth. Nor how the employ used to revive me, and make me feel that even I need not live quite in vain.'

CHAPTER IX.

SORROWING TURNED INTO THANKFULNESS.

THE appeal to the Synod in the case of Urr, prolonged the period of suspense very painfully, but the triumph of trust in the wisdom and love of the divine dispensation, is clearly exemplified in the following letter :—

To Mr. Duncan.

'*Edinburgh, November* 16.—Submission is the Christian's duty; the attainment of it his riches, the ornament of his character, the test of his sincerity. And if all these changes, and if many more disappointments, result in teaching *this*, we shall not be able to say that we could have dispensed with *one*. Holy, lovely heaven! change never comes thither, sin does not deface its joys, and they cannot *end*. When we are there, we *shall* be blest, and every thing should help us to prepare. Gracious Lord! who sendeth sorrows here to detach our frail hearts, and set them free to rise! O, shall we not glorify Him! Yes, —alone or united, be it the joy of our lives to show forth His praise, and to honour his commands by earnestly seeking obedient hearts.'

Such were the pious sentiments called forth by this painful stroke, and with these exalted views of the divine will did she at once sustain her own soul, and convey comfort to the hearts of those she loved. But a new and unexpected event soon changed the current of her feelings, and converted her trustful resignation into praise. While the appeal on the case of Urr was depending, Mr. Duncan had officiated for a short time in Kinross-shire, as assistant to the minister of Cleish, when that aged pastor died. The parishioners presented immediately, an almost unanimous petition to Mr. Young, the patron, who resided in the parish, praying that Mr. Duncan should be appointed succes-

sor. To this petition the patron gave his hearty concurrence, and Mr. Duncan was in a few days presented to the charge. The following entry in the Diary expresses in a lively manner, the becoming sentiments with which Mary received this gratifying intelligence, and affords a new illustration of her habitual piety.

'*Nov.* 22.—Now the gloom is rolled away, and the bright sun of happiness appears. The buds of hope and promise become green beneath his rays—the sad heart revives and sends forth a song of joy and praise, sweeter than the song of the birds at the approach of spring. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and delight thyself in the remembrance of Him. He has seen the tears that feeble nature shed in the day of disappointed hope; he has marked the dread with which coming events were anticipated, and he has with one word dispersed those fears and changed the whole aspect of things. He has, by his own hand, opened a way, and pointed W. to pursue it. He has desired him to pitch his tent beside the flock at Cleish, and may we not trust that his blessing will be with him henceforth, and that this district may be brought into subjection to Jesus. Away, distrust. The Lord has provided. How sweet an ending to an unquiet year! Though the earthly portion connected with it be slender, yet godliness with contentment is great gain, and if I do not err, there will be much more than contentment. The 19th was the day of the presentation, and now we are doubly bound, by trial and care on one hand, and by abounding goodness on the other, to have faith in Him who leads his children every step, and even when they dash their foot against a stone, turns the pain to advantage.'

The following letter was addressed to Mr. Duncan, when at Ruthwell:—

'*Edinburgh, Dec.* 3.—Long may your thoughts rest on your happy home with as much love for it as you feel now; and long may it flourish under the directing eye of your beloved father. Your mention of the dear departed one,* whose empty place saddens you now, drew tears from my eyes. As years roll on, we learn that we were born to die

* Mr. Duncan's mother.

—we learn it often when those who were life and light to us are taken away: and anniversaries, marked by sorrow, thicken in the revolving seasons. But brighter in proportion should our heavenly hopes become, and with more entire affiance should we cling to the only friend who can never fail us. A few mornings since, I lay awake, and thought how sad it was that I had not my own papa to bless us both, and share our joy now. But with a vividness I cannot recall, the prospect of meeting him again, and dwelling with him where he sees the light of his Saviour's countenance, came before me, and checked the momentary wish that he were in this poor dark world again. Ah, what an unkind wish! Be it ours, wherever we are, to *press forward*, and the pearly gates shall be opened for *us*, and we shall be with our covenant God, and those he has taught us to love so well. * *

'I find it necessary to join trembling with my happy thoughts, for many lessons do I receive, that I know not what shall be on the morrow. Yesterday M. A. and I went among the Canongate poor, and tried to get some of our absentees to school again. One poor man I saw slowly dying of consumption at his work of shoemaking. His sickly appearance interested me a year ago, but I cannot get a word of him alone, for the small room is always filled with his family, and I cannot make out if he is ready for his awful change. O! what scenes of sorrow are in the world, when we come to find them out; and how many of them caused by sin. To-day I went to the Charity Workhouse to see the old women at work, and, if God spare me strength, I shall take a day, weekly, for spending an hour or two in reading and talking with them. How much strength is spent for nought,—how little to the glory of Him who gave us all things; and yet awful as He is in his anger, and justly severe in his punishments, He spares the fig-tree *still*, and waits for the tardy fruits. Shall we not praise Him by lives of consistent holiness? O! we should live to him: and, after all, even if he had suffered the clouds to blacken and the storm to beat, we should have had cause to love him in that dark day, for we know that He who spared not his Son, can send us nothing but what is in truth a blessing, though it may come in the form

of a very heavy punishment. O! pray more for me. I do feel that all things are restless as Ocean's waves, and could not make me blest without the hope of a better life.

To her Little Sister at School.

'*Edinburgh, December* 12, 1835.

'My own sweet Sister,—It always does me good to hear about you, and, most of all, when I am led to hope that our gracious God is beginning to guide your feet into the way of peace, and to make you his humble and obedient child. He will do it, for he is full of love to our poor race, and is not willing that any should perish; and he would not have put into your heart a *desire* to love him, without designing to give you the requisite grace, and to teach you by the Holy Spirit. Cease to look for anything good in yourself; for, should you live to be one hundred years old, *you will never find it.* The corruption of our hearts lies too deep for anything but the blood of Jesus to wash away, and O, my J——y, does it not fill you with love and sorrow to think how willingly he shed it, and how often you have refused to wash and be clean? Your evil heart will tempt you to *wait a little.* But God says, seek me early, "To-day if you will hear," &c.; and you must not wait; there is no time to lose. Life is short, and should be employed in preparing for the eternity that will quickly come. Death would not wait if God sent him to you; and more than all, the good Shepherd is waiting now, and smiling kindly on you, and asking you to come that your soul may live! Oh! may he bear you in his bosom, and hide you under his wings for ever.'

To Mr. Duncan.

'*Edinburgh, December* 30.—I rejoice to hear that you preached with ease on Sunday, and hope some word went home to the conscience. When sermons are prepared *with prayer*, may we not hope that they will prove useful to some hearer, whose case we may be ignorant of, but for whose sake the subject has been suggested to the preacher by the Searcher of hearts? I long to know more about the people of Cleish, their chief characteristics, and their state of advancement; and, as you become acquainted with them,

you will let me know the result of your observations. Oh! my friend, have we not cause to be happy and grateful? We shall be so indeed if we look to God as the first source of love, the sun of our horizon, and regard each other's love, however bright, however steady, but as the light of a twinkling star which we may gaze on with delight, so we never forget that no sweet beam would reach us but for our glorious sun. But if we love the star too well, and ascribe to it the fertility of the earth, and the bright colouring of the flowers, have not our minds become enfeebled and diseased, and shall we not one day look back on our folly with grief and wonder? * * * However well we may love, it shall not be idolatry, if we are spiritually-minded, and give our first, our best, our *all* to God. Seek to do this, I conjure you, and let me feel at peace on your account. Let me not sink under the thought that that attachment which I fondly hoped would prove a source of nothing but good to you, has loosened your hold of the cross, and made you tread the pilgrim's path with slower and less resolute steps. If it be so, can we expect to be spared to each other, or that, being spared, we shall enjoy the peace we hope for, or be shining lights in our day and generation? These are solemn thoughts, and the more so, because this year is just closing,—this year in which we have had so much to drive us to self-searching, as well as to fill us with praise. * * And now, let me wish you a peaceful exit of the old, and a happy entrance on the new, year. When its first hour draws on, my hopes and blessings will be towards you; and if it be in prayer, it cannot be wrong.'

The events of the year 1835 were thus wound up, and exhibit her full of love and zeal, active in duty, patient in tribulation, instant in prayer. Souls, whether of strangers or of endeared friends, were of inestimable price in her sight: to win them to the Saviour, or to purify her own, and render it more meet for the inheritance of the saints, was her ceaseless aim. She had selected the position of partner to a clergyman; and now that his station was appointed, she prepared herself as sedulously for her share in the duties of a retired country parish as though she had resting on herself all the pastoral responsibility.

Diary.—'*January* 1, 1836.—The year 1835, with all

its perplexities and its joys, has mingled itself with things which have been. It was begun with earnest resolves to prefer God's law to all other things, to resist temptation, and break snares even when they were twining most alluringly around me. These thoughts and prayers were not without *some* effect. Yet—should I have believed the vision had it been shown me when the year began? Alas! human strength is but weakness, and constantly contracted pollution needs constant washing in my Lord's shed blood. How can I grieve Him who gave his life for me? My earthly friends I have seen. There are some whose smile is dear to me as the light of morning, and whose voice is melody to my soul. *Them* I do not forget. To them I could not be untrue. Yet I am unmindful of Him whose eye is ever on me, whose ear marks every word on my tongue, who loves me, too, far better than any human heart can love, and who will call me to account for all my days of negligence and coldness. Great God! take me and make me holy, and melt me with thy love; and may this year be marked with a clear sense of forgiveness, and a constant dedication of myself to thee. Oh! send a blessing larger than I can contain. This year may produce permanent changes in my condition: we cannot but hope, but would leave all to our King. Meantime, may it be spent to his glory. I would observe a few points to aim at; 1st, More openness and confidence with my dearest mother; 2d, Self-denial; 3d, Diligent improvement of every hour; 4th, Lowliness, esteeming others better than myself, not wishing to be noticed or admired for my singing, looks, or conversation. Ah! how mean and low is the state of the mind that can let in such guests. I would be emptied of self, and made, like my Saviour, meek, lowly, humble, and long-suffering.'

Two lines written at this date show her ready sympathy with the afflictions of others, referring as they do to a neighbouring family of but recent acquaintance, and remind us again of a never-failing method by which we may succour the afflicted, even when we have no opportunity of ministering to them personally:—'Colonel B—— died yesterday, and his wife and little ones are desolate. Let me pray much for them.'

Explaining her circumstances and prospects to her friend Mrs. Evans, she wrote:—'Do not, my beloved friend, for one moment regret that I have not sought wealth and its accompaniments in my choice for life. You know I was not brought up to be rich; my habits do not require it; and my real welfare is better advanced without what has proved a snare to many. I love the work to which *my friend* has devoted himself, and shall have more opportunities of seeking to glorify God in doing good to my fellow-immortals than I might probably have met with in any other station. I do hope it is the God whom I desire to serve who has appointed my lot. * * * Thus I have simply told you, my second mother, the facts of the case. Mr. Duncan loves me very much, and so far as human foresight can discern, I have a fair prospect of domestic happiness.'

To her lately found London school-fellow, after mentioning various works of taste, which they had mutually been reading, such as De la Martine's Travels in the East, and after them Goode on the Better Covenant, and Edwards on Redemption, she adds 'Ah! M. A. dear, were our attainments equal to our advantages, how different we should be. As it is, the remembrance of books and sermons, and converse that should have quickened our steps towards our sinless heavenly home, ought to lay us very low at the feet of Jesus, and to make us feel that our best hours have need of being washed in his atoning blood, and as it were annihilated, at least as affording us the smallest ground of reliance. Do you not feel safest and happiest when on your knees, opening the secret places of your heart to God? Let us, dear, live more on prayer. Our minds seek other food; amusement and instruction from other sources; and it is well. But through all this, sweet communion with our Lord should be maintained, that we may grow into his likeness, and transcribe his blessed example into our lives.'

Her friend, near London, who drew forth her sympathies, and enlivened her piety to its most ardent warmth, had been in deep and prolonged affliction. To her she wrote in March in such a strain, that the reader melts at the humility which ardour and exaltation serve but to increase:

'*March*, 1836.—It is a blessed thing to learn in whatso-

ever state we are, therewith to be content. May the Holy Spirit perfect the work of patience, and give you bright and absorbing views of our better house above. Holy courts of our God! we shall meet there no longer to speak of sins and short-comings, but to be lost in the glory of the Eternal, and have but one aim, full, satisfying, and enrapturing to do Him honour, who loved, and saved, and cleansed us, and gave us a place before His throne. Should not *such* a hope make light to arise even in darkness for us, and invigorate and cheer us onward in the narrow way. Oh, for a clear and never-failing evidence that we are advancing to this bourne continually.'

To a friend in Kelso.

'*Edinburgh, April* 29.—* * * To me this has been a weary time, and I have sickened for fresh air and green fields; but I know that the *smallest* and greatest events of my life are ordered by a gracious God, and I think I am learning to be a little more submissive, and not to look for so much happiness in this poor world as I once did. "He shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver," and make me and all his dear children meet for a better world, by every turn of his providence.' To the same dear friend she wrote nearer the time of her marriage:—' * * * Your beautiful present will be very useful to me, and standing before me in my private hours, will remind me of you, and bring to my heart the cheering hope, that the daughter of those who have been so dear to you, is still helped and strengthened by your prayers. Ah! do pray much for me, dear friend. I feel that I need it much at present, and I always shall. When a thought of me glances across your mind, turn it into a petition, for I would not be a barren fig-tree to stand before the sacred courts of my God, and by a show of useless leaves, hinder others from bearing the precious fruits of righteousness. The situation on which I am about to enter, is a most responsible one, for I *must* be in some degree conspicuous to those around me, and if they get evil instead of good by my influence, Oh! how shall I answer it? But my hope is in Him, who increaseth strength to those who have no might; and when I think of his Almighty arm being around *all* his redeemed ones,

doubt and fear are changed to a calm and trusting peace. But these things show you how much I need the supplications of those to whom I am united in Jesus Christ. I often remember the time when I was your little bridesmaid, knowing little of the solemnity and the responsibilities of marriage, but sincerely interested in your happiness. You have gained much experience since that time; why will you not help me with it? You say, if I were not the daughter of my dear mother, you would tell me some things that might be useful. Do not refuse me one privilege because I enjoy another. You may give me counsel in a different form, or tell me some things she may not think of, and I shall be truly grateful if you will. * * I took leave of my pleasant post among the aged women in the Workhouse two days ago, and Providence sent a young lady of deep piety to more than fill my vacant place. I felt happy and thankful to be allowed to introduce her among them, when I bade them farewell.'

In the month of May she wrote to her friend near London in rather a mourning strain, in consequence of some domestic obstacles, which for a time threw difficulties in her way. But they, like other trials, led her, as ever, to draw nearer to her Saviour.

'*May*, 1836.—Could you have lived *in my head* for a day or two this spring, you would have encountered such a whirl of anxieties, and changes, and uncertainties, and fears, as would have made you pity, and be ashamed, for one of the sheep of the fold who could be so affected by any thing that did not take her away from the green pastures and the still waters. In the midst of all I see the loveliness of Jesus, and the excellence of the portion he offers in clear contrast with the fleeting bubbles of this world. I see, and love, and admire. Yet I fear that all this spring's work has not led me to a more entire surrender of self to Him. Many wandering thoughts have mingled with my sacrifice, and many vain thoughts have escaped me. But His dealings with me are all right, and I most thankfully feel that in Him I have what neither life nor death can deprive me of; and He would not have given me all those subjects for thought, but to make earth seem less attractive, and heaven shine on me with more of its

own glory. * * * The night wears away, and soon will dawn a morning without clouds. How much to animate and to solemnize there is in this thought! How much to make us look past the small nothings of time to the eternal hills! My own friend! to which of us the call may come first we know not, but O! how sweet and firm is the love that binds us to Christ, and in him to each other; and if it be so now, what will it be when we have met to part no more, and have been freed from all that dims the intellect, and chains the spirit, and turns it from the objects to which it will then be for ever and joyfully directed. Oh! are not *all things* ours who have a hope so full of immortality! When I come back from such precious hopes, warranted by the word of a Saviour, and look at my own inconsistent heart and life, stained with much evil, I am filled with sorrow. But my Intercessor never fails. What a dispensation of mercy we live under!'

The difficulties being removed, she wrote to the same dear friend, in her usual sweetly dependent and watching frame:—

'*June* 1836.—Oh! what a Saviour is ours, that even the depth of our own corruption should be the means of making his love more manifest to us! How can we ever wilfully grieve this "Friend, that sticketh closer than a brother?" My steps in the heavenly course have been slow and faltering, and many who commenced it later, have far outrun me. I only wonder that I have not been withered away like the fruitless fig-tree. But since I am spared, I trust it is a token for good. There is no Lord like ours—none other would have had patience with me. Oh! I desire to love him with all my heart, and I feel with you that it will be joy unspeakable to be received into that place, where it will be impossible to sin. Pray for me, dearest, as a poor wanderer, who would fain cling to her Lord, but often feels her steps decline. Oh! when will he visit me with the light of his countenance, and make me feel the loss of his favour, or of one degree of it, a sorrow that all the bliss of this world could not make tolerable to me for one hour. I have complete trust in *Him*. I know that *He is God*, and every word of his is truth; but I have felt my own weakness in so many ways, that I sometimes fear to lift up my soul to

him. He will never forsake me, a sinner, whom he very early chose for a vessel of mercy; but I *may* be one of those who are saved, "yet so as by fire." I may be much lower in holiness and bliss in heaven, than those with whom my heart is knit on earth. I may grieve, instead of glorifying, my blessed Lord, by living for something else *more* than for his honour. Ah! do not cease to entreat him to show mercy to me, and sanctify me wholly. I am very, very happy as regards my present prospects. When I think of what I *deserve*, and what I *have*, I am filled with wonder. The clouds that gathered round us for some time, are flying away, and though it will never be *all* bright till we are in heaven, there are many gleams of sunshine. A dear friend of ours, Miss Frazer, is dying fast of water on the chest. Many sorrows have turned her hair too early grey, and given her a subdued, placid, heaven-waiting look, unlike any thing I ever saw. She is the last of her race, and many of the strong and vigorous have fallen before her. But what peace, what rapture is in her heart and on her lips! Amid her laboured breathings, she speaks of the love of her Redeemer, who is very near her in the day of her extremity, and tells her friends to give thanks on her behalf. She longs to be with him, and feels no care now about leaving the various useful works in which zeal for her God had engaged her, and where her loss will be so sadly felt. The Bridegroom calls, and she is ready to go out to meet him. May you and I thus die in the sheltering arms of Jesus!'

To her Edinburgh class-fellow, then in the country, she wrote in June :—

'We only visited the General Assembly once, at the close. It was a fine scene. It was crowded with ministers and people, and the Moderator addressed them solemnly, summing up the business, and giving a view of the condition of the Church. Then the full body of voice in singing the psalm was quite spirit-stirring, and the thought that there were present the teachers of thousands of God's people, and that on their faithfulness or apathy the fate of souls might rest, called forth an earnest prayer, that the Lord of

Sabaoth would strengthen and enlighten those labourers in his vineyard.'

A poem to W. W. D., 'with a hair brooch,' was written and presented about this time:—

'Thou needst not talisman or gem,
To turn thy heart to me,
While nature wears her diadem
Of star, and hill, and tree.

All, with a whisper sweet and low,
Breathe of the happy past—
It lives in sunset's golden glow,
Nor dies in night's chill blast.

A rose-bud from the bowers of spring,
A lily of the vale,
Better than gold or costly thing,
Can tell affection's tale.

Yet roses fade, and lilies die,
Thou canst not stay their doom,
Or read of love that will not fly,
In their departed bloom.

But this memorial, not so bright,
Is not so frail as they;
It will not shrink from frosts by night,
Or droop 'neath summer's ray.

Should heavenly Wisdom ever tear
Thy loved one from thy side,
This little lock of shining hair
Shall near thee still abide.

Should He with years of pleasure bless
Thy long, thy faithful truth,
Thou still wilt smile upon the tress,
Bright with the dreams of youth.

Then guard the pledge upon thy breast,
The treasure in thy heart;
And may we meet where love is blest,
And saved ones cannot part.'

May 26, 1836.

Diary.—'*May* 5.—This is the day appointed for humiliation and prayer; and truly there is that in the review of the

past which ought to humble me. When I glance back on many days of mercy, I see a crowd of sins filling them, and perhaps those that have been marked by the greatest outward happiness, have been the most sinful. God has waited, and had patience with me, and given me very many good things; nor has he withheld rebuke and fear. He has sought, in all ways to win me to himself; and how often, when he looked for grapes, has he found wild grapes! * * * The frequent prayer of my heart, in reference to my prospects, has been, "Thy will be done;" and yet my ways have often been quite opposed to that holy will. "In heaven," dear F—— writes, "it will be quite *impossible* for me to sin." Oh, blessed impossibility! How often have I deemed myself fenced round with what would keep me from sin, and yet have been drawn aside! But *then* I shall be as my Saviour is; and if I, in truth, desire it, I must keep my model ever before me here, and not shut my eyes on Him, to feed on ashes. On my birth-day, my dear W—— was here. Oh, I should like to help him on to heaven; and if it please God to fulfil our hopes, I shall be better able to do it than now. Our God knoweth that we love Him, and will, I do believe, bless and lead us all our life long. I would pray much for our connexion, that it may give glory to God, and profit to us, and do much for the spread of Jesus' kingdom in his people's hearts, and in the whole world.'

'*June* 5.—During the last month, prospects have assumed an air of greater certainty, and hope and happiness are my prevailing feeling, and *sometimes* thankfulness. But must mine always be the language of complaint? I have felt earth twining round me, and gaining on me. The needful preparations have engrossed my thoughts at seasons when I should have been ashamed to allude to them by word or action. They have mingled in my attempts to pray, and drawn me aside when the word of truth was sounding in my ears.' (It is but just to say that not the preparation of her personal accommodations alone devolved on her, but in some degree the care of selecting domestic conveniences.) 'Ah, deceitful heart, when shall I conquer thee! Shall eternity and its sublime and awful, but most delightful realities, be driven into the second place, for the

sake of "the meat that perisheth," and with which, for aught I know, I may be done in an hour or a day! I am a faithless child of Jesus, but still his child, because he chose me in his free mercy, and ransomed me. Would that I had such a heart, that I could serve the Lord indeed, and keep his commandments. I am afraid of the next five weeks. The last spent "in my mother's house in my youth." There will be many plans to form, and much of extra exertion to be got through, and shall I be carried farther from my King? Now, let me have more time for retirement and prayer; my life *must* languish without it. Let me seek such a spiritual frame as may enable me to look on "time's things" as naught compared with my own and my neighbour's immortal interests. I look with solicitude, but still more with joy, to the approaching event. The lines have fallen unto me in pleasant places. I pray, my dear Saviour, to make this union the means of promoting the life of faith in our own souls, and of spreading its glorious kingdom all around us. Great may be our fears from our own sins and infirmities, but what may we not hope from his large and remembered promises? Shine on us with thy light, O Lord! revive thy work! and bless the attempts of that pastor of thine, to win souls; and let us be as a garden of the Lord, watered with the rain and dew of the Spirit, that shall make us ever fresh and green! O may *holiness* be written in our hearts and lives! May zeal for God surround us, and our own things be to us as nothing, compared with the honour of our Saviour's name!'

This is the last entry in the Diary before the 11th of July, when the marriage was solemnized.

CHAPTER X.

A NEW HOME.

Among the circumstances of her marriage day, only one recurs to the imagination with the vividness of reality, as worthy to be particularized, and it will bring the image of her who is now a bride in heaven, in the beauty of her holy, humble, beaming smile, to the mind of many a loving and beloved friend. A party of lively and interested cousins and friends had busied themselves in decorating the drawing-room for the solemn service, during the morning. After their pleasant task was accomplished, and they had retired, one who felt a quieter and more profound anxiety for her happiness, stole gently to that room, which, for the time, seemed to possess the air of a sanctuary. The door having been opened noiselessly, the chamber was surveyed. There hung the gay bouquets of flowers, which, in compliment to the taste of Mary, were in unusual profusion. There lay the gaily adorned bride's cake, which, according to the fanciful custom of the country, is elevated into great importance. There stood the sofa, wheeled with its back to the light, from which the pair were to rise to take their solemn vow; and there in front of that sofa kneeled the lovely bride, so deeply absorbed in communion with her God, that she was unconscious of the presence of an intruder. The occasion was too sacred to admit of social union, even in prayer, and the door was closed as it had been opened, with a petition that Jehovah would hear and accept her sacrifice, without her becoming conscious of the inspection of a human eye.

The next entry in the diary is dated Barnes, a mansion-house in the parish of Cleish, where the young couple resided for some time, while the manse was preparing.

'*Barnes, August* 5.—On the 11th July, I was united, by Mr. Grey, to my beloved Wallace, and a new period in my life began. How soon may it end! Amid the busy pre-

parations, the gifts of kind friends, and the numerous farewells, the thing itself did not perhaps hold the prominent place that belongs to it; and it was well, for, from what I have experienced since, I think my feelings would have been overpowering. In the first part of the ceremony, the effort not to weep made me shake like a leaf, and dear aunt I—— held me up, but before the close I was calm—it was short but soothing and pious, and the firm emphatic tone, yet full of feeling, in which my W. said the words "I do," encouraged me greatly, I did not think so much expression could be put into two simple words! My friends looked bright and kind, and there was a lovely train of cousins and sisters—how soon some of them will be settled far, far from me and my little nook. * * 21—Returned to Ruthwell—Friday was Fast-day, my dear W. and I joined in prayer several times in its course. After the last time in the evening, I felt a bright glow of happiness, joy in being united to one who would serve God with me, and in being permitted to tell my thoughts and seek grace and strength from that great Being together. It was one of those hours that are as green islands in the waste of ocean often and brightly remembered. * * We came *home* to Barnes on Saturday, 30th July, 1836, and had nearly a week of wet weather. For some days, however, it has been fine, the sunbeams throw the shadows of the trees on the grass, roses and willow herbs bloom around me, deep woods shelter our spacious dwelling, and every thing tells of happiness and hope, the gracious gifts of God. I have felt the separation from a mother so revered, and all the loved home circle, more since coming here, than on the 11th, or even before, I think. But my husband smiles so tenderly and beamingly on me, that I feel I could give up still more for him. Oh! let me try to make him happy, and never let the tender flower of love be nipped by hasty words; let me try to make his home comfortable, and study his tastes, even in small things. Our income amply supplies our present wants; and when the thought of the future comes over me, I turn it into a prayer for increase of faith, for what have the future and I to do with each other? I mean not only to give orders, but sometimes to superintend their execution; and I hope it may be proved, in our

experience, that godliness with contentment is great gain. How numerous are our blessings. W.'s people love him; the surrounding families here have received me kindly; we have lovely scenery around, and are engaged in the most honourable work that can employ mortal man. Shall we not raise here our Ebenezer, and bless the Lord who hath done so great things for us?'

Such was the strain of gratitude which flowed in unison with the fulfilment of that plan which had so long appeared in the distance, and the accomplishment of which formed one of the stages in life's brief journey. But on this journey, where is perfect happiness? 'The depth says of it, as of wisdom, it is not in me. The sea saith, not with me. It cannot be gotten for gold, neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof. In acquaintance with God, there is peace; in the knowledge of Christ Jesus, there is hope. But present happiness, that joy which hath no unfulfilled desire, is not an earthly joy. God understandeth the way thereof. He knoweth the place thereof. It is in heaven. Even a king's daughter—a bride of heaven, finds it not easy to forget her own people and her father's house; and the more tender and grateful the heart, the keener the longings after those who have been loved and left behind. Sir W. Jones' translation of the adieus of an eastern lady, though applying not to kindred but to accustomed objects, in part exhibits the sentiment.

> 'Wept o'er each flower, her garden's blameless pride,
> Kissed the young fawn that sorrowed by her side;
> Still to relieve her bosom's bursting swell,
> To flower and fawn prolonged the sad farewell.'

Thus, amid the accomplishment of her wishes, wrote the young wife:—'O, it is sad, this severing of early ties! and many a pang it costs me. I am very happy with him for whom I gave them up, but still I am in a land of strangers. Yet the mercy of the past makes me hope for the future, that the kind hand of Providence will be over me still, to bless, and teach, and succour me.'

To her London School-fellow.

'*Barnes House, September* 14, 1836.—I always loved

you, as I used to fancy, much more than you loved poor me. But every letter you write makes me long more for a renewal of that intercourse which was delightful, but too brief. Now, we could hold sweet counsel of Him, whom we have both found to be the best of friends, and whom we both desire to honour with the best of our time and of our affections. Ah! what an added charm there would have been in our friendship, could we have done so then. My heart is full of thankfulness for you, dear friend, and I earnestly hope that you, who began later, have far outstripped me in the Christian race, for I have to deplore many wanderings of heart from God, and much coldness and ingratitude. Would that I could love him as the angels do, and find, at all times, my life, my solace, in converse with him. But were I to permit my harp, which is hanging on the willows, to emit the sounds most congenial at this moment, you would have to listen to a sad and plaintive lay; so I must be less selfish, and try to strike up a more cheerful strain, only entreating you first to pray often for me. Dearest! may I think that every Friday night you pray specially for me? This is what I mean to do for you, and I think we should both derive much comfort from it. Let me thank you warmly for your kindness in sending Ion—charming Ion! How I admire his noble character. I feel almost as strong a wish to know Talfourd as Meta did to know Klopstock, after reading the Messiah? W. could tell you that he thought I had almost lost my senses while he read it to me—it produced so strong an effect. Yet it was not the beauty of the poem alone, but my own state of mind, that made me so alive to its strong touches of feeling; for I had just bid adieu to my mother and my pleasant home, and was feeling the loneliness of my new position more than, I hope, I shall ever feel it again. The weather was dismal, and W. was much engaged in study; and when I roamed about in this great unsocial-looking house, I felt as if I had been dropped down in the midst of a wilderness.' * * *

'Now that we are settled in our retired and peaceful home, striving, in some degree, to fulfil the very important duties to which God has called us, W. is very desirous to adopt every plan for the improvement of his people, and has opened Sabbath schools, and classes for grown-up young

persons,—encroachments on Satan's reign, unknown here formerly. Do pray for a blessing on this little flock. I feel Howe's remark to be true, that our words may come forth as idle breath, dispersed before they reach the hearts to which they are addressed. But let us seek the presence of the quickening Spirit, who can call the dead to life, and then the work *must* prosper. Write soon, love, to one who always prizes your letters, and surely will not do so *the less*, because she is now removed from all she loves except one, and has a life of more solitude in prospect than she ever had before.'

Occupation for the benefit of the strangers who were to be in future her neighbours, was the best emolient for the wounds inflicted by being unrooted from the family of her youthful and constant associates, and the objects of so much sisterly regard; and before she had been many days in her new station, she writes, 'I hope to begin a class of young women next Sunday morning. Do pray for us.'

In the Diary, *October* 1, the aspirations after more spirituality and usefulness are as ardent as ever. A small portion of them is extracted.

'Well, I have always disappointed myself! I thought before, that when we were united, I should be able to help W. more than I have done; and what has become of this hope? But it is not too late yet. I trust God will enable me to live much closer to him, and *then* I may reasonably hope to be useful to my dear partner; for in converse with God is my strength. Help me, O Lord! for if thou do not always speak to me by thy teaching spirit, I must fall; and oh! let me not turn a deaf ear to that sacred instructor.'

'*October* 9.—Not at church, because I have had a severe bilious attack the last two days; I am much better to-day and enjoy the respite. I have had my class,—fourteen, present. It was, on this occasion, strictly preparatory to the Lord's Supper. We read Matt. xxvi., and my heart was enlarged in speaking of the necessity for self-examination, and of the blessedness of saints in taking leave of ordinances for ever, and being in the very presence of God. Mentioned Matthew Henry's illustration, "When the sun shines, farewell candle." Some looked anxious and serious. Oh! I hope the Lord has his own among them!

Of M—— S—— I have good hope. But if *more* be not true Christians, how grievous! They all seek admittance to the feast.'

To a newly-acquired cousin she wrote, 'I must find time to thank you for your very kind and welcome lines. There are few people on whom affection is better spent than on me, for it comes "sweet as the south wind breathing o'er a bank of violets," and does not, like that sweet odour, exhale as soon as diffused around me. I am glad that my visit to Ruthwell has made me acquainted with you, and I am sure we shall not forget each other, for we are neither of us very cold, and *Christian love* would live, even supposing our regard on other grounds might dwindle. My husband is hard at work in his parish, and I am very desirous to assist him in the spread of gospel truth. Pray that we may both find grace according to our day.'

To her correspondent, near London.

'*September*, 1836.—Sweet fellowship with God! would I knew more of it, and drank deeper of the waters of life, which take away all other thirst, and make the things of this life seem as nothing! Ah, my friend! let us try thus to look upon all the little crosses of life; they will last but through the winter. Spring—everlasting spring, will soon come, and then how peacefully shall we repose under the shade of the Sun of life, and remember sorrow but as a departed friend, sent to quicken our footsteps to our blessed resting-place. Dearest F., how we should love that Saviour, who has given us such immortal and unfailing hopes to nerve the spirit to the conflict, and urge it to go on a *little* longer, assured of quick and sure relief! Let us love Him more. Whom have we in heaven or on earth like the "Friend that sticketh closer than a brother?" In what is there so great delight as in keeping His commandments? Onward, dear sister in Christ! Each day brings us nearer. Oh! may each day quicken our progress to it! Then will be no more discouragement, or weakness, or mourning for sin; but an overflowing of joy and love, in the immediate presence of Him, whom, now unseen, we love; and who can tell how soon this blessed consummation may be ours? We must not slumber at our posts; for behold, "the Bride-

groom cometh." Alas! you do not know what a poor, feeble, faltering creature is thus writing of the hopes revealed in the Gospel; yet I *may* so write, for even to me these hopes have been revealed; and though often ready to halt and to stumble, they are—Oh, that they were more constantly and joyfully!—my song in the house of my pilgrimage. Blessed Saviour, who does not weary of loving and leading me! Blessed Gospel, which is full and free enough for the vilest!

'Do you not find, as I do, that it is much easier, and more congenial to the busy heart, to work than to *wait?* Both must be learned, and I have lately felt a strong need of the latter lesson. I am too impatient, longing too much to see some fruit—the conversion of *one* soul, the melting of one hard heart. In short, I fear I am like those of old, who asked for *a sign*. It would be indeed a joy and delight, beyond what words can utter, to be the instrument, in the hand of God, for the rescue of one poor wanderer. But he has many to work for him, and many ways of working, and his kingdom will surely extend, whether it be in the way that pleases us best or not; so I must seek to be patient, and if I walk in darkness, and have no light, to *trust* still. Even did the blessing of God descend on me so richly as to give "souls for my hire," his wisdom might see it good to hide it from me, and never let me know it till I am where I shall sin no more; yet when I read and hear how eminently his grace has been made manifest in other places, I cannot but cry, "Hast thou not a blessing for me also, O my Father?"

Shortly after this she writes:—

'We have had some evenings' work in preparing the library books, which were circulated yesterday, to the delight of the children. I took a class in the Sunday school, and if I am as well as at present, shall rejoice to do so regularly. Oh, I am thankful for this good health. I have never felt more alive to the necessity of being diligent in the duties of every day, since I was married, than I do now. Yesterday, M—— S——* told me, with tears in her eyes, that she should come to me no more, as she is going to

* A young woman of the class.

place;—she must go too, before the communion;—so here I am deprived of the girl I had most comfort in; but I think she has that in her which will keep her wherever she is.'

Again she writes, after their first communion service:—

'We want Christian friends sadly here; but if the Holy Spirit gives us more of himself, even this want shall be a blessing. We have had a sweet season of communion, and surely a blessing from on high. Pleasant it has been to me to sit in the sanctuary, while my dear husband's voice warned sinners to flee from the wrath to come, and told tenderly of a Saviour's dying love. I believe many felt it a blessed day; and should it not be *always* thus? for how large the promises of the Institutor of the feast, to be present with his people at this his own sacred table!

Of this service, her own personal enjoyment of it, her hopes for the young people, her domestic arrangements, &c., a farther view may be taken by the following extract. To the children of the Manse, the arrangement is familiar;—to others it will be new:—

'We have had a sweet season of communion, "pleasant within and without," as one of the elders said to me. The day was fine, the church crowded, and dear W., I think, received aid from his heavenly Father. He dwelt much on the love of Christ *constraining* us to live to his glory, and fenced the tables solemnly, comforting the penitent, and warning away the hardened. I sat between him and Miss S——, at the second table,—the very company that I should have chosen. Our servant was a communicant, and by having almost everything done before going to church, I have not been obliged to keep her at home from any of the services. The elders dined here on their way home, and we had early family worship before they left us. We prepared cold dinner on Friday and Saturday, and there was no bustle. My heart fills when I think of the young people. There were about thirty who stood up in solemn self-dedication, as they do at Ruthwell, on Saturday. They filled the long pews fronting the pulpit. Oh, it would be cheering could one believe them all animated by one heart and one soul. Pray that the service may be a pillar of remembrance to us all, for the Lord hath done great things

for us, and shall we not praise him with our lives as well as our lips? * * * I feel that much lies on me, and I must work while it is day; but my heart is very deceitful. Impressions fade easily. If my Lord did not pour in oil, even when I ask him not, or ask him feebly, my glimmering lamp would go out. But I feel this will not be; for He is faithful.'

Among the pleasing employments of this winter, was her preparation of various papers for Dr. Duncan's work entitled 'Sacred Philosophy of the Seasons,' which he delighted to make a family concern, by receiving a few contributions. His contributors, however, had the advantage of selecting their subjects from his list, while he wrote on all those which failed to attract his circle. Mary's papers were simple, discriminating, and adorned with the elegance which her mind imparted to every subject. 'The Rose,' 'the Bat,' 'the Mouse,' 'Sabbath Morning,' and an 'Autumnal Sabbath Evening,' are marked with her initial sign, M. L. D. In a letter early in the year 1837, she inquires:—

'Has uncle Henry seen the Journal of a Naturalist, which I am reading? It would be after his own heart. The description of the snow-drop there, suggested to me a few verses, which I thought of sending, to see if they are fit to appear in better company in his Spring volume; but I believe they will be too late for it.'

'TO THE SNOW-DROP.

'Hail! rocked by winter's icy gale,
And cradled in thy nest of snow,
Thou com'st to hear sad nature's wail,
When all, save thee, lies waste and low.
From joy's gay train, no garish hue,
Fair hermit, stains thy pearly form;
But, to thy parents' sorrow true,
Thou meekly bow'st thy head before the sweeping storm.

Rising amid our garden bowers,
That yield to thee no sheltering screen,
Thou bid'st us hope for brighter hours,
When spring shall weave her wreath of green.

Nor there alone,* in some long glade,
Deserted now by all but thee,
Thou mark'st the spot where breezes strayed,
'Mong summer's richest bloom, that lured the wandering bee.

Though one and all, the smiling train,
On the forsaken bank have died,
The dews of eve have fallen in vain;
And morn has called, but none replied;—
Yet lingering there in pensive grace,
Thou mourn'st alone the wreck of time;
The cottar's ruined dwelling-place,
The evening hearth of old, the happy voices' chime.

And shall we call this earth our own,
Since longer lives thy feeble frame,
To deck the path when we are gone,
And none is left to tell our name?
No! speed we to the holy shore,
Where souls made pure shall find their rest,
When earth and all her dreams are o'er,
And all the gathered flock are with their shepherd blest!'

M. L. D.

* 'The damask rose, the daffodil, or the stock of an old bullace plum, will long remain, and point out where once a cottage existed; but all these, and most other tokens, in time waste away; while the snow-drop will remain, increase, and become the only memorial of man and his labours.'—*Journal of a Naturalist.*

CHAPTER XI.

PAROCHIAL SOLICITUDES—MATERNAL EMOTIONS.

Two brothers and a cousin passed their week of respite from study at the close of the year, with her; and it is a subject of grateful remembrance, that from this visit, and these efforts for his spiritual weal, one dear youth dates his first awakening to the value and peril of his soul; and if shortly he shall have the honour to deliver the message of reconciliation to others, her spirit in heaven may be a partaker of the joy occasioned by the return of those sinners whom he shall invite. George, then at Glasgow College, wrote to his mother:—'I enjoyed a pleasant Sabbath, and Mary took R. and me, after church, to pass some time alone, when we all three prayed. It reminded me forcibly of the time when we used to meet with you for a similar purpose.' To him she wrote, after he had returned to his studies:—'*Kinross, Feb.* 7, 1837. I have stolen away from a friend's drawing room, to pen such a note as I have time for. I am sorry you have had influenza, and hope you are strong again. Such slight discipline should make us look well to our ways, and see why our kind Lord smites us; lest, by refusing the intended lesson, we draw on us sorer punishment. I hope that, whether confined in solitude, or in the midst of the lively interest of your classes, you keep near *Him*, and seek Him as the companion of all your ways. I was struck lately by reading the answer of a good man to those appointed to try if he was fit for the ministry. They asked if he had felt a work of grace in his heart. He replied, "I call the Searcher of hearts to witness that I make conscience of my very thoughts." What a proof of sincerity! What a sure way to have the light of God's presence shining on his path! Often we chase away the Spirit, by indulging vain and profitless thoughts; and being thrown off our watch, we lose, through their wily insinuations, our peace and joy in believing; and our hearts

grow cold, and our graces languish. These vain thoughts produce vain words; and we do a great amount of mischief to those we ought to help onward to our heavenly home. Oh, my dear brother, let us together try to guard those traitor thoughts, and keep all the secret recesses of our spirits open, for the pure, life-giving beams of the Sun of glory. Then we shall fulfil the great end of our being, by growing into the image of God, and we shall benefit our dear ones, and all with whom we shall come in contact; for do you remember those words, so full of precept for us, "the tongue of the righteous is a fountain of life," and again, "the lips of the righteous feed many." The best guard against vain thoughts is a heart much at the feet of Jesus, constantly drawing near to the mercy-seat, and exercising itself in loving, fervent prayer; for how can vanity find a place in the consecrated temple of the living God? I did not mean to write all this; I know not how I have been led to it; but tell me soon your state of mind, and then I shall know better what to say.'

To her excellent friend, near London, who was confined by bodily infirmity, to a limited circle of occupations, she wrote, unfolding some of her fears as to her performance of duty:—

'*Jan.*, 1837.—* * * The sense of the tenderness of that best Friend, and his watchful love in the hour of sorrow, can not only make that sorrow tolerable, but invest it with a peace and comfort unfelt at other times. And such, dearest, has been your frequent experience, I trust; for, shut out as you have been from active life, you have dwelt in the secret of his presence, and watched for the tokens of his love, and welcomed every cheering promise as a message from your Father. This lengthened period of delicacy grieves me for you, and yet were it not *best*, the burden would be removed. I can only pray that it may be borne for you by Him who did not refuse to bear the cross for you and for me, and that you may be brought to complete submission, and blessed with a heart-reviving view of another and a holier state of existence. My friend, when you are admitted to that lovely home for which you wait, will it not be joy to you, that so many days on earth were spent in the sombre shade of trial, if so you have been

brought at all nearer to Jesus. Even now you can feel it so. How much more when the time of probation is ended. But these cheering hopes are not always admitted. If they were, sorrow would be all joy. The downcast heart mourns the multitude of its sins, and feels as if such comfort were not for it. How sweetly, at such times, sounds the Saviour's voice, "Be of good cheer, I have overcome." Then comes a feeling of shame and contrition that we have doubted, where there is so much abounding love, such willingness to present for us every feeble cry before the mercy-seat, and we return unto our rest—that quiet and beloved haven, where we have so long been anchored; and looking out upon the storm and cloud which gathered when we left it, we cling more firmly to the Saviour, who, in giving us *himself*, has freely given us all things. So wayward is my heart, that in the midst of many mercies that enter into my lot, I sometimes look at your retirement with a sigh. My burden is different from yours; but the same unfailing *One* will strengthen me for it. My position is much less sheltered than ever it was before. You will see how weak I am, when I tell you, that I often shrink back, and wish I were not the person to act and make decisions, but that I had a mother with me still, behind whose shadow to retire as I was wont to do. I make no allusion to situations in which my husband is called to act; there, though even to advise is a great responsibility, it is not the chief. But there are many which peculiarly belong to myself, and I daily feel the want of wisdom to lead me on. I now *feel* those words, "Ye are as a city set on a hill." The character and advancement of the simple and teachable people here, depends, under God, very much on my husband, and, therefore, a good deal on me. I always liked to work for Him who has loved me, but now there is a different feeling; something like this:—"If I do not work, or if I work wrong, the cause of God may be injured." I fill a place that some wise and holy child of God might have filled, and many look to me for instruction, example, and counsel—to me! who have despised so many mercies, and grieved my Master so many times. Does this, dear F., let you into my mind? Before, I laboured in co-operation with others, and moved on their

plans. Now, W. and I labour in some things alone; in others, with those who look to us to devise the methods. Will you lecture me for my creature dependence, and tell me of the fulness of my Lord; and oh, while you do this faithfully, pray that I may receive of that fulness, and that strength may be perfected in my exceeding weakness. Were you near, I could make you understand exactly how it is, and you would say to me, as I often do to myself, "Martha, Martha," &c. The root, I believe, of much of my anxiety is, that I have lately been more cold in closet duties than I used to be. At times I feel Jesus near, and the Spirit helping me, but often other thoughts intrude, and the gentle calls of my Lord have little power to win me to a patient waiting in his presence. How long shall it be so? Ah! my own kind friend, now when you are much shut up to prayer, remember me, a poor and helpless, and far worse, a vile and ungrateful rebel, encompassed with blessings, and cold towards the Giver. My short life has been filled with tokens of his faithfulness, and yet I am often distrustful. Oh, my holy Saviour, when shall I be made like thee! I hope this state of things is not to last, but that the sweet glimpses, which are given sometimes of forgiving love, may become abiding peace, and unwearied waiting on my God. I have had great delight in dear George's late visit. His heart is earnest in seeking, *first*, the kingdom of God, and glowing with desire for the conversion of the heathen. He has got into a circle of pious young men at Glasgow college, and I think a spirit is among them whose fruits will be seen when they come out as ministers of the everlasting gospel.'

'I have had a warm interest in L——— ever since you told me of her mother's removal. Her tender heart will be torn with many pangs! but for such are the promises. I felt the deep treasure that is contained in many of them, when the loss of a most tender and revered parent, made me one of the fatherless. God became in a peculiar manner my Father then, and so he will, I am sure, to this dear sufferer. It was a great blessing that you were permitted to point the dying man to his Saviour. May this be your privilege and mine many times. It fills me with wonder that God condescends to employ his feeble children as in-

struments of good to others: but he has told us *why* the treasure is in earthen vessels. I shall be glad to resume with you the communion that I never like to have interrupted. It would be pleasant to learn an epistle—shall it be that to the Colossians? I shall begin on the evening of Friday, and learn three verses regularly. If you have another plan, tell me, and I shall adopt it. I mention Friday, because I have an especial love for that evening, when a party of Christians, though far distant, meet in spirit to entreat the outpouring of the Spirit on themselves, the church, and the world at large. Do join us, my beloved friend. It is refreshing to me, and it seems strange to belong to a community like this, of which you are not one.'

Her memory was naturally powerful, and it was her delight to exercise it by treasuring up the word of life. While she resided in Edinburgh, when her age emancipated her from appointed tasks, she would, on a Sabbath evening, after hearing the recitations of the juniors, request some of them to hear her in turn; on these occasions she would repeat long chapters, or, as it might be, a whole epistle. Her husband and she, together, committed to memory the epistle to the Ephesians, during the winter they passed at Barnes. Her own poetical efforts were not usually made with pen in hand, but remembered, and written at her convenience; and, during the winter of 1839, when confined to bed, it was a common morning exercise, that her sister should read her a hymn, which, on the second hearing, she could recite without mistake.

To her London School-fellow.

'*Barnes, February* 28.—We have lately been *burning* over a History of the Covenanters, whose awful sufferings from Prelacy, or rather, perhaps, from *Popery under that name*, are still felt keenly by every patriot heart. Who can conceive the consequences, had James succeeded in destroying the persecuted Presbyterians, and, this impediment removed, had ordered his time-serving bishops to own the *holy Pope* as their liege lord. You and I to-day might have been most devoutly bowing to the Virgin, or, feeling it folly, might in heart have renounced all religion as mummery and superstition. I wonder if you, or, indeed, if any but the

descendants of these noble martyrs—those who have seen their wild and lonely tombs, and heard the harrowing tales of their sufferings, and breathed the same free air that played around them, as they confessed their constancy in the sight of heaven and earth,—can be fired with the same enthusiasm, and feel the same mingled pity and indignation at those who thirsted for their blood? No wonder that we, in Scotland, love our church, which was sown among so many tears of our best and bravest.'

During the course of this spring, her diary contains allusions to her prospect of becoming a mother, dictated by the same submission, self-diffidence, and confidence in her Saviour, which so long had given their own peculiar colour to all her views.

Diary.—January 25.—'A few more months and (if spared till then), a critical time will come, and why should the husbandman let a barren tree remain in his vineyard? The future is in his hands though hid from me, and I have not many anxious thoughts about it. The day shall declare it, and it will be in *mercy*, whether for life or death. Yes; I a useless branch can say so, for *I am* a branch of the life-giving tree, and shall not be left to fade. But, what could He do, which is not done for me, and where is the return? The retrospect ashames me. How different should I be if I *realised* the prospect of shining as a star in the mediatorial crown. What eagerness for good would there be then! What prayers for mercy! What anxiety to "feed many" from my lips, by the truths the Spirit teaches. O Lord, undertake for me! My spirit has less of *solemnity* about it than it used to have, because my times of devotion are not in *perfect* solitude, but with my dear husband by, and I do not feel so much *alone* with God. * * I like to spend a few minutes in prayer, in the evening or at some other hour, but then often the world is in my heart, and I have little to ask. I wish to walk nearer to Jesus, and, by my converse, to set heavenly things before my dear husband, and not to lure his heart to settle on earth and me. The fear of God *does* regulate this little family, but we want more life, more love. Lord hear my prayer and come and save us!'

'*Sabbath, April* 16.—All are on their way to Church,

and I may not go—I may not join in prayer with God's people, or listen to my dear husband's voice exhorting his flock to choose the narrow way. I feared, yet did not like to think, last Sunday, that it might be long before I mingled in the services of the sanctuary. I must bring my mind to be sometime an exile from the courts of the temple. But "the universe is the temple of my God," and perhaps I may get nearer to him *alone*, than if I could act as my wishes prompt. He is merciful in giving me warning of what is coming; and my disability to do as I was wont, reminds me that soon I shall be in pain and in peril, and that, perhaps, the bed of pain may be the bed of death. My anticipations are chiefly of recovery and of hours of happiness with my most tender husband, and the little one whom God may give to us. But I would be prepared for either event; and were my spirit beaming, as it ought to be, with my Saviour's love, for what could I long so ardently as for a free and quick admission to his own presence, and to "Jerusalem my happy home." I do not feel afraid to die, but, were death close upon me, should I not quail? I will never let go my only hope, my precious Redeemer, but seek to follow him more closely, and shun sin and coldness. A fearful anticipation of the future at times shades my spirit; of pains such as I never endured; of new and anxious responsibilities; but through all this, grace can and will support even me; and I will not fear, but pray more; as cares increase, so will the aid of the Spirit be given me. Be present in thy house to-day, in the power of thy Spirit, and subdue souls to thy dear Son.'

'*April* 23.—My class is gone; there were thirteen. When shall I see that any real good is done? I must pray more for them. I have been exhorting them to try, like good old Berridge, to put the words of Scripture into the form of supplications, and use them as they walk by the way. Oh, for the teaching of the Spirit to make them wise unto salvation! I painfully feel my own coldness and deadness, and would fain awake to newness of life. My God has shut me up alone while others meet in his beloved courts. I *do* love them! but is it with the fervent love of earlier days, when the words of truth were as manna to my soul? I often look back nine years, to the time when I was

first admitted to the visible church, and feel tempted to say, "then it was better with me than now." What but the blood of Jesus can ransom me? I might have been far advanced in the Christian race ere now, instead of being the weak and erring child I am. When I come to die, I shall not be able to say, like Paul, "I have fought the good fight," but through grace I will cling to my Saviour. Oh! that my dear husband and I lived daily nearer to him. May a blessing be on his preaching to-day. In three days I shall have lived twenty-three years. In the last, how many mercies has God given me, with some slight chastisements that came threefold increased, because I did not cast all my care upon him, but kept some of it to carry myself. I have the prospect of introducing a new inhabitant into a world of sin, and, I trust, an heir of glory to the dawn of an immortal existence. Oh may my babe be one of Jesus' lambs! I scarcely dare form wishes for the future, but, *at present*, my mind needs cleansing. I do not feel the glow of Christian love to all; my affections are too much confined to a few objects. I am easily made impatient, and this was not the case formerly. I want the charity that thinketh no evil. My thoughts are too much on self. Alas! when shall I be like Jesus? In heaven?—Yes; but the likeness must begin on earth. Oh that the breath of prayer may be fervent and unwearied!'

It is worthy of remark here, that the deadness and impatience of which she complains, were probably the result of physical causes. The child of God is often bowed down, and when he would 'go forth as at other times,' and serve the Lord, he finds that his power is gone. Perhaps he is disposed to lay heavily to his charge that which is caused by his infirmity, and feels as if, like Samson, he has been enveigled into the shearing of his locks, by some temporal snare. But the blessed High Priest, who is touched with the feeling of his people's infirmities, knoweth, and, when they attain their glorified bodies, they shall know and discriminate between the backsliding spirit, and the tabernacle of clay. This is one of the innumerable reasons why it will be better to serve God in heaven than on earth, that the aspirings of spirit will be no longer in bondage to the drooping frame. The soul's ethereal communing will

no longer be restrained and drawn down by the earthen vessel in which it is enshrined.

To her friend near London.

'*Barnes, April* 27.—There was much in your last letter that comforted and strengthened me. Oh! I feel grateful to you when you advise me; for you understand and enter into my feelings, and bring to my remembrance the sweet and reviving words of eternal truth, which always bring health and healing to my spirit. Do not refuse, my dear one, to give me counsel, for it does help me, and I require all the help I can obtain. I love to linger on the thought that I have a place in your heart, and in your prayers; and that when you draw near to our God, my name is breathed before him. May not some sweet glimpses of his love be given to me in answer to these petitions, by him who has said, "Pray for one another." Oh that I had more of the spirit of prayer, and could more freely and earnestly plead the promises, so boundless and so unfailing. I do at times "roll my burden on the Lord," and find peace in doing so; but too often I turn and take it up again. Yet my wayward heart is in the school of Christ, and will be disciplined at last.

'I do not know if I hinted to you in my last the prospect that lies before me, that of becoming a mother. Oh! my friend, what a tide of feelings rushes upon me as I write! How great the responsibility of being intrusted with the care of a young immortal,—one who may be a holy and zealous child of God, or care for none of these things. But here, again, the Lord will lay no duty upon me, but what he will enable me to discharge. Will you pray much for me, dearest F.? You will not know when I am suffering, or what the issue is at the time. But oh! commit me to a God of compassion *every day*, and then you will be able to feel for me what, I hope, He will enable me to feel for myself, a sweet confidence that all will be *well*. Yes; it must be well! It would be a mercy to be raised up again, and restored to my tender husband, and the duties that lie before me. But if I am taken, I know whose shed blood will gain access even for me. Yes, "the friend that sticketh closer than a brother," will not desert me then. But

washed and cleansed in His blood, and clothed in His righteousness, I believe that should he take me, He will give me a place in his own temple. It will be the lowest place. It is wonderful indeed that there should be one of any kind for me. But the "many mansions" are for the poor and needy, the sinful and the helpless; and I am of that number. My precious Saviour died that I might live. Oh that I could respond to love and mercy so infinite, by the surrender of my whole self. If I do not give every thought to Jesus, how can I be sure that I am one of His, when the universe, were it mine, could not repay the debt I owe him! I cannot help feeling a wish to live, if it be His will, but not otherwise. I would not change one circumstance in my lot, had I the power, for He is wise, and I should be sure to choose what would be the worst and the most injurious. I know not what shall be on the morrow, but I know in whom I have believed, and that He will keep that which I have committed to his charge. Oh what an anchor for the soul is here! We are far from church, and it is judged prudent that I should not go, so I am left alone to prepare for what is before me in solitude and silence. It is somewhat trying not to be permitted to unite with the congregation of the Lord, and not to hear my dear W.'s voice entreating them to cling to the Saviour; but you know much more of such privations than I do. I can still meet my morning class, and feel comfort in being allowed to say a word in my Saviour's cause.

'I sympathize in your enjoyment of the means of grace at B——n, and hope you may go on in the strength thus obtained, for many days. It was a high privilege to attend the ministry of such a man as ——, and I hope he may be long spared to be a shining light. But is it right for any Christian to work beyond the strength that has been given him? Did not the six months of absence from his flock, each as it rolled away, say to the pastor's heart, that moderation even in labour is a duty, and that the taper of life would longer shed its rays on those around, if it were allowed to burn calmly and steadily, than if exposed to the wasting winds? Few err on this side, but surely holy and devoted men would do well to remember that they are stewards of their strength, and would do well to put it out to

the best interest. Will you resume our valued evening intercourse, beginning in Bogatzky's Treasury at the portion specified for whatever day it may be?'

A postscript to this letter, by another hand, announces that a new object for the exercise of her affections was bestowed, in the birth of a daughter. From her letters shortly after, may be gleaned a view of her sentiments and emotions in regard to this new and cherished gift.

"Oh, M. A. what a delightful thing it is to have a baby! It opens a new, fresh, full fountain in the heart, and makes it, I think, kinder and more pitiful to every thing that lives. * * I have been kindly dealt with, and brought safely out of many dangers. My trust in God has, I think, been increased by his goodness to me at this time, and my baby is the dearest thing you can imagine. She already notices a great deal, but does not smile except in sleep. But, Oh! it is dreadful to hear her cry when she is in pain, as helpless babies often are. Our dear father, Dr. D. is to baptize her next Sunday; so you prayed for us on the wrong day, love, but it would not be the less listened to.'

To a friend in Kelso.

'*Barnes, June* 4, 1837.—I want to thank you for your kind letter, and the tokens of remembrance, the kindness of which I feel very much, and hope you will indeed give my little Mary Lundie a place in your affections. I rejoice in the thought that she has so many praying friends, and I would plead for her the promise which is unto Christians and their children. She was baptized yesterday by her dear grandpapa, and the service was most soothing and strengthening. I hope strength will be given to us by that good Shepherd to whom we have devoted her, to train her up for him. He loves the lambs of the fold, and surely this little one will be among those whom he carries in His bosom. When you remember those hours to which you allude, in Kelso manse, where you heard from my dear parents of a Saviour's love, will you let the thought remind you to pray for their dear little grandchild. No one can quite understand a mother's feelings till taught by experience. It seemed like opening a new fountain in my heart,—a love unlike what I feel for any other; but not *greater* than all

other love, as I have heard some mothers say it is. I sleep with baby, and I am a great deal with her; and, oh! I would have my heart always filled with petitions for her.'

To her friend near London.

'*Barnes, July* 29.—My beloved friend, do not think that I have been so long silent because all my love is centered in my new and most interesting charge. It is not so. My heart turns to you as it was ever wont to do, with deep and fond affection, and my love for my sweet babe makes me feel even more the value of your friendship, because I know that you do and will pray for her. Oh! my dear F., how my heart longs that this little one may be folded with the flock of Jesus, the loving Shepherd of helpless little children! and I have a cheering hope that so it shall be, for she is a child of prayer, and our Father is a God of love. I wish you were here, that I might pour out my heart to you. It ought to be more filled with gratitude than it is, for I have been floating on a stream of mercies. I have been spared to know a mother's happiness, which, before, I knew nothing of. And well may I seek to give glory to my Lord, and own his name at all times, for he has dealt very bountifully with me. Your dear letter did me good. It came as a voice of love from afar, sweetly in unison with the song of praise I was feebly endeavouring to utter, and reminding me of the heavenly love which makes Christian intercourse so delightful on earth. * * Thank you, my own friend, for cautioning me against loving my child too well. I feel the danger, and pray to be kept from it. You say your sister never thought her babe could die. It was quite the reverse with me. From the first it seemed to me that any little accident might snap the thread of so frail a life, and I wondered when I saw her so well, and so quickly growing. Now, I sometimes fear I count her too much my own. O! pray that my heart may be full of Christ; and then nothing will be an *idol*.

From this period the writing in the diary becomes less frequent. Her hands were engaged by her domestic duties; but her solicitude for advancement in the Divine life grew and strengthened the more, that under the responsibilities of a teacher of the females of the parish, of a mistress

with respect to the souls of domestics, and under the drawings of heart for the soul of her child, her spirit seemed more continually prayerful. When suffering from headaches, so that she could not herself partake of the refreshment of the sanctuary, she would still teach her class, and despatch her maids to church; for their soul's sake, toiling to nurse her infant, and, with her Bible or Hymn-book propt open near her, catching, as opportunity served, a morsel of that divine food after which her heart longed. Her joyful and thankful notices in letters, of the commencement of prayer meetings, the establishment of missionary societies, or of any dawnings of grace in the young persons of her own class or elsewhere;—her glad records of faithful sermons, or of words of Christian counsel and love dropt by those with whom she had intercourse,—exhibit a heart going out continually after spiritual improvement, and longing after the growth of the Redeemer's kingdom. She loved much, and had the felicity of being much and tenderly beloved of many, and there was a constant interchange of love-tokens going on between her and friends in various situations and stations in society. Even the gift of a bit of honey-comb from one of her pupils, was too pleasant to her to be passed unnoticed in a letter; and she expresses her wonder that her efforts to be useful to the girls of her class should all along be returned by such kindness and love to herself. 'But,' she adds, 'I desire to be thankful, hoping that to some of them the word has not been spoken in vain.' In a letter, written before her babe had attained its eighth week, she says,—'On Saturday morning I had my class, as I thought I should like to speak to the girls before the communion. I brought my baby, dressed in *their* frock, and told them she was come to thank them for it. They could not be satisfied till every one had held her in their arms: so, poor little lassie! she had many transfers. We afterwards read the parable of the wedding garment, and the passage in Revelations about the marriage supper of the Lamb.'

The minutes of subjects pursued in her class, incidental notices of individuals, of their successful answers, of any token of improvement, &c., show how judicious and how hearty she was in her endeavours to do them good. With a view to aid them in private devotion, and hereafter to in-

troduce them to social prayer, she put them upon writing compositions of that description; and when any sentence pleased her, it found a place in the minutes of her class. Thus the new year's prayer of one girl, the new year's rules of another, &c. &c, stand still in her writing, memorials of the loving teacher and friend who was with them for a season, as well as a fragment of prayer by one who did not survive to finish it, concluded with the following affecting memorandum:—'"Accept of my sincere thanks for health of body and peace of * * " Here the angel of death arrested her, and now she sings praises in sweeter tones in the presence of Him she loves.' She also enters, in reference to this young person, 'M. G. communicated for the second time, December 17,—died January 18,—in hope of glory.' In a letter, writing of M. G., that her disease was fever, she adds, 'She has been ill three weeks, and I, partly from dilatoriness, and partly from fear of infection, have not gone to see her till yesterday; but alas! she did not open her eyes, or testify the least intelligence. I believe the dear girl to be one of those who are gathered in the arms of the Saviour. There has been a seriousness and earnestness about her in particular during the past few months, very encouraging to witness. She has carried on family worship for her grandmother; and often in fine mornings, early, her neighbours have seen her alone in the garden with her Bible; and often in the field her voice has been raised to reprove wicked words and jesting, in those around her. Her poor granny told W. and me yesterday, with many tears, that we had made M. a new woman. Oh that this bitter sorrow might teach her *who* it is that changes hearts, by making her own new! M. G. may recover; but I greatly fear her sands are almost run, and she has had no one to care for her soul, or to speak to her in the language of Zion; and now, let me be ever so anxious, it is too late. Oh, mamma, I have been very wrong! I hope this may be a lesson to me. I wish I more fully believed and trusted the promises in the ninety-first psalm.'

If such was her lively interest when tokens of good appeared, and such her severe rebukes of herself, when not quite clear that her own actions or motives would bear to be weighed in the balance of the sanctuary, how deep was

her grief, how mournful her lamentation, upon any outbreaking of the old leaven in the parish! Holidays and fair-days, and those occasions when persons, uniformly correct in habit at other seasons, strangely think they have got a dispensation for sin, were days of heaviness to her,—days of mourning, as if her children had fallen into sin, and of much prayer for restraining grace.

In reply to advice and consolation, tendered on occasion of her having poured out her grief on account of some transgression, the rebuking of which had produced retaliation by the enemy's old weapons—censure and slander—she writes:—'I am very much obliged for your good advice, and hope it may help us to steer our course so as to give no unnecessary offence. It would require us to be wise as serpents, and that, I fear, we shall never be. But it is a happiness to suffer for *the truth*; my chief source of sorrow when unpleasant things occur, is the fear, lest by a want of caution, or by something wrong in the way of managing, we have caused the way of truth to be evil spoken of.' 'These things make us anxious to let our light shine, that mouths may gradually be stopped. How difficult it is for a simple-hearted person to manage with those who are wise in their own eyes. Grace could soften them. When will it come? We have need of patience, and to be always looking to Jesus, our meek and holy pattern.'

'Wallace appealed to his people on Sunday, on the use they had made of his ministry. It was very touching, and went through *my* heart at least. I could not but feel as if it was the beginning of a blessing on the elders' prayer-meeting. But when shall the fulness of it come, and the people be aroused to flee to the city of refuge? I am dwelling with great delight on Pike's Guide to Young Disciples, and think of making it a text-book for my class. I am not free from headaches. Last Sabbath afternoon I was quite useless. Oh, if they would not come on *Sunday*, how glad I should be! For, when I have them, to keep awake is impossible, and I just doze the weary time away.' At another time she writes, 'I am not likely to write a very bright letter, but you will make allowance for my headache. Oh, if headaches were abolished, I think half the invalids in the kingdom would be cured!' Again, 'my head has been

better since I wrote. I feel a sadness at the coming on of winter; the cold, the bleak country, the want of improving society, make me long for some whom I have known and loved, and who are far away. I must engage in some pursuit that will occupy my mind, for I have a good deal of mere house-keeping and sewing, and of dancing my little fairy, who *jumps* when she is pleased.'

To her friend near London.

'*Nov.* 2.— * * * I do not like the idea of a sheet filled by you being lost, and thankfully own that no letter of yours comes without reviving my desire to keep in the safe and narrow way. I count it one of my chief privileges to be permitted to correspond with you. Do not frown on me, dearest F., or think that I flatter you. It is not so. I never dare say the half of what I feel on this subject. My love for you is very great, and this probably makes what you say come with more impression than it might from another quarter; but it also pleases me to think, that it is in answer to your prayers for me, that you are permitted to write in a way that does me good. Is it not cheering to think, that while our plans and attempts to glorify God in winning souls so often fail, if we live in a waiting frame, we may be made useful, when we have not especially intended it? Words that we have forgotten, may be as the good seed that took root, and have eternal consequences. Ah, how watchful this should make us over every word! Surrounded as we are by those who are by nature lost, and who, if saved by grace, still have, like us, a conflict to maintain against powerful foes, we are under unceasing responsibility to seek their good. If we forget this, some incautious word, or inconsistent action may cast them back, and we may incur the curse of those "who make a brother to offend." This is our *collateral* responsibility; but we must dwell as seeing Him who ever looks on us, and seek to let his Spirit breathe on the chords of our hearts, and keep them in tune; or we cannot teach others to sing the melodies of heaven. * * * O that, pilgrim-like, I were ever, staff in hand, journeying on without looking back. Then, I am sure, I should grow in likeness to God It is sad to bear the name of Christian, and to dishonour Christ by a

careless walk. But why should I trouble you with my complaint, when you are too far off to understand its source exactly, or to see its actings. Would that you were near me, my own friend, I could tell you better about this deceitful heart, than I could to almost any other human being. You would help me to search out its sins, and seek God with me. But this cannot be, and I must love you at a distance, and rejoice to know that in the hour when earth is shut out, and you are alone with God, I am not forgotten. It is a sweet thought, and if not forgotten by *you*, how much less by Him who has graven my name on the palms of his hands. It is this very fact, that He is so kind and faithful in all His dealings with me, that makes me wonder so much at my own ingratitude to Him. I do long sometimes to hear the voices of those I love; but it is sin to long for what I have not,—sin against Him who has in perfect wisdom and love disposed my lot, and given to me, who deserve *nothing*, all that is for my good. Do you remember a poem by one whom I greatly admire, the excellent Herbert, "Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me?" How lightly his heart rests on every earthly thing! How happy was he in his *one* satisfactory portion! It is vain to think that this or that would add to our happiness; or that we should be more holy, if such and such were the case. Happiness is in the spirit that dwells in the secret of the Lord, and holiness springs from the same source.* So I may have both to overflowing, even if the blessings I have, and in which my very soul is bound up, were withdrawn. Have you much encouragement in your work? Ah! this question tells more than was meant by it, for I am too apt to work for encouragement, instead of resigning all into the hand of God, and being content to be nothing, and let whom He wills be the instrument, so his work be done. It would be delightful to feel thus, quite renouncing self, and the gratification arising from a belief that *we* have been useful, and yet not to relax our exertions. Will you tell me your thoughts on this subject? for it is one that often dwells on my mind with a degree of perplexity. It seems difficult to unite the willingness to see no fruit following our individual labours, with an earnest desire for the spread of the Redeemer's kingdom. * * I feel as you do, the great importance

of a clear declaration of the blessed doctrines of justification and sanctification. This must be taught by the Spirit. I feel a strong conviction that no ministry can be eminently useful, when His power is not distinctly owned, dwelt on, and implored. It is the Spirit that quickeneth. May His power be shed abroad on both pastor and people here and with you.'

The year closed upon the little Christian family settled comfortably in the manse, and encircled, for one week, by dear brothers and cousins from the universities, with whom, as usual, private spiritual converse and mutual prayer was cultivated by this Christian sister and friend.

To a dear relative.

'It grieves me to hear that my dear aunt is yet so little restored to the power of motion; my hopes had run much faster than the reality, and I am greatly disappointed. I do trust she will not long be detained from those privileges she so highly values, nor you, my dear aunt, obliged to go alone. May there be many happy days yet in store for you, days in which you may walk to the house of God in company, and return to converse on the great things that have been showed you there. Meantime, may Jesus, the friend of the afflicted, overshadow your dwelling with the wings of His love, and fill you with all joy and peace in believing. When He speaks to the heart, there is less need of human teachers. Sometimes He removes them far from us, to teach us to draw instruction directly from himself.

'I need not attempt to tell you how much we have enjoyed this week with the dear young people, but it is far too short, and one is grieved that it is impossible to cut the pinions of time, and detain the enjoyment that is borne away on the flying hour. They will tell you of us, and describe the house and our employments. To-day being very fine, we have had a lovely walk to the top of one of our hills, where there are many irregular summits, and some lochs lying among them, wild and treeless. The view of Kinross and Lochlevin is finest from thence, and we enjoyed running down the declivities all in a body. What a pity that we are so soon to part! Your Christmas present reminded us of the long-gone days when we used to hail the

arrival of "aunt's basket" as one of the brightest events of the year, to look forward to it for weeks, and find in it enough to interest our young fancies for weeks more. Those were happy days,—and they are gone. The beaming smile that sprung to greet our happiness is gone, and the kind voice is silent that used to melt into such tones of tenderness when addressing us,—favoured children as we were. But that voice is sweeter now, and tuned to nobler themes, and oh! blessed hope, we shall see the smile again, bright with heavenly joy. There was something about my beloved father which I have never seen in any other human being. Can you, who knew his mind so well, help me to find out what it was? There was a humility, a simplicity, a grace in the midst of all the power of mind that marked his conversation and actions. A beautiful tenderness that sheltered the meanest from a wound, a brilliant wit—so peculiarly lovely when employed, as it sometimes was, to avert the danger of dispute. All these were charming, and yet blended together so as to produce a character which it would be impossible to describe, and whose resemblance I do not expect ever to see on earth. I have dwelt long on this dear theme, but not too long, I know, for you.'

This picture of her father, which never faded from her view, may be fitly followed by a fragment of poetry which adds another trait to the delineation—his Sabbath-day aspect and converse:—

A FRAGMENT.

'Farewell, ye Sabbaths of my early years!
Your latest comes apace and soon will fly;
But your blest memory my spirit cheers,
And still shall cheer, till my departing sigh.
Sabbaths of Peace! How happy was your flight,
When, gladden'd by a father's smiles and love,
So tender when he spake of Heaven's delight,
It seemed a blest reflection from above.'

A portion of the sentiments committed to the Diary shall wind up the year.

Diary.—'*Dec.* 10, 1837.—How many mercies have gone over my head since last I wrote the expression of my anticipations here! Do I praise my God by a life of holi-

ness, remembering that "*thanksgiving* is very good, but *thanks-living* is far better!" Next Sabbath we hope to encompass the sacred table of Christ; and I long to do so with a true heart, having a sweeter taste of his love, and more lively desire to be with him, and more earnest striving to put off the old man, and be one with Him, than I have known before. In my own frames I put no confidence; many times they have deceived me; and ardour, that, at the moment of its height, seemed as if it would surely rise into a flame, that should not be extinguished, till it melted into the blaze of celestial glory, has faded away, and left me poor, helpless, cold, and stumbling. But, blessed be my God, *my frames* are not my Saviour. *He* stands firm amid all the fluctuations of the deceitful heart. He bears with my infirmities, He pities my weakness, He watches the feeble spark that seems about to expire, and pours in streams of oil, even His own precious love, so that it revives again, and shines forth to His praise. I have been anxiously remembering for some time that Christians should let their light shine before men; and that, in *our* situation, our light, whatever it be, cannot be hid. If the light in us be darkness, how can we hope to be made the instrument of enlightening others? If it be false, polluted with earth, dim, and imperfect, it cannot win men to seek light for themselves. If it be unsteady and wavering, ready to be blown out by every breeze, it may be a beacon of warning, but it cannot be a light in the hand of God to our fellow-sinners, pointing out the safety and blessedness of Zion's pilgrims. Oh, that our light were purified, and kept clear and steady! Then, though feeble, it must be useful in its fleeting day. What a pity, when our days on earth are so few, to be content to let any of them pass in dimness. The utmost we can do for Christ is small enough; we need not make it less. But those cheering words of David have often rested on my mind:—

> "The Lord will light my candle so,
> That it shall shine full bright;
> The Lord my God will also make
> My darkness to be light."

In this will I be confident; and when I find my light has

been misrepresented, and been the unwilling cause of leading others astray, I will seek unto my God to make it so bright with his own beams of love, that all may see that it was lighted by Him, and will soon shine in heaven. Animating hope! but unlike the reality. Much is to be done in my soul ere it can be thus. Oh, my God, come and work in me by thy good Spirit, and make me delight in the great work; knowing that the time is short, the account soon to be given in and for ever made up! I wish all the church on earth had their gaze so bent on God that their faces might shine, as did the face of Moses on the mount. Ah! but who will, like him, be forty days in fasting and prayer, and close converse with God! Were there more of this, the holy name would not be so often evil spoken of, through our inconsistencies.

Next Sunday, baby's maid is to come, for the first time, to the table. I have staid at home to-day that she may go to church. I write with my lively babe on my knee, May I get help to train this sweet gift of God for himself.'

CHAPTER XII.

GROWTH IN LOVE.

It is delightful to observe Mary's advancement in Christian love, which is so conspicuous as her few years rolled away. Love is 'of all the graces best.' *Humility* in its exercise is inevitably connected with mournful convictions of unworthiness—even Hope, that day-star of the soul, is not satisfied with the present, it embraces future bliss; but *Love*, in whatever measure it exists, is actual enjoyment. Blessed be He who constructed the human heart! its capacities for loving are immeasurable;—its elasticity, its expansive powers, are commensurate with the objects of attraction. Even in an evil world, and with a heart fettered by remaining corruption, and trammelled by its case of clay, its capabilities are boundless; and, instead of being attenuated by expansion, it is consolidated, and becomes capable of still greater and greater efforts of usefulness, of self-denial, of tender and watchful observance. Exercised in solitude, its breath is prayer, its thoughts are sympathy, its devices are usefulness.—Exercised in society, its track is mercy, its eye-beam is benevolence, its words are peace.—Exercised towards the reconciled God in Christ Jesus our Righteousness, it is gratitude, praise, humble adoration, joyful anticipation, peace,—eternal, unconquerable peace—begun below, but having its stronghold far above, out of sight of earth.

> 'The love that leans on a celestial urn,
> Scatters a thousand streams,—nor seeks return;
> For she doth draw from her own hidden well,
> That flows for ever,—and would flow unseen,—
> But that the freshening flower and livelier green
> Betray her, hastening with her God to dwell.'

So was it. She was 'hastening with her God to dwell.' Many expressions in the diary and letters convey the idea

that her anticipations of an early removal from this scene had been frequent and strong. Yet it does not appear that this arose from any conscious infirmity; for her exertions were increased, rather than relaxed. It was her longing to be free from sin, to see the face of Him whom, 'having not seen, she loved;'—it was her consciousness of the ungenial clime that earth afforded, which led her to be looking out as for the dawn, and to be asking, with 'the Pilgrim, 'How far from home, O Lord, am I?'—and which produced such expressions as that just quoted from her diary, 'that all may see that it was lighted by Him, and will *soon shine in heaven.*'

To her sister she writes of her father, on the sixth anniversary of the day when he was taken from us:—'I had a quiet and solitary morning on the 16th, recalling all the past, and seeking grace for the future. How sweet is every remembrance of our beloved father! His tenderness to his children, his compassion for the sorrowful, his sorrow for the sinful, and his desire to win them by love,—come back in sweet memorial to my heart, and furnish a model I should love to imitate.' She then adds,—'I hope, dear, you have been able to attend "*the preachings*" with comfort and profit. Ah, how much too seldom that sweet ordinance comes in our country! I, for one, am sure it would quicken me greatly to have it often; but the presence of the Master of the feast is the great matter, and I trust He was made known to you in the breaking of bread.'

To her surviving parent, her sympathizing love was so true, so extensive, so minute, so intelligent, that it seems a thing alone, in counting up 'wilderness mercies.' Many children receive parental kindness and exertion as matters of course,—and so they are; but Mary counted and dwelt on each new act as a new and undeserved treasure; anticipated each meeting as a joy almost too much for earth, and never, on any parting, could restrain her tears. The sketch of that faithful heart would be incomplete, without a glance into that deep well of love. In reference to the indisposition of a member of the family, she writes:—'I feel concerned at what you say of his health; but, my dear mamma, I think that having been long enough in this weary world to see the fading of those you loved, you are perhaps

more alarmed than the things you have mentioned sanction. But be assured that, while I write this, I am keenly alive to every thing that makes you anxious, and shall make it matter of prayer, as well as of the most tender sympathy. I trust, my mother, there are yet in store for you many days of peace and happiness here, ere you are called to the blessed land where grief will be remembered but as a dream of the night.' 'Uncle Henry says it is possible *you* may come too. Oh, my dear, dear mamma, I dare hardly think of it, lest you should not! It would be indeed a delight beyond what I have dared to hope, to see you so soon again. If you *can come*, do write soon, and give me the happiness of knowing it. You will now, I hope, come and see your longing children. It will renew your youth (at least it does mine) to see your merry little youngest daughter laughing and springing, and shaking her *sage bit head* at you.'

'*February* 27, 1838.—My heart was with you on Sunday, when I believe you were engaged at the Lord's Table; and yesterday, when you would be in church, I read a sermon of J. B. Patterson's on the subject. I trust you were refreshed and strengthened to go on your way rejoicing, looking for and hasting to the blessed time when there shall be no more sickness of heart, but abounding peace in the presence of Him who has redeemed us. Oh! that this delightful hope had more effect on our daily life, making us seek more close and frequent communion with God, and bringing every thought, and word, and disposition, into subjection to His will.'

Of her father-in-law she writes, 'I could scarcely love him more if he were my very own father. I feel most tenderly alive to every thing connected with him. I wish he would write to me twice a-year or so.'

Few have felt more tenderly, or yet endured more cheerfully, that which all must feel, who love ardently, and are divided from what they love. The following extract from a letter, written after parting from her new-year's party of youthful relatives is introduced here, rather beyond its date, because it at the same time expresses her love for them, and something of her delight in being a mother:—

'*Cleish, Jan.*, 1838.—My dearest E., this is Wednesday,

and though I have *survived* the departure of the dear young party, I have felt weary, and my head has ached ever since; missing them at every turn, and remembering twenty things I meant to have said, but did not. Time flew with such envious speed, that many things were left undone: it is difficult to apportion every hour aright,

> "When all the sands are diamond sparks,
> That glitter as they pass."

Oh! it is sad to be parted from *all* one's early circle; from every face that helped to make childhood happy; and this is perhaps more felt in a solitary place than it might be elsewhere. I want to express my joy that the painful part of your dear sister's affair is over, and the *happy* time is come. She will be astonished at the degree of her own happiness, I believe, when her little *new one* twines himself about her heart with absorbing power. I long to know how she *does* feel. With me, when the shock was over, my predominant emotions were wonder, and gratitude, and *dependence*. I felt completely in the hands of God, and saw his wisdom and love in events from which I should otherwise have shrunk. It was a very happy state, and the new fountain of love opened in my heart, seemed to flow out to every body, as well as to the dear little object of it. * * I trust your nephew is one of those little ones who are precious in the sight of the kind Shepherd. My brother George is not strong. He had frequent indisposition while here, and so many holiday exercises, that it was scarcely holiday at all for him, poor fellow! He is a most dear and affectionate brother, and so considerate and loving, that he really is not like any other youth I ever knew. To be sure I have not known many as I know him. He used to come to the piano about nine for his greatest treat, and he is so fond of music, that the simplest little melody is not lost on him. He said he should not take well with the bachelor-hall they keep in Glasgow after this. He is very much in earnest about divine things. Oh! how I wish it were possible for me to be near him, and of any comfort and use to him.'

Of her elder brother she wrote:—'We enjoyed the six days Corie spent with us very much. While I complain-

ed of the shortness of the visit, he said it was an uncommonly long one for him. He was most kind and brotherly, and observant in a degree I could not have expected from one so used to live alone. We had a little very pleasant conversation on eternal things, and on Sunday I read him great part of Phillip's "New Song in Heaven," which he liked very much.'

Though many proofs of her interest in the parish, and longings for its spiritual welfare have already appeared, as the present chapter is devoted to exhibit the expansion of her *love*, this may be the best place to insert some other expressions of it. 'I have just begun to distribute tracts, and hope those little silent visiters may prove messengers of peace to some around us. I have only undertaken fifteen houses, as my time will hardly admit of more.' 'I like the work very much, as it enables me to speak of eternal things, making an *opening* for me. There are in the parish a few drops of blessing, but Oh! where is the refreshing shower, that should make our wilderness blossom as the rose!' 'My class is rather in an interesting state at present, at least *I hope* so. W. has resumed his for young men, which is well attended.' 'I am enjoying Leighton on Peter very much. How much might we learn, if we, like this holy man, studied the Bible verse by verse, and word by word, imploring the teaching of the Spirit. His deep wisdom, and intense enjoyment of Scripture, make me grieve that I have so little entered into the hidden meanings there. I hope I shall learn a salutary lesson from this book. It is a great help to me in instructing my class.'

Of an aged woman she writes to her friend near London:—'I have both hope and fear for her. She has had many sorrows, but never was so broken down as by the last blow. Yet I fear she may drive away reflection by bodily exertion. She is still bearing the burden and heat of the day, though with her it is evening time. Oh! may it soon be light! Will you, dearest, and any other Christian friend that you can ask, help me to pray for poor old P. She can have but short time to stay; and oh! how awful will be her account, if the earnest entreaties and lovely example which were set before her, and her present sor-

row pass, without being effectual means of bringing her to Christ.'

'*July* 16.—Typhus fever is still lingering among us. One mother of five children has died of it, and now the father and eldest girl are both ill. Wo is me for the little ones! Another Keltie man has it, and yesterday one of my girls was absent from class because her mother has been seized. Oh! that the voice of the Lord might be heard in the awakening of dead souls by this visitation.'

'*Cleish, Sept.*—We have still a number of cases of typhus fever at Keltie, principally among children. It has lingered long among us. Oh! that it might act as a warning voice! W. has just established a missionary society, into which I hope the people will heartily enter.'

'*Oct.* 1.—We have had very fine weather for a week, and our people are rejoicing that harvest, so long retarded by rain and cold, has come at last under such bright auspices. We long to see them giving heartfelt thanks for this blessing; and while they throng the fields with busy cheerful looks, we say, "Oh! that men would praise the Lord for his goodness." He appeared in the early season to teach us by judgment, and now that it is turned into great mercy, shall we not see the hand that has blessed us? It is sad to think there be *few* that fear the Lord, and yet I do trust there are many hidden ones of whom we know not, and who shall be owned at last as ransomed. Shall we unite to pray that such may be strengthened and enabled to take the field as good soldiers of Christ, that so the church may be strengthened, and the number of those increased who are earnest and courageous in their endeavours to augment the number of her sons.'

At the time of the summer communion this year, when her health was in so delicate a state from her peculiar situation, that her own attendance on the services must have exerted all her powers, she writes:—'We had a comfortable time at the communion. I liked Mr. M., who preached on "His commandments are not grievous," drawing a beautiful contrast between fear and love, and the kinds of obedience they produce. As there was evening sermon on the Sunday, and an interval, I was led to ask many to come in and get refreshment, and I think we were about thirty-

four in all,—parlour, study, and kitchen, being well filled. I felt sorry it was impossible to ask them *all.*'

Almost every letter quoted has exhibited her pure experience of the pleasures of friendship. To its pains also she was no stranger. The 'rejoicing and weeping sympathies' were with her as an ever-flowing fountain. It were unwise to number minutely the associates in whose society she was refreshed in her own neigbourhood. But of all their kindness she had a sweet and grateful sense; and in all their intercourse, felt herself the party obliged and benefited But, as her pilgrim heart was ever turned towards her heavenly home, it was the one or two whose visits were taken advantage of, to unite in seeking the footstool of mercy, whose society was prized, and whose return was coveted most earnestly. We shall give scanty extracts from letters to friends in various positions, which exemplify the fulness of her love, and the truth of her sympathy.

To a friend on her family quitting and selling the Family Seat.

'*April* 1838.—Since receiving your letter, I have had my thoughts much filled with what you tell me, and grieve with you in the changes that are taking place, though I am sure you will have peace in the sacrifice. I know your bitter feelings, love, in separating from the wild wood-walks, and green fields, and all the host of sweet associations that are coeval with life itself. All the summer rambles, all the evenings of peace in scenes so beautiful and so beloved are past, and you scarcely dare to hope that another spot on earth will entwine itself about your heart, as this dear home of childhood has done. I can enter into your every feeling on the subject with the painful correctness of one who has felt the like trial in all its heaviness, for C. cannot be more dear to you than my beautiful home among woods and rivers was to me. I was early called to leave it, when every tree seemed a friend that could enter into my sorrow, and every golden ripple of the Tweed spoke to my heart of him who loved to watch their play; but the *great* sorrow was so overwhelming as to make this seem small indeed. *Your* beloved parents are with you still, and

the pain of parting with the *place* you love is all you are called to feel. How small compared with the other! I hope it may be blessed in detaching your heart from earth, and fixing its highest hopes on the eternal city. These nests we build for ourselves on earth, sometimes delay our heavenward flight, and then in mercy they are destroyed, that we may fix our eyes there, and exert every power to win the desired country.'

To her earliest correspondent and ever-beloved Cousin.

'Many a time when I am sitting alone in this room, with my books or work, I long to see you, and to hear the sound of your voice again, and wonder why it is that those who love each other should be so completely separated. What a great obstacle is a small tract of country! Had I the wings of that humble bird, the carrier-pigeon, I should be with you in an hour or two, and yet all my thoughts, and recollections, and affections—powers much superior to that of flying—will not bring me to you. Well, there must be a good reason for it, or He who careth for the little birds would have made the gratification of our wishes easier. * * * We are enjoying Melville's sermons, which give one some new ideas, and throw light on some passages. I trust your mind, my dearest cousin, is resting in perfect peace on Jesus our sure refuge.'

The announcement of a projected visit from her London school-fellow, produced a flood of joy. We quote a small portion of her letter:—

'Last night, my beloved M., your letter was put into my hands, and it made me so happy that I would have answered it instantly, but that I was obliged to finish a piece of work. So I got rid of my superfluous effervescence, by committing to memory, while I sewed, a long passage from my favourite Keble. Are you really coming to us at last, my own dear friend? Shall I have the long-wished for joy of welcoming you here, and of telling you how much the seven years that have intervened since we met have endeared you to me. * * * As for me, I *know* that in many things you will be disappointed, for I am sadly disappointed in myself. But I know too, my kind friend, that you will love me still, and I do not desire that you should think too

well of me. * * Oh, M., my heart is full! To think that we are to meet again after the changes of seven years have gone over us—after the receipt of so many mercies, and so much discipline, is at once joyful and solemn. May it be to the glory of our great Father!'

To a friend who had formed a very happy matrimonial engagement, she wrote with the lively sympathy and the meekness of wisdom, which experience had taught:—

'Often, my M., I think of you, and of your happiness. Perhaps few periods of your life will be brighter than the present. You are still with your dear parent, from whom, even in the midst of joy, it will be sorrow to part; and you have the devoted affection of one who promises to watch over your future years, and to be the friend, to whom, of all on earth, you can best open your heart, and from whom you will receive never-failing sympathy, and counsel, and love. There is, also, a degree of excitement produced by the bright visitant *hope*, who hovers over you, and bids you look upon a sunny future; and though in this excitement there may be some illusion, I think we shall agree that it is delightful. Marriage, with all its blessings, brings cares, and some sorrows and trials, too, dearest, which you know not yet; and it is well, or we should be too much bound to a world that is but a pilgrimage, and forget the lovely land where pilgrims rest. Let us at all times keep *that* in view, and strive to come nearer to it, and the things of earth will not have the power to exalt or cast us down unduly. * * * It must be difficult, and require a good deal of resolution, to prevent too much time being occupied both in expecting and receiving a guest, whose residence affords him every facility for coming. There is danger of being too much engrossed, and living in a sort of *dream*; but the safe and *only* remedy for this is to seek much communion with God, and to do each duty as it arises with stedfast purpose, without admitting any of the numerous excuses that so obligingly offer themselves the instant their services appear likely to be accepted.'

To her friend near London.

'*March*, 1838.— * * * I know that the longest silence will not make you cease to remember me in the way

I love best to be remembered,—at the throne of grace. There you breathe my name, where no sincere prayer is disregarded, and entreat for my soul, as well as for your own, the constant "sprinkling of the blood of Jesus," which alone can wash us from daily pollution. Continue thus to pray for me, my own sweet friend, and I will try to stir up my poor cold heart to more abundant supplications for you; and then how happily shall we meet when mortality is swallowed up of life, and those who have stayed up each other's footsteps in the wilderness shall rejoice together, clothed in everlasting strength in the new Jerusalem. Happy place! Happy period! There shall be no more coldness, no more looking back to Sodom, and longing for its deceitful pleasures, but all the powers of the soul, concentrated in intensest love to Him, of whose glory and excellence we shall find that "the half hath not been told us." Does not every thing seem tinged with redeeming love, when we think of these things? The placid skies, the quiet earth, health, friends, and even the frequent crosses and disappointments that chequer our way, all seem what indeed they are, blessings from the hand of Him who counted not his life dear for our salvation. * * The greater part of our people are four miles distant, and in the snowstorm which has continued for nine weeks, they have been unable to attend church, and their pastor has been able only once to get through to them, so that the people have been as sheep without a shepherd, so far as an earthly one is concerned. But we must be content to leave them to the care of God, assured that He loves them better than we do. I am not so anxious for those who are His already, as for the poor wanderers who refuse to hear his voice. Time and hope fly fast, and whither are they going? But such thoughts as these are useful in one way. They quicken prayer, and He to whom we pray, could, by one thought, driven in upon the conscience, do more for them than all the exhortations and entreaties we could offer in the course of years. It is a difficult, but a most essential lesson, that man can do *nothing*—God *all*.'

To the same.

'*Cleish, Aug.* 1838.— * * * My own F., we are

united by a bond less perishable than that which cements earthly friendships, and it is one of my sweetest pleasures to think that I have a friend by whom I venture to hope I am daily remembered at the mercy-seat. Much do I require, and deeply—deeply do I prize, such remembrance. So many things demand my constant thought and attention, that I feel in great danger of being drawn away from the secret place where prayer is made and heard. Perhaps something darts into my mind that must be done,—a direction to give, or messages to send, or my little darling cries, and I cannot help running to the nursery to take her, fearful that her attendant is mismanaging her temper. Can you, my dear friend, with all the quietness you enjoy, enter into this? You are sheltered in the bosom of a large family, while I am obliged to think, and plan, and act continually, and housekeeping requires a good deal of thought in the country, far from shops, and with out-door concerns as well as those within. All this may show you how much I require your prayers. Oh! do not cease to entreat a blessing for me and mine, even the blessing of Him who dwelt in the bush. * * * Have you had converse with many pious friends, who have lent you a helping hand on your journey? This is a refreshment for which I often long, both for my dear husband and myself; but I hope our Father is teaching us by the—*in this respect*—almost solitary situation in which we are placed, to say, "All my springs are in *Thee*." My nature is to lean too much to earthly aid, counsel, and teaching, and of this I see I must be broken; and, oh! that I could feel how much sweeter it is to be taught by my Father in heaven, than through any earthly medium. * * * Mary ran out of her maid's arms ten days ago. It was her first attempt to walk alone, and I could not have imagined how very joyful the sight would be. Oh! to be enabled to train up this treasured one for God, to see her walking in the safe and pleasant way to Zion, and, from infancy, a lamb resting in her Shepherd's arms. Do give this dear one a frequent place in your prayers.'

The above reference to house-keeping cares, and their disturbing effect on her higher pursuits, brings to mind the unflinching assiduity with which she pursued her domestic

arrangements, never excusing herself on the score of illness, and even taking charge of out-door concerns, when she found that they would be neglected if she did not. Some persons have a genius for managing; they are in their element when the gardener, and the ploughman, and the cook, and the house-maid, are all waiting their instructions. It required but to see Mary, and hear her gentle melodious tones, to be aware that this element was not hers. Mental cultivation, the muse, converse with the intelligent, works of taste, and acts of benevolence,—these were her elements. But while all saw her apply herself strenuously to the occupations that she loved not, no one ever heard her complain, except from the embarrassment of mind which threatened to impede her spiritual progress.

Her method of receiving rebuke is scarcely known, for few have lived and given so little occasion for it. But one example exists, which bears so much the mark of Christian meekness, and desire to conquer every evil, that it must not be passed over. She had been much hurried in providing for the wants of her household, while on a brief visit to Edinburgh, in the summer, and was in that condition, which reduces the meek and placid frequently to a state of irritability. Some token of this state of things,—so slight that itself and the rebuke it produced had both passed from the memory of the reprover,—was thus noticed by herself, in writing, after she had returned home:—

'Your remark on Thursday, about my impatience, my dear mother, I hope, is doing me good. I did not answer, but it sunk deep, and has showed me to myself in some degree. I desire to watch against it, and to cultivate a meek and quiet spirit; and oh! when it overtakes me, may it humble me, and lead me to prayer. My error has been too great confidence in the equality of my temper; and, therefore, being off the watch-tower, it is not wonderful that I have been surprised. Care, responsibility, and other causes, have helped to produce the same effect; but I hope I shall receive "help from the sanctuary," to overcome it. It is a grief to me to think that I may have spoken hasty words. Will you tell me that I am forgiven?'

Another extract from a letter to that highly esteemed friend, whose image dwelt in her admiring affection, and

whose Christian fellowship and prayers quickened her devotion, and cheered her confidence, forms a conclusive evidence of the growth of love, both human and divine, in her heart.

To her friend near London.

'*Oct.* 1, 1838.—* * However I am occupied, my heart is never so much so as to trench on the portion of it, that has long been yours. How refreshing it would be to see you again! The dear form that is as distinct in my mind, as if I had parted from you but yesterday, and the voice that has so often spoken to me from afar, assisting me onward when weary, and arousing me when my course has become slow and spiritless. That voice I still hear from time to time, and enjoy it as much as absence and distance will permit—and this is one of the blessings for which I thank the Giver of all good. I long to profit by its admonitions, and being thus reminded of my union with all the family of Christ scattered abroad on the earth, to become more like them, and grow in all that characterizes them, and fits them for His own presence above.

'I can most deeply sympathize in what you say of temptation to lifelessness in closet duties, want of warmth and vigour in approaching God, and dependence on outward help for reviving the spirituality of the soul. Alas! how often have I to mourn these things! I find that when I am hurried in closet duties, all other things droop and languish, and the tares spring up thick and fast, where the heavenly husbandman had planted wheat. There I seem to have fewer wants, and less to ask for. The world looks larger and more important, and the bright light that cheered Pilgrim at the end of the narrow way, grows pale and dim. * * I sometimes long for a little of the intercourse I used to find so reviving in former times, and think it would quicken me greatly; but had my heavenly Father seen this good for me, it would not have been denied me. Therefore, I must beware how I charge my coldness on *circumstances;* such excuses do not stand before one season of self-examination, much less will they be availing at the awful bar, where, under the all-searching eye, we shall be unable to see things but in their true light. Ah! how un-

duly do I estimate many things! Sometimes, dear F., I almost fear to tell *you*, and yet God knows it all. Daily remember me when you enter into *your* closet, my beloved one, and quicken me to dwell more in mine by telling me of the happiness you are sometimes permitted to enjoy, and of your struggles to obtain it when it is withdrawn. I know a time of quietness must come ere long, when I shall be unable to engage in active duties, and when, if my dear mamma can come to me, I shall be relieved from anxiety—and I trust this may be a time of love, and that my soul may be strengthened thereby, and greatly drawn to my Saviour; but I long to be nearer Him now, to make His law my delight, and to listen for the whispers of His voice. Oh! that I could live in closer union with Christ now, and read my title more clearly to the holy mansions prepared for the faithful followers of Jesus, without a doubt, or a wish for an hour of delay. His grace is sufficiency for me, and I know when I feel a *lack* of any thing, it is because my own heart cannot receive, what He is ever willing to impart. But in all times, if He but permit me to cling to Him, I cannot perish. Oh! is it not cheering, when every other enjoyment is low, and faith is weak and trembling, to return to *this*, and to resolve that let the waves arise to their utmost height, still we will cling to Jesus, and while we are all worthless and unclean, present Him his own spotless righteousness as our plea of approach, and thus He cannot, and will not, reject us. There is no such friend as Jesus. The more worthless we feel ourselves to be, the more He adorns us with His pure robe; the more feeble and unable to cling, the more He helps our infirmities and binds us to Himself, so that our weakness becomes the cause of an increase of strength; and when we would leave Him, attracted by some fair and deceitful bait, He speaks to us in the tones of pitying love. "How shall I give thee up Ephraim? How shall I make thee as Admah,—how shall I set thee as Zeboim?". Sweet words! often have they recalled the wanderer, and made him come with weeping and with supplications to the foot of the cross. *There* let us often meet my own friend, and so shall our faith be strengthened, and we shall gain a nearer sight of the land where the cross is exchanged for a crown, and faint glimpses of our Saviour's

beauty for His immediate presence, without one shade of sin to hide Him from us.

'I have been enjoying Blunt's Lectures on the Epistles to the Seven Churches of Asia. How much is to be learned from that portion of Scripture, how plain are the warnings, how kind the invitations, and of what boundless extent the kingly promises.'

CHAPTER XIII.

THE MUSE RECALLED—A SON GIVEN—TWO BROTHERS WITHDRAWN.

THE poetical efforts, which in early youth were numerous, became restrained during the first period of womanhood. In a letter not now within reach, she explains the reason :—Miss Isa. Gordon, who had observed the cast of her mind with intelligence and solicitude, far from uniting her voice to that of the friends who commended her poetry, and applauded her pursuit of it, 'unstrung her lyre,' as she said by judicious criticism, and cautions against dwelling too much in the region of fancy, and consuming time and talents, which ought to be employed in more substantial acquirements. It was not till her country residence left a little leisure, which in other circumstances might have been enlivened by society, that she seemed again to replace the chords of her lyre, and to touch them frequently in varied tones. We cannot fail to remark, that, however she delighted in inviting her friends to ascend Benarty, and however zealously she toiled to the rugged summit of Dumglow, —however she rejoiced, from these airy heights, to explore the Grampians on the horizon line, or the lofty Lomonds, with the placid Loch Leven sleeping at their feet, with its isle and its ruin, fraught with recollections of the unhappy Mary Stuart,—and however much she was familiarized to those scenes which had become associated with many of her heart's best sentiments,—yet, if the muse was to be recalled, if the spirit of poetry was to be evoked, it was to 'Tweed's familiar shore,' to the genius of her father, and the realm of imagination, dedicated in the hours and scenes of childhood, that her spirit turned.

In the summer of this year, we find a poem, too long for complete insertion, a portion of which shall be presented.

'THE MUSE RECALLED.

* * * *

Full many a toilsome day has past,
And many a cloud my sky o'ercast,
Since those bright hours went by;
When, listening, nature's voice was mute,
And echo heard the breathing lute,
And murmured in reply.

Yet, 'mid the tasks that life engage,
The cares that wait on riper age,
And time and spirit fill,
Back to the past my feelings tend,
And thou, the muse, my childhood's friend,
I fondly love thee still.

* * * *

Say, for thy child—a wanderer long
From all the lovely realms of song,—
Wilt thou again appear?
Exiled from Tweed's familiar shore,
From joys that can be mine no more,
Wilt thou my spirit cheer?

Strike thy sweet lyre, and let the strain
Revisit Judah's mourning plain,
And Jordan's sacred wave;
The stately hills, with cedar crowned,
The fallen shrines, with roses bound,
And Salem's mouldering grave.

Then of that better Salem sing,
Where holy joys perennial spring,
The city paved with love;
Where never day is closed in night,
Or cloud obscures the holy light
That fills the land above.

Visit the fields where David strayed,
Leading his flock in palmy shade,
And hymning praise on high;
And learn in anthems clear to sing,
That nobler, meeker Shepherd King,
Who for his sheep could die.

M. L. D.'

At the close of this year, she was again expecting to add another member to the large family on earth. Solemn are the sentiments which press on the heart of a Christian pa-

rent at such a prospect. 'Yesterday that child was nothing; but when will it cease to be? Never! Immortality is written upon it, and the inscription is indelible, for it was traced by the finger of God. The mind has but begun its play; its instincts and its faculties but now move with incipient life. Even dull and worthless matter is of older date. "Of old didst thou lay the foundations of the earth." Ages of its history had passed before it was said of him, "A child is born into the world." History will continue its annals, matter its combinations, the heavens their course; but he shall survive them all!!'*

With such thoughts of the birth of an immortal being, she besought the aid of supplication for her increasing objects of solicitude, on the part of her friend; at the same time, steadily considering the probability that this period might form the termination of her pilgrimage.

To her friend near London.

'*Dec.* 28, 1838.—I commit you to the tender mercy of Him who never forsakes his own, believing that he will surely order all things concerning you for good. Ah! how much I should value one hour's converse with you, ere my hour of trial comes. I feel as if it would tend to strengthen my faith and courage, and be unspeakably refreshing. But you would refer me to the only quarter, "whence cometh my help," and tell me to give greater diligence to seek it *there.* I have been trying to look straight to *Him*, and to keep in their own place those subordinate and human helps, to which my heart is so prone to cling. These are precious, and oh, how essential to our weakness! but it is *He* who gives them; they are but an expression of his love,—a love which is unfathomable and unwearied, and which will support *to the uttermost* those who are stayed on it. I wish I could realize it more; keenly alive, as we are, to the affection of friends, to a look or word of kindness, or to one act of self-denying love from them, how is it that the love of God in Christ is so slow to win its way to our souls? It is expressed in all that is around us, even in vexation, anxiety, sickness, or pain, which are sure tokens that He does

* Rev. R. Watson.

not forget us, but deals with us as with sons. And would it not make these things easy to endure, could we, *at the time* of suffering them, view them in connexion with that love, ever strengthening our minds by the remembrance of Him who endured all kinds of trials in their heaviest forms, *because* he loved us? It is ease and rest indeed to cast our burden upon *Him*, and never does he refuse to bear it for us. I hope, dearest F., that you are praying for me, and that you will do so yet more and more. Remember, as my ties to life multiply, I have more need for your prayers on my own behalf and theirs. Have you not prayed often for my dear little Mary, that she may be a lamb of the fold, precious in the sight of the tender Shepherd? And will you not abound in supplications for all of us, that we may be thoroughly washed, and made meet for the land where all is purity, and nothing that is unholy can enter? Now, dearest F., farewell. Whether life or death be appointed, may we soon meet where there is no parting, and *no sin!*'

Diary.—'*Dec.* 1838.—I have the near prospect of being mother of a second babe. I pray for grace to bear my trial as a child of God, in patience and willingness to suffer according to his will. I was rebellious the last time, and bore the pain, not because God sent it, but because I could not escape it. May it be different now?

> "His love in time past forbids me to think,
> He'll leave me at last in peril to sink."

"When I pass through the waters, He will be with me." His exceeding great and precious promises encourage me to hope and enable me to cling, though weaker than a child, to the cross, which rises, as my prop and stay, amid these deep waters. If it should be the will of God that these should prove for me the waters of the Jordan, still he has said, "I will never leave nor forsake thee." Often my faithless heart has forsaken Him—been occupied with creature affections, with worldly cares, or with the too engrossing pleasures of imagination, or sloth has prevailed and made me forget that the time is short wherein I may do my Master's work. I have but a life of leaves with very little

fruit, and yet my Saviour would willingly work in me the same fair fruits that have adorned his most favoured children. Shall he have to say to me, "and thou wouldst not?" Beloved Saviour, I entreat thee to mould my spirit as entirely to thy pleasure as thou didst my frame at first. Let me feel thee near, and be thou to me the chief among ten thousand. When I see thee face to face, I shall love thee as I ought, and rejoice, being *satisfied* with thy likeness. Till then, oh! for a more prayerful spirit, and more zeal to work—more grace in my heart, to hallow my converse with'———

Here terminates the diary. Her designs are recorded in His presence, 'who formed the wind and knoweth man's thought.' She is *satisfied*, serving Him as she ought, and seeing His perfect likeness. And the little book; the sacredly hoarded diary? it is vain to search its remaining unstained leaves; not a comma is added.

Her son was born on the 7th January, 1839; a day memorable for extensive storms, which, in one circle of their desolating course, assumed the character of a hurricane. Her spirits were tranquil and patient, and her grateful love was like a flood that would overflow its banks during her recovery. Her mind was active beyond her strength, so that it was sometimes necessary to decline reading to her; and her happy nurses denied themselves, in trying to avoid exciting her too much. They were led to smile, however, at their futile caution, on discovering that, instead of resting and 'thinking of nothing,' she had woven a poem of many stanzas, from a story which was read to her from Todd's Sabbath School Teacher. The story was that of a German family settled in Pennsylvania, whose dwelling was, during the war of 1754, burned, when several members of the family were slain; but one girl, 'Regina,' was carried captive, and dwelt, for ten long years, in bondage with a tribe of Indians; she preserved in memory, the while, the text of Scripture which her parents had taught her, and one hymn which she often repeated or sung. At length an English officer reached the place of their captivity, and rescued upwards of four hundred white captives. He brought them to Carlisle, and invited all parents, who had lost children to claim their lost.

The mother of Regina went up and down gazing at the captives and weeping, unable to discover her own; at length she raised the hymn which she used to sing to her children. Scarcely had she sung two lines, when Regina rushed from the crowd, singing it also, and threw herself into her mother's arms.

From this anecdote versified, we select a few stanzas. They were dictated to, and written by, her sister, by the side of her couch, in number sometimes of five or six at once.

'There are many voices on the gale,
There are wild strange forms in the peopled vale;
They are captives from Indian bondage led,
Whom friends have forgot or mourned as dead;
And a throng, with their hopes to frenzy tossed,
Have come to search for their loved and lost.
Ah! many a heart that beat high that morn,
From the search at night must shrink forlorn.

* * * * *

And one with sad and wistful gaze,
Is passing slow through the crowded maze;
But to blooming woman her child is sprung,
And with Indian garb and Indian tongue
She cannot trace her, though standing nigh.
Must they part, unknown to live—to die?
No! God is faithful, the promise sweet
To those who trust it, and they shall meet.

At length was a thought by heaven inspired,—
With sudden hope is her wan cheek fired;
She raises the hymn of melody
She sung with her babes in years gone by.
The lost one hears—'tis the well-known strain
That has soothed her oft in her lone heart's pain;—
She lists, she trembles with glad surprise,
To her mother's bosom Regina flies.

* * * * * *

That mother had laid her babes to rest,
In their earliest hours, on the Saviour's breast:
She had sown good seed and had feared it dead,
But the Lord of the harvest His sunshine shed,
And one of her lost was restored again,
By the mem'ry of Zion's sacred strain;
How high shall their grateful praises swell,
When to earth and time they have bid farewell!

January, 1839. M. L. D.'

A letter to her London school-fellow will relate, in her own manner, the furnace of trial both of the heart and the weary frame, in which it pleased her heavenly Father to place her during the winter months. It is the more important to exhibit this, because her constitution never overcame the shock it then received, and because her expectation of temporal rest, though never lively, was so much weakened, that her pilgrim staff was assumed with a more resolute hand, and she addressed herself more determinedly to the simple performance of duty, feeling all things vain that had no spiritual bearing, and 'looking for, and hastening unto, the coming of the Lord.'

'*Cleish, February* 27, 1839.— * * * This has been to me a winter of many events, many anxieties and constant occupation. How it would have cheered me sometimes, when my heart was overwhelmed, could I have poured it out to you, and been pointed by you to the consolations which *I ever found sweet*, but which were sometimes obscured by sufferings of various kinds. I must try to give you a history of the winter—*scenes from real life*, dearest, while *you* are enjoying life's brightest dream. * * * When I was weary, and not able to do much, my dear little sister was most helpful, as well as kind and cheering; and, after mamma joined us, we had a fortnight of quiet enjoyment, before our troubles began. Ah, M——, dear, *it is a blessing* to have a mother; no words can express what mine has done for me all my life through!

'At the close of the year, Cornelius came to pass a few days with us, when he was seized with the most serious illness he had ever known. But our God was merciful to us, and he recovered. The 6th of January was a Sabbath, and I read to my invalid brother, while the family were at church. That night the wind blew a hurricane, and the snow fell thick and fast, and that was the night selected for my little Harry to come and make trial of the world, and to bring people from their warm repose to succour him and his poor mamma. I did not regain strength fast, nor, indeed, do I feel by any means strong yet. I had some pleasant hours when on the bed of sickness; many sweet promises were brought to my mind, and I felt the *richness* and complete efficacy of the divine word, as well as its

unchangeable *truth*. There is sometimes great enjoyment and profit in being taken aside for a season from the world and its daily round of duties and cares, and laid in stillness and weakness to remember Him whose sufferings purchased all our blessings. I passed some weary nights of feverish tossings, but sought to follow the example of the sweet singer of Israel, and meditate on my Saviour in the night watches. When baby was a week old, my poor little Mary became ill. She endured great pain, and screamed at times from terror of necessary remedies, which was painful to every one, and as much as my nerves could well endure. She was very feverish, &c. * * *

'Before she recovered, mamma left us. It was hard to part with her, and resume house-keeping, while scarcely able; but this would have been little, if Mary had been well. She became worse, and for *one* day, I thought the Friend of little children was going to call her to a better world. Oh, my M., you will never understand the agony of such a day, unless you are some time a mother! But, though tried, we were spared; the rod was raised over us, and then graciously withdrawn. Medical treatment was made the means of restoring our darling to health; and now, though she cannot go out, she keeps us lively with her prattle. I live a good deal in the nursery now: and when my babes are well, it is a *happy* life. While in the midst of all this sickness, the cook burnt her foot, and was incapacitated; so that I have had my *hands* and *heart* full this winter. My sister was unexpectedly called from me, to go home with George, the beloved, who is ill. They hid it from us, because we had already so much to do and bear. His medical advisers have prescribed an immediate change to a warmer climate, and have consented to his going to Australia with his brother, where the climate is delightful. Oh, may it be blessed to his restoration! Oh, it is sad to part with two dear brothers, to the distance of half the globe, and one of them an invalid! The God of their fathers will be their guide. G. writes in a sweet frame of mind, seriously desiring to glorify God in every clime and situation. I, alas, shall not see my brother ere he leaves Britain.'

The departure of both brothers, without her having the mournful pleasure of saying farewell to either of them,

dwelt much on her mind, as a purposed and subduing discipline from the hand of her heavenly Father. It was to her tender spirit a heavy aggravation to the trial of their departure; but was met with resignation. She did not fret nor murmur, but felt with Madame de Guion:—

> 'Wishing fits not thy condition,
> Acquiescence suits thee best.'

Her letters are much occupied on this subject at the period. One passage, showing from what hopes she derived resignation, is the only one we can quote.

'I remember the happy days of childhood,—gone for ever,—when we were all united, as we likely never shall again be in this world. But this thought makes heaven look lovelier,

> "When I arrive on yonder shore,
> There shall be calm enough for me."

'These lines are seldom out of my mind; and, I trust, every one belonging to us will be gathered where there is no parting, but perfect union of spirit in the praise of Jesus.'

Longing that each might derive profit from the dispensation, and willing to gather the fragments of consolation, she addressed her third brother:—'I often think of you now, deprived of both our dear brothers, and of the pleasant prospect of living with George while at college, and having his good advice and example. But, my dear R., there is *One* who sticketh closer than a brother; and if you seek and find him, *He* can never leave you. I hope you will make this time, when your dear brothers leave you, the time for seeking that best of all friends. He is waiting with a heart full of love to receive you;—if you only seek Him with all your heart, He will not keep you waiting. Oh R., does not the agony our Saviour bore for us, show you how much he loves us. And can any of the trifles of this fast passing world make up for that peace which passeth all understanding, and which lasts for ever? The days are gone when we were all together and happy at Kelso; but there is a better home where I hope we shall all meet again. You would be amused to see your *niece* now,—she is full of fun and joy. She makes me smile sometimes, when I cannot smile about other things. How should I? George so un-

well, and both going so far! Write when you can to your ever affectionate sister Mary.'

Among George's papers left behind is one letter from his sister.

'*Cleish, February* 20, 1839.—I cannot tell you, my beloved brother, the many anxieties that have filled my heart for you, since we heard of your present state and prospects. You are going with Corie to the far country where we shall no more be near you. But oh! if it is blessed to the establishment of your health, how joyfully shall we look on the separation that grieves us now. I am much distressed that your native clime is too stern for you; but God will be the guide of your way, and will, I trust, make a pleasant home for you in the wilderness, as long as it is His pleasure to continue there. May you be able to say with Madam de Guion:—

> "I can be calm and free from care
> On any shore, since God is there."

'You must help each other to run in the heavenly way. You can do that as well in Australia as here. The ear of the hearer of prayer is as open to the suppliant there, as in this land of privilege. He is himself the fountain of blessing, and sometimes gives it in the greatest abundance, when he has made us feel that we have little *outward* help. He puts the *means*, that we are so apt to rest in, out of reach, that we may look straight up to Him; and when we do this, what showers of grace and comfort does He pour into the heart! He shows us what a God of love and mercy He is, and how safe we are, amid the many slippery places and weary steps of our journey, walking in His light, and resting under His shadow. He is weakening your strength in the way, my dear brother, that you may lean, more undividedly, on Him who is strong to save. He is changing the plan we all loved to think of, that of your soon being a messenger of glad tidings, a shepherd of the flock of Jesus. But I trust it is, that you may see more of the glory and beauty that shine in the face of this precious Saviour, and may learn the depths of His tender sympathy; for, oh! what is human love to this? And then, having learned the lesson in the school of Christ, how fervently will you de-

clare to poor sinners the riches of His grace; and what a blessing will follow your labours, if, in after years, you are permitted to feed the flock! But I must check the utterance of these hopes; which, however, will dwell in my own bosom while we are divided. Oh George! if I did not know *who* is at the helm of events, I should call it cruel that you are to go; and I am not even to see you, or bid you farewell. But it is *our Father's will*, and this must be enough for me. I have a wavering heart that often departs from Him, and he sees it needful to subdue it in many ways, —and this is one of them I should have felt it a happiness to contribute to your comfort, and have some sweet converse to think of, when seas are between us. But this may not be. Oh may it please God to make me *willing* to submit to this! Dear J. will be with you, and do for you all that a kind sister could; but do not forget that you have another sister, whose heart is with you; and do not forget to pray for me. Oh, I have need that all who love me should do so! Pray for Wallace too, that he may live nearer to Christ every day, and win many souls by his ministry; and pray for our dear babes, that they may be among the children whom Jesus blesses. Henry Robert was devoted to Him in baptism yesterday;—may the mantle of both his dear grandfathers rest on him! The weeks you are now to spend in Scotland will be very precious,—remembered by those who go, and those who stay. May they promote the growth of grace in each! And may I, too, grow, though not with you! I was hoping to have had a few quiet weeks with you, before the General Assembly. Alas! when may we have a quiet week together again!"

We here introduce her valedictory poem, addressed—

'*To my beloved Brother, George Archibald Lundie.*

Cleish, April.

Since o'er the wave thy Father's mandate calls thee,
And bids thee seek thy home in climes afar,
Sweet brother, part in peace! Whate'er befals thee,
Still may His presence be thy guiding star,
To point with Heavenly light thy pilgrim way,
And shine in warning love when thou would'st stray.

Trusting, we yield thee to the mighty ocean,
For "in the hollow of His hand" it lies,
And on its bosom vast, with meek devotion,
Thou'lt look from its calm wave to calmer skies,
And bless the love that reigns through every clime,—
The God who fills the universe sublime!

When Albion's shores, from thy strained gaze receding,
Are fading in the dim uncertain haze,
And sad affection is thy spirit leading
Back to the beauteous home of former days,
Oh! may a voice divine be in thine ear:
"Fear not, thou'rt still at home, for God is here!"

Should languor come, thy gentle frame oppressing,
And tremble in thine eye the silent tear,
That now no more thou hear'st a parent's blessing,
Nor tender words, that sickness' self could cheer,
Be Jesus' sheltering banner o'er thee spread,—
His everlasting arms support thy head!

Shouldst thou in spirit to thy home returning,
Behold the lessened circle sigh for thee,
And each, with mournful love and ardour burning,
For thee, retiring, bend the suppliant knee.
May faith's assurance soothe thy soul to rest,—
"Their prayers are heard, thou shalt be surely blest!"

With thine, our prayers shall rise, to Heaven ascending,
Nor seas, nor furthest space, a barrier prove,
And, at the shrine of mercy, sweetly blending,
Shall find acceptance through redeeming love;
In lands remote our parted course may run;
But nought can sever hearts in Christ made one.

How bright has been our hope to see thee feeding
His little flock in these our quiet vales;
With watchful care the faint and wounded leading
To living streams, whose water never fails
Aiding the feeble from the dust to rise,—
A man of God,—a herald of the skies!

But go! Heaven's blessing on thy path attending,
Where nature's glories shine on frozen hearts,
And as the sun, the veil of darkness rending,
His morning splendour o'er creation darts,
May gospel beams diffuse resplendent day,
To guide the hapless flock that darkling stray!

How beautiful, on earth's dark hills appearing,
Day's harbinger, the messenger of peace:
How sweet his earnest voice, the wanderer cheering,
That tells of morn arising, ne'er to cease!

Bear *thou* those tidings o'er the heaving main,
And turned to songs shall be our parting pain!

M. L. D.'

A year after, in the same month, when the banished pilgrim was ploughing his way through the waves to the still more distant station of the English missionaries on the Samoan Isles, he addressed these remarks to his sister, retracing, doubtless, in his solitary contemplations, the subjects of converse long since passed.

'What profession, or what employment, on earth, can compare with that of a Christian minister or missionary? It is to be, by profession and always, doing the work of God —doing that which is the duty of every Christian, and that, too, without the continual barrier which active employment in any other pursuit presents. When shall I hear from you? I fear it must be long. But I love your poem, which is dearer to me every time I look upon it. The last verse seems to me now to be prophetic, and fulfilled in part by my present movement. It is sweet and soothing from beginning to end. I wonder if you will write me another!'

No, dear brother, she will never write you another. The concluding stanza, which you deemed prophetic, was *doubly so*; for while you were bearing the tidings of peace over the heaving main, her parting pain was turned to songs. We dwellers in this discordant world, with our ill-attuned hearts, wot not of the songs that now employ her; but we do know that the voice of praise, ascending from the swarthy thousands of the South Pacific Islands, fills the realm, which is now her home, with joy. Shall we not join them in our feeble measure, and, bowing to His holy will, say,—blessed be the name of the Lord!

CHAPTER XIV.

SYMPATHY WITH AFFLICTION—MATERNAL LOVE AND ANXIETIES—INFANTINE RHYMES.

In the midst of these touching interests, her watch for the souls of the people was as vigilant as ever; and though her writing became less, her cares being increased as well as her headaches, gleanings appear in her letters of that which interested her. For example:—

'John I——, of whose illness you heard when here, appears dying fast, and gives brightening evidence of preparation for his change. He says the Saviour has been "a sweet Christ to him." He cannot now conduct family worship, but he collects his family round his bed, and prays as he can. W. is much cheered about him.'

Her engagements with her class are thus spoken of:—

'I am enjoying Serle's Horae Solitariae on the titles of Christ. My class brought above two hundred, and also a great many titles for the church. It was a great pleasure to me to arrange the titles of Christ and of the church opposite each other, and to find out what would suit.'

Of her domestic enjoyments, she writes to her dear school-fellow:—

'You will not have so many cares as I have, and I trust you will have as many pleasures. Mine are great, as I feel when following my little dancing Mary round the nursery, or speaking to Harry, to gain a sweet smile from him. I have a good deal of my husband's company just now, and pleasant evening hours of reading with him. I seldom see any one else, my own dear ones being gone, and the season not tempting visitors; so that I have time to think, and would fain use it to some purpose, remembering that eternity will soon wind up all that I am now engaged in.'

The poem entitled the Return of Israel was written in

the spring. To account for the repeated allusions to the Canticles which it contains, it may be right to say, that, during her confinement, she read or listened with great enjoyment to Fry's Critical Commentary, which beautifully spiritualizes that little understood portion of Scripture.*

In the month of May, there was a numerous gathering of the family in Edinburgh, on the occasion of Dr. Duncan's presiding as Moderator of the General Assembly; and, with others, the little family at Cleish migrated for the time. The impression left on the minds of her anxious friends from that period was, that Mary was over-exerting her strength continually. Restless nights with her babe, anxious days because of a nurse that she could not confide in, an affectionate longing to enjoy the society of her friends, hungering to embrace every spiritual opportunity within her reach, providing for her summer house-keeping in the country, and occasional snatches of a debate in the Assembly, seemed all, or any of them, to wear her out. Though some moments of sweet converse were enjoyed,—and it was delightful to watch her beaming intelligence when listening to Dr. Chalmers, or Dr. Duff, or to Mr. Bickersteth as he pleaded for Israel,—yet the abiding thought, after the hasty days had past, was, that her energy was more then her frame was equal to, and that she must procure repose, or presently be stretched on a sick-bed. Her letters were fewer than usual, and repeatedly the account given by friends of their visits, included the description of an evening passed on the sofa by her, quite unable to lift her head. What vigour she had left was awake to the theme on which hung all her hopes. On the 8th of July, writing of her intercourse with a relative whom the Lord had seen meet to smite very sore, she remarks:—'To speak for myself, I have felt the better for G.'s visit. His complete submission, as it regards his losses, strikes me much; and not the least in reference to his little children. Instead of wishing he had them to soothe his loneliness, he esteems it a special blessing that they were safe in heaven, before they felt the want of a mother's care. Thankfulness for their happiness, and that

* See Appendix, No. I.

of their mother, seems almost to swallow up his grief. These are among the wonders wrought by the religion of Jesus; and when I remember the agonizing struggle I had in winter, when I thought my Mary was to be taken from me, I wonder whether the power of grace could ever be so manifested in my earthly heart. But G. has had long training in the school of affliction, and his heart is much subdued. We have felt it a privilege to have him, and to do what we could to cheer him.' In the same letter, she replies to remarks on the expectation of the personal reign of Christ:—'I do not think it the legitimate effect of a belief in the *personal reign* of Christ to stop missionary exertions; but that arises from carrying it too far, and *fixing the time* for which there is no warrant in Scripture. It *should* excite to greater exertion, that the nations may be waiting to receive him. I feel much interested in the subject, yet almost fear to study it, lest I should go wrong. The word of Divine truth cannot be too reverently handled; and I shrink from a fanciful and erroneous application of any part of it.' To her sister, at the same date, she writes,—'It is good, you know, to bear the yoke in your youth, and I hope this temporary weakness may be the means of lasting good, raising you to look beyond life, bright with the hues of youth, to the better land, where alone hope is realized, and joy perfected. I often wish for you, dear, and feel that, however kind others may be, *my sister* is wanting. Where are our dear wanderers now? perhaps enjoying the beauty of a southern shore, after their sojourn on the water. Farewell, dearest: let us help each other to pray for them; and pray for me, that the cares of the world and other things may not choke the word and make me unfruitful.'

A little poem, bearing date the 29th of July, seems to be the first of many which were addressed to her children; the ideas in some of them suggested by the mistakes and questions of her little girl.*

As we approach the last of her letters to various correspondents, each expression of the brevity of life, and of its imperfect enjoyments, arrests the attention; yet, withal,

* See Appendix, No. II.

there was no anticipation of the close being at hand. On the contrary, there were plans for future usefulness, extending to an indefinite date. To a friend, on the eve of marriage, she writes thus:—

'*September* 28.—I trust, dearest, that all has been smiling around you. When should there be a gleam of sunshine in this changing scene, if not at such a time as this, when hope is realized, and those whom similarity of taste and principle have united, are given to each other, to aid, to cheer, to improve, and sustain each other through the rest of life's short journey. Yet in my own case, the earliest days of marriage were not the happiest; but I was peculiarly circumstanced, taken to a place of perfect solitude, in a wet and gloomy season, while my husband was so much occupied by unavoidable duties, that he had very little time indeed to spend with me. I thought often and fondly of the dear circle I had left, whose tenderness had shone out the more as the time of parting approached. But I must not dwell on the process my mind underwent then; as time rolled on, I got more accustomed to my new situation and duties, and felt that W.'s affection was a blessing for which I could not be too grateful; and now, with my darling children, if I lived in the wilds, I should not feel it solitary. * * * What an advantage the Christian has over others! While they form plans in their own wisdom, and are bitterly disappointed if they fail, *he* is resting on his Father, and saying, "*if the Lord will*," in all that he proposes; and when his hopes are frustrated, still "*it is the Lord's will*" that makes him meekly submit. You, dearest, know this refuge, and, in the midst of new prospects and new responsibilities, you will find it a sweet and sufficient one. You must not be over anxious as those who are *orphans by their own choice*, for your Father in heaven will order all your lot, and fit you for all its duties. His love is an anchor, as well in the dangerous hour of prosperity as in dark adversity, and I trust every situation in which you are placed will open to you fresh and brightened views of that love. * * * We have the prospect of a quiet winter, which I hope we shall have grace given us to improve. Wallace will now have more time to read

to me, as his Hebrew Lexicon, the labour of years, is finished. I must visit the poor around us as much as I can.'

The hymns, presented in succession, show her purpose of educating her offspring in the service of her Lord.* Her plan for keeping the Sabbath day holy, and yet making it delightful, associating habits of restraint with animating and interesting occupations, reveals what would have been her object had the term of life been prolonged. As the event is ordered, He who accepted the purpose of his servant David to build him an house, and raised up a successor to fulfil his design, may, in condescending compassion, take those dear little immortals, and fit them for his spiritual temple, by means of hands which he has left, to pursue her work and accomplish her matured purposes. We are no meet interpreters of the plans of the Eternal,—it becomes us, like Aaron, to hold our peace.

The last days of September were passed in a Highland excursion, kindly planned by her husband, with a view to invigorate her frame after nursing her boy. She hailed the charms of nature with never-tiring delight, and gave permanence to some of her thoughts in the verses which follow, where the rising of her spirit from created and visible excellence, to the divine hand, and to the perfections of the dwelling-place of the Creator, and her own hope of entering there, is as usual the theme. This journey, in common with all other exertions, terminating in a severe headache. She mentioned in writing, shortly after this, 'My head is *very bad* sometimes, but my general health is excellent.'

VERSES WRITTEN AT CALLANDER, SEPT. 30TH.

'How pure the light on yonder hills,
How soft the shadows lie;
How blythe each morning sound, that fills
The air with melody!

Those hills, that rest in solemn calm
Above the strife of men,
Are bathed in breezy gales of balm,
From knoll and heathy glen.

* See Appendix, Nos. III. to XI.

In converse with the silent sky,
They mock the flight of years;
While man and all his labours die,
Low in this vale of tears.

Meet emblem of eternal rest,
They point their summits grey
To the fair region of the blest,
Where tends our pilgrim way.

The everlasting mountains, there,
Reflect undying light;
The ray which gilds that ambient air,
Nor fades nor sets in night.

Than summer sun more piercing bright,
That beam is milder too;
For love is in the sacred light,
That softens every hue.

The gale that fans the peaceful clime
Is life's immortal breath,
Its freshness makes the sons of time
Forget disease and death.

And shall we tread that holy ground;
And breathe that fragrant air;
And view the hills with glory crowned,
In cloudless beauty fair?

Yes! for the glory is the Lord's,
And he who reigns above
Is faithful to the gracious words
That breathe forgiving love.

Then on! then on! ye pilgrim throng,
And ever as ye run,
Break forth in strains of heavenly song,
Till home and rest are won.

Look up! look up! to yonder light,
That cheers the desert grey:
It marks the close of toil and night,
The dawn of endless day.

How sweet your choral hymns will blend
With harps of heavenly tone;
When glad you sing your journey's end,
Around your Father's throne!'

In the month of October, they received a visit from an old clerical friend of her father, who left his young daughter for a time, hoping to strengthen her constitution by a residence in the country. There is reason to believe that this visit was blessed to a higher and more permanently sanatory effect, than strength of a physical character; as the dear girl looks back on that, as the interesting turning point in her heart's history, when the instructions and prayers of Christian parents were made to take root and bud. Describing the time past with Mrs. Duncan, she mentions being taken up on Sabbath afternoon to her chamber, where she 'talked with her affectionately, prayed with her earnestly, and tried to persuade her, *in her own sweet way*, to seek Jesus.' She also tells of her singing sweetly to her while they sat at work, and taking her to Kinross to amuse her, though, as she remarks, with great simplicity, 'I was happier, and liked better to be with her, than any friend she could take me to.' She describes the delight dear Mary experienced in planning some little things to send to her distant brothers, and *the many headaches she gave herself*, by labouring at a piece of work which was designed as a remembrance to a dear friend, on her approaching marriage; each of which little marks will be remembered as characteristic. Her industry accomplished what furnished matter of amazement to many. She seemed, as a friend remarked, 'to do so much of every thing for every body,' at the same time looking well to her household, and not allowing her own mind to run to waste. Her open book upon her work-table and her powerful memory laying in stores, while her needle was plied, gave no indication of the suffering head, which allowed itself no respite, though it much required it.

Several poems for her children were written towards the end of autumn.*

In the end of October she attended the marriage of a beloved cousin in Edinburgh, whom she 'had always regarded as a dear elder sister.' Her husband returned home without her, as she designed to suffer a double operation from a dentist, and allow herself a day or two of respite

* See Appendix, Nos. XII. to XIV.

between that and her journey. A transient feverish fit in her little son, excited some anxiety in him, who was but too willing to find a reason for hastening the return of his beloved partner, and she was hurried home. A fortnight after she describes her emotions in a letter :—'It was an anxious journey, and many a fearful vision did I conjure up of what might await my return. It was well it was dark, for those in the mail would have been frightened by my face. Wallace said he had never seen such a picture of wo as I was, when he met me in Kinross. I dared not even ask how my sweet Harry was. Great was my relief to find him pretty well. I thank the Giver of all good, that he heard my cry "out of the depths" of dread, and sent relief. Oh how sweet it is to know that there is a home for little children in the Saviour's bosom? That when they are taken home, they are taken from sin and sorrow that they have never known, to the full flood of joy and love, to the sweet gush of angel melodies, and all the bliss, and all the hidden things, which are still seen but through a veil by the oldest and most experienced pilgrims on earth. My babes are lent to the Lord, and I feel a delightful hope that, in life or in death, he will accept the offering, and then how can it be with them but *well?* Yet my heart is weak, and the bare whisper of parting rends it.—Will you,—do you, my dear friend, pray for them and for me? * * * Oh! it is dreary to think of our loved ones scattered all over the globe—*when* to return? Never mind; there is a meeting place, where love is permanent, and parting unknown; and, best of all, where hearts are *so full of God*, that his presence is enough, to make their happiness perfect.

At this time the gracious awakening of many souls at Kilsyth and elsewhere, made many to look up and lift up their heads; seeing that the Lord had returned in his power, to visit and redeem his people. Prayer meetings were multiplied, and the spirit of waiting on the Lord was given; the good news was revealed to many souls; and to those who had before enjoyed the same blessing, it seemed richer and more precious. The pastor and parish of Cleish partook of this gracious impulse; and Mary, 'to her power, and even beyond her power,' was abundant in hope, in prayer, and in holy converse. It seemed as if she were

more fully enriched with the spirit of Christ, and would have extended the arms of her love to embrace the universe. While she and many with her were rejoicing in the glorious things that were doing in our earthly mount Zion, He who holds the cords of life was quickening her spirit for that holy place,

> 'Where hope, the sweet singer that gladdened the earth,
> Lies asleep on the bosom of bliss.'

She described herself shut out from the moving world, 'but tied by pleasant bonds to the nursery, which was her world.' 'It cannot be told,' she adds, 'how large an amount of thought, feeling, and time it engrosses. I seem almost to forget other things sometimes, but never those in which my heart is interested.' Her family, the parish, the church, the glory of Zion's King, these were the never-forgotten objects; and, in caring for these, her hours passed away; now and then weaving a rhyme, and again singing forth her thanksgiving in the presence of 'the Lord her righteousness.'

When going to an evening prayer-meeting, during one of the last weeks that she was in health, she had detained a Christian friend while she made a nursery arrangement. On hastening to join her, she remarked to that friend, that she had such delight in her children, and her cup of domestic comfort was so full, that she could not anticipate its long continuance, in such a chequered scene as this world. Few days intervened between this grateful acknowledgment of her happiness, and its interruption, when the same faithful friend was summoned by her own Christian love, in company with another attached member of the congregation, to share to the very closing moment, the fatigues and griefs of her last sufferings.

On the 21st of November, on witnessing the glories of a winter evening sky, she wrote a few stanzas, which seem left, like a voice of monitory consolation, to him whose earthly fabric of happiness was just about to be shivered to fragments.

'GATHER THE FRAGMENTS.

Thin clouds are floating o'er the sky,
And in the glorious west
Lingers the rose's brilliancy,
Where sank the sun to rest.
A streak of light is hovering there,
Unwilling to depart;
And soft and still the wintry air
Breathes o'er the grateful heart.

Though summer's step of joy is fled,
Her voice of music hushed,
Her shades of living verdure dead,
Her flowery chaplets crush'd;
Sweet nature still hath power to bless,
By mercy's hand arrayed,
Her morn in fairy loveliness,
Her eve in dove-like shade.

So, when the days of joys are past,
And life's enchantment o'er;
When we have bowed to sorrow's blast,
And hope is bright no more;
There still are mercies full and free
Mixed in the cup of woes,
And, where the mourner cannot see,
In faith he onward goes.

Then weep not o'er the hour of pain,
As those who lose their all;
Gather the fragments that remain,
They'll prove nor few nor small.
The thankful spirit finds relief,
In calm submissive love;
Toils hopeful on, amidst his grief,
And looks for joy above.'

We find, bearing the date November, some other poems addressed to her children.*

To a friend in affliction she wrote among the last of her letters:—

Manse of Cleish, November 25, 1839.

My Dear Madam,—Although I hesitate about intruding on you in the time of sorrow, I cannot rest satisfied without the expression of my true and heartfelt sympathy with you.

* Appendix, Nos. XV. and XVI.

Three days since the notice of your heavy bereavement reached me. I can feel a deeper sympathy for you now, than I could have done before I understood the depths of a mother's love. Alas! how mysterious is the providence which has called from you your beloved and only son! How many hopes are withered! How much love has gone down to the silent grave! But you know and feel, I trust, so powerfully as to sweeten even this bitter cup, that *love* is in this dispensation, and that it is the hand of a heavenly Father that holds the rod. O what comfort there is in this thought! He will not use it further than he sees it needful and salutary; and he tells you, even while doing so, that "whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." Yes, my dear afflicted friend, blessings even greater than the possession of your precious boy may become yours through his removal. If the love that was so warmly his, is more firmly centered in *Jesus*,—if heaven appears more like *home*, and earth more like the pilgrimage it is,—and if thus your steps are quickened towards it, shall it not be *well?* We never feel the true meaning and value of our Lord's promises, till we are in the situation to which they are especially suited; and many and sweet are those addressed to the afflicted. I trust you are now enabled to feed on them, and find them as the refreshing manna to Israel in the desert. The voice of human sympathy is vain: friends can only weep with you; but Jesus, that most *sympathizing* of all friends, has power to comfort too. He has early taken your darling from an evil world, to be, I trust, with himself *for ever;* and is there not joy in this? May you feel his own hand supporting your drooping head, and turning the tears of sorrow into tears of submissive love. Forgive, my dear Madam, this feeble attempt to express my sympathy. Receive Mr. Duncan's with mine; and offer it with true kindness to Mr. ——, and your dear little girl, whom it has pleased God to leave lonely. Be assured of the feeble prayers of yours, with most sincere regard.

MARY LUNDIE DUNCAN.'

CHAPTER XV.

SPIRITUAL REFRESHMENT IN DUNFERMLINE—DILIGENCE IN DUTY—LAST SABBATH IN GOD'S HOUSE—SICKNESS—SUFFERING—RELIEF FROM IT FOR EVER.

THOSE who had the privilege of intercourse with her at this time, remark that Mary never appeared more sweetly *lovely in her liveliness.* The idea of the Spirit of the Lord being at work, and about to be poured out in fuller measure on her own parish and her country, seemed to have called all her powers into animated and joyous action; so that while she prayed more fervently, and more ardently looked up expecting an answer, her pulses seemed quickened, and her common engagements pursued with more elasticity.

The news that a meeting was to be held in Dunfermline, under the direction of Mr. W. Burns, the young pastor, whose ministrations had been blessed elsewhere to the arousing of many, led her to desire to unite with the friends of the Redeemer there in prayer and supplication, and in hearing the word of the Lord. Her husband having a professional engagement elsewhere, she went in company of a female friend. Her desire was fulfilled,—a large share of spiritual influence rested on her,—and as she was leaving the sanctuary in the evening, she said to her friend, 'I thank my God that I have been permitted to come here, and feel assured faith and confidence fill my soul.' The words of Mr. Grey, in her funeral sermon, well describe this bright experience, so close upon her entrance into the shadowy valley:—'Her heart was full of divine love, her soul was much drawn out in prayer, and she spoke sweetly of Jesus to many. In the evening of that day, and again the following morning, she read the Scriptures, and conducted prayer in the family in which she passed the night, where several female friends were assembled; and in these exercises she was remarked to be, as it were, "filled with the Spirit," her "heart burning within her," and giving

eloquence to her tongue. Many were edified by her conversation, and one young person, who had for a long time experienced much distress of mind, appears to have been guided by her to the sure consolations that are in Christ. Next day, visiting a lady's charity school, she spoke affectionately to a little group of girls on their souls' concerns, some of whom were much impressed, and were noticed, on a succeeding night engaged in earnest attendance on the religious exercises in church. The visit was blessed to her own soul, and, we trust, has proved a blessing to others.' On her return, before she reached home, the damp cold air of the evening had fallen. This confirmed a cold, which probably originated in her having continued till a very late hour in her chamber that night, in devotional exercises, and in making notes of what she had heard at church, so that she went to bed excessively chilled. But ten days elapsed, before her health appeared to have sustained serious injury. On that subject, she remarked, 'if her body was harmed, her soul was refreshed.' On the Sabbath, she read the notes she had taken of Mr. Burns' sermon, to her class of young women; pouring out her heart in earnest entreaties that they would make sure work of their souls' safety, by surrendering them now to Christ. During that week, her hands were, as usual, full of work, ticketing and cataloguing Sunday school library books, and making a list of those which had not been returned, visiting the sick, reading to the aged, and teaching the young. A domestic remarked that, for a long time before, she never staid a few minutes in the nursery, without mentioning some plan for the benefit of some one. Her husband observed her increased activity, and when he urged her to delay various exertions till her cough should be relieved, she seemed as if she felt time too short and precious,—she must work to-day, for the night was coming. Even her delight in music was swallowed up in the pursuit of Christian duties, and spiritual occupations, so that, for a long time, the evening hour had not been cheered by her strains.

At this time she wrote to Dr. Paterson, whose Christian exertions in Russia, and elsewhere, have made his name familiar in all the churches. Her object was to promote the education of a youth in the neighbourhood, who was

not solicitous to what body of Christians he was united, so that he might become qualified to seek lost souls; and she felt it a pity that any portion of zeal and love should be lost for want of a little exertion. The good man, in his reply, expressed his pleasure in observing that catholic spirit, which, in these days of division and estrangement, dwelt uncontaminated in her breast, and enabled her to apply to a dissenter with as free a heart as to a churchman; and it is for the purpose of exhibiting this trait of her character, which could not have been perfect in love without it, that the incident is named. All who loved the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, *were* her brethren on earth; all who love him in sincerity *are* her brethren in her eternal abode.

There exists, in the minds of many, a feeling of the deficiency in the collection of Paraphrases for the use of praise in our church, not in number and variety only, but in Christian love and doctrinal faithfulness. A missionary compartment, in particular, would form a valuable addition; and the Church of Scotland's Mission to the family of Israel having been pointed out to Mary, she at once entered into the idea, and a paraphrase on a portion of Isaiah was the result.*

This poem was sent, with the promise that it should be succeeded by others.†

Several poems collected in the Appendix cannot be arranged exactly according to their dates; but whether composed at an earlier or later period, whether the subjects be of heaven or of the smallest of God's works, the same holy remembrance of her covenant head is seen in all,—His skill, His love, and the prospect of His presence, enhance her admiration, and render her hope more ardent.

To a Greek air, which a dear friend loved to hear her sing, she composed, at the piano-forte, the annexed stanzas, not being satisfied with the trifling words attached to it. They bear date the 20th December, the last effusion of her muse, and the prayer of their petition was about to be answered speedily. It has been remarked, says Novalis, that we are less dazzled by the light at awaking, if we have been dreaming of visible objects. Happy are those who

* Appendix, No. XVII. † Appendix, No. XVIII.

have here dream of a higher vision! They will the sooner be able to endure the glories of the world to come.

It was either on this day, or that which succeeded it, that a friend returned from Dunfermline, fraught with good tidings of many being pricked to the heart, and inquiring the way of salvation. While the narrator proceeded, Mary sat with clasped hands, and eager gaze, and for a time she could find no utterance. When she did, her lips poured out the emotions of a heart rejoicing in the glory of the Redeemer, and the rescue of the perishing; and she said among other things, 'I have felt for some time past as if the business of my life was to pray for Christ's kingdom.'

A note inviting her brother to pass his week of college leisure at Cleish, shows how little she suspected that the dart of the King of Terrors was already fixed in her bosom. 'We are living in the hope of seeing you next week, and trust we shall have a merry Christmas together. I have a bad cold, but the joy of seeing you will drive it away.'

'On Saturday,' as Mr. Grey continues in his sermon, 'she was exposed unconsciously for a long time to a current of cold air, which chilled her whole frame. Yet next day she rose and applied herself to her Sabbath duties with her usual zeal, taught her class of young women in the morning, and, after attending church, her class in the Sabbath school, having felt particular pleasure in the service of the sanctuary, and shown great earnestness in the instruction of her interesting pupils.' She returned chilled and shivering, and, as the servants observed, 'bent almost double,' from the school; but still the unwearied spirit led her to lament that her strength was all worked up, so that she could not visit 'Old Kate,' a very aged person, to whom she frequently repeated great part of the sermon. 'Thus,' continues Mr. Grey, 'was the last Lord's Day of her conscious communion with the saints on earth spent in the Lord's service, with her loins girt, and her lamp burning. To her power I bear record, yea, and beyond her strength she was willing and zealous to do good, still to the end devising and executing plans of Christian kindness. The fever had already seized her, which, though not alarming to the inexperienced persons around her at first, advanced

rapidly, and, a few days after, deprived her of the power of commanding her thoughts, inducing convulsive effort and incoherent expression. In the earlier part of her illness, she murmured words of her father, her mother, often of "Jesus," "his blood," and once, when asked who Jesus was, she answered, "The man of sorrows." When her husband expressed his concern for her great sufferings, she replied, "quite content;" and on one occasion he repeated the passage, "These are they that came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb; therefore they are before the throne of God," &c.; Rev. vii. 14–17. The words "wonderful peace" passed her lips, as if expressing her own experience in reference to the sentiment. On another occasion, she said, "I would give all the world to be with Christ." Being asked if she would like a *revival*, her whole countenance kindled into a glow as she replied, "sweetly, sweetly." That was her last smile, and it was given to Jesus and his cause. Such were the testimonies to her Saviour, that her dying lips were permitted to utter. At one time, turning to her husband, without any appearance of wandering, she inquired, "Do you not hear that beautiful music?" He asked what it resembled, when she attempted to imitate it in her own silvery tones, but the effort was too great, and she relapsed into a comatose state.

On an early day of her illness, when she probably felt, what her husband was unconscious of, that the sentence of death was in her, she expressed a most tender farewell to him, which, a short time after, the accession of disease would have rendered impossible. About the same time, when he, within her hearing, mentioned his surprise that she did not inquire for the children, she said, unexpectedly, "I want to see my children; I am heart-sick for want of them." Her mother, distressed at finding that, although sometimes called for by the poor sufferer, she was not recognized, and could not awaken a sense of her presence, made it her petition to the compassionate Lord, that, though she should never be recognized, he would grant her one word, *but one word*, from her child's lips, declaring what her hope was. At this time, the patient had sunk into a state

of stupor rather than repose. When roused out of it, her husband, unconscious of the petition which had been spread before the mercy-seat, put the question, "What is your hope?" to which she clearly and distinctly answered, "THE CROSS." Brief but ample testimony! Revealing two solemn truths,—the one overwhelming with grief—the other mighty in consolation. The answer to the petition seemed to say she must depart from us; for were she to be restored, she might have future opportunities of professing her faith, and, therefore, this one had been unnecessary. But that it was answered so speedily indicated that he who hung upon the cross was nigh to us in this hour of wo, faithful to His word of old, 'In all their afflictions He was afflicted, and the angel of His presence saved them.'

In the sermon the following comparison is added:—'These words were articulately and intelligently uttered; and while they undesignedly fulfilled her mother's prayer, and confirmed her husband's confidence, though by no means necessary for the consolation of either, they may justify us in conjoining her with the interesting group of the same name who, with the beloved John, attended the Saviour in his dying moments, when the other disciples had forsaken him and fled; for, we are told, "there stood *by the cross of Jesus* his mother and his mother's sister, Mary the wife of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalene." And as these *stood by the cross*, and clung to the Saviour, though at the time very imperfectly apprehending the nature of his sufferings—so *our* beloved Mary clung to the cross as her hope, however imperfect her apprehension of all things else.'

How precious were the isolated words that dropt from her parched and indistinct lips! When all our feeble communings were shut out from her, the Spirit of Peace infused his own consolations. We were by these words at times furnished with a key by which we interpreted volumes of thought which she could not reveal. Words sprinkled over a watching time which knew no night of respite, are left as the index of *that*, the perfect reading of which is not for earth but for heaven.

How solemn is the evidence of God's holy indignation against sin, that, though the blessed Jesus has removed the sting of the last enemy, yet even from his own dear chil-

dren he has not seen fit to withdraw his terrors! Who can behold a beloved member of the body of Christ, whose glorious Head is in heaven, writhing in pain, shrieking in feverish energy, and not feel that death is a fearful enemy, sent at first as an evidence that sin can have no share in eternal life, and continued even to the ransomed, to prove to all more surely, that their victory is not of themselves but of Him who, to wash them from their sins, expended his own blood.

How formidably are the characters written, 'dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return!' 'There is no discharge in that war.' What now has befallen that fair high intellectual brow? Darkened and speckled by fever, knitted and wrinkled by pain. Those beaming, loving, smiling eyes; alas! are they these starting, blood-shot, parched and sightless balls? From sights like this, the world hides itself; it veils them, and calls the act *delicacy*. But the Divine hand that inflicts has a divine purpose in the infliction; and shall the servant of God 'walk delicately,' and turn away from the humbling spectacle? No, let us see what desolations sin hath wrought on the earth, and then heal the torn feelings by the consideration that the child of God has in this encountered his closing conflict; that from henceforth, not only peace and ease will be his portion, but fulness of joy at God's right hand, and pleasures for evermore.

'I know thou art gone where thy forehead is starred
With the beauty that dwelt in thy soul;
Where the light of thy loveliness cannot be marred,
Nor thy heart be flung back from its goal;
I know thou hast drank of the Lethe, that flows
Through a land where they do not forget;
That sheds over memory only repose,
And takes from it only regret.

And though, like a mourner that sits by a tomb,
I am wrapt in a mantle of care;
Yet the grief of my bosom—Oh call it not gloom—
Is not the black grief of despair.
By sorrow revealed, as the stars are by night,
Far off thy bright vision appears;
And Hope, like the rainbow, a creature of light,
Is born, like the rainbow, in tears.'*

* T. K. Hervey.

While death was working his fearful havoc on the earthen tabernacle, and a word of peace occasionally dropping from the lips, there was one indication that the poor soul was still struggling, and perhaps, in these solemn moments, suffering from the fiery darts of the adversary, who, when he cannot interfere with the final security of the sheep of the fold, will still hang on their skirts, and make their hearts tremble; for, has not the word, which cannot lie, described him 'as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour?' On one occasion, when she was repeating her often murmured call, 'Mother, come! come!' unconscious that she was hanging over her, the stanza was recited,—not, however, anticipating that it would be observed:—

> Jesus thy blood and righteousness,
> My beauty is, my glorious dress,
> 'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
> With joy will I lift up my head.'

The pupils of her eyes, generally contracted to the smallest point, dilated suddenly; she looked with anxious intelligence, till she uttered slowly, word by word, 'but—I—doubt.' The gleam was past, the expanded eye-beam closed to its former blank; she spoke no more. How vainly, then, for aught that appeared, were the words poured out upon her vacant ear:—'To them that believe will he give power to become the sons of God;' 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee;' 'He that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out,' &c. &c. And, was it possible that this mournful gleam, which had been permitted to dart from the cloud which shrouded her mental powers, was meant as an indication that she was still in the midst of feebleness and anguish, liable to conflict with that daring foe? It is probable that the thought passed, and never afflicted her soul again; but even this tremulous expression teaches that the prey is taken from the mighty,—that it is the lawful captive whom Christ delivers,—that the wilderness, even to the crossing of Jordan, is still the wilderness, and that sustaining and comforting power are with Christ, and him only.

The struggle of the young life in her, however, was subsiding. Those weary tossings were gradually becoming

still. Those long rich mournful tones, which had made the chambers ring for days, were hushed—tones, whose pathetic sweetness was all that remained by which she might have been identified. She was going home to her Father's house. All things had been prepared for her, and in her. Her tender loving heart was sheltered from the consciousness of being rent from her husband and her babes. She had no leave to take of any one, and wanted nothing more of any of us, but a grave. That day fortnight, at mid-day, she had joined the voice of the multitude who kept holiday in the sanctuary. That day week the door of the sanctuary was closed. God was preaching to Cleish by his solemn providence. But on that day—fourteen days of anguish having terminated the conflict—shortly after the hour of noon was past, her own sweet countenance returned, her breathing sunk away, and her emancipated soul passed into the world of spirits. There no pause occurs in the acts of worship. Where the Sabbath is eternal, it requires no returning seventh day to bring back the congregation to re-occupy the vacant sanctuary. Yet it touches the imagination a little, to consider that Mary departed at the very hour when, had all been well, she would have been entering the courts on earth, which she loved to tread. Death is a dark and gloomy porter, but it has been his office, and will be to the end, to open the realms of everlasting day to all who are united to Christ.

The snow-drop may droop its pallid head over the turf that covers that precious clay, and the primrose, that she loved, may open its fragrant petals amid the grass, showing that the hand of lingering affection has been there: mourning love may raise its modest tablet to tell whose child, whose wife, whose mother, and whose friend is taken from the earth:—that is the work of those who are left to struggle out their pilgrimage.—But she is united to that family which cannot be dispersed or die; adopted to that glorious parentage which endureth for ever; dwelling in that light which is ineffable and full of glory; and desiring that all she ever knew and loved on earth, may, through like precious faith, join her in the kingdom and glory of the same precious Saviour.

A few lines from the conclusion of the funeral sermon

must wind up the character, which needs no touch but that of truthful delineation:—'Mary, as one pure and holy, kept by divine grace in nearness to, and reliance on, her God and Saviour, seemed a merciful selection in point of fitness, if one were to be withdrawn from our circle. But how heavy the loss! Where was a creature more beloved, more esteemed, and blessed by every heart's good wishes? This stroke has all manner of consolation of a spiritual kind in it. No one could be more willing to go. She has got her wish, or at least, if her tender and considerate care for others, did not suffer her directly to wish, yet what her choice would have been, no contending cares interfering. In her diary she expressed it several years before, "When I think of heaven it seems so blessed, that I wish I were there. * * I shall be there for ever; so let me seek more fitness for it every day." She is safe, happy—free from care, sin, sorrow, from henceforth. Her light shone brightly here, and leaves a train of softened radiance behind. How indefatigable was she in doing all she could for others, labouring for their interests in spiritual and in common things, amid duties and occupations of her own immediate charge, that are enough to wholly engross most people! We used to wonder at the trouble she took about every body; her sweet, mild, Christian manner, giving a touching, edifying, grace to all she did. God gave her grace to accomplish more, and made her light to burn the more brightly, that it was soon to be extinguished.'

A white marble tablet, with a black frame-work, is erected within the porch of the church, by her husband. Some members of the congregation, not satisfied that the grave, also, should not possess a memorial of their departed friend, raised a stone in the churchyard, not more a testimony to departed worth, than to their affectionate gratitude, for spiritual benefits derived from her whose remains rest there in hope.

'Seed sown by God
To ripen for the harvest.'

Such was the simple epitaph of Klopstock over his Meta.—Seed sown in God's field. We have rejected the appropriate and ancient Saxon name of 'God's-Acre,' and have

adopted the name of churchyard, thus losing sight of the august proprietor. This is the only acre in the parish which yields no crop for man. Man's seed times and harvests make their annual round. He ploughs and sows, reaps, consumes, and sows again. No inch of territory is left unclaimed which the hand of industry can render fruitful save this little spot, and *it* is God's husbandry. Man, the sower, himself becomes the seed, and death prepares him for the earth. The Lord of all the surrounding land here requires no more space than does the poverty stricken man who never before called a foot of earth his own. Here is found room for both. God's harvest time seems long—scoffers have dared to say, Where is it? 'for since the fathers fell asleep all things have remained as they were.' But it approaches—it ripens apace. His 'harvest is the end of the world.' The power that caused the dead walls to crumble in years gone by, at the blast blown by feeble priests who bore the ark of the Lord, will cause dead man to rise up and stand ripe for the sickle, when the last trumpet shall sound, and the angelic hosts shall come forth as reapers in the presence of the Lord. The Lord of the harvest has promised to receive the fruits of the travail of his soul, into his blessed and eternal mansions.

'And so shall we ever be with the Lord.—Wherefore comfort one another with these words.'

Inscription on the Marble Tablet in the Parish Church of Cleish :—

To the Memory of

MARY,

DAUGHTER OF THE LATE

REV. ROBERT LUNDIE, OF KELSO,

AND WIFE OF

THE REV. W. WALLACE DUNCAN,

OF CLEISH.

IN THE MORNING OF LIFE,
THE SWEET AFFECTIONS OF HER HEART,
AND EVERY ENERGY OF
A POWERFUL AND
HIGHLY REFINED INTELLECT,
WERE CONSECRATED, BY THE HOLY SPIRIT,
TO THE SERVICE OF

JESUS CHRIST.

LOVELY, ALIKE IN PERSON AND IN CHARACTER,
SHE DISCHARGED WITH FIDELITY THE DUTIES
OF A WIFE AND OF A MOTHER,
AND PRAYERFULLY SOUGHT TO IMPROVE
EVERY OPPORTUNITY OF USEFULNESS
AMONG THE PEOPLE OF THIS PARISH;
TILL,
UNEXPECTEDLY, BUT NOT UNPREPARED,
SHE FELL ASLEEP IN JESUS,
ON THE 5TH DAY OF JAN.
A.D. 1840.

AGED 25.

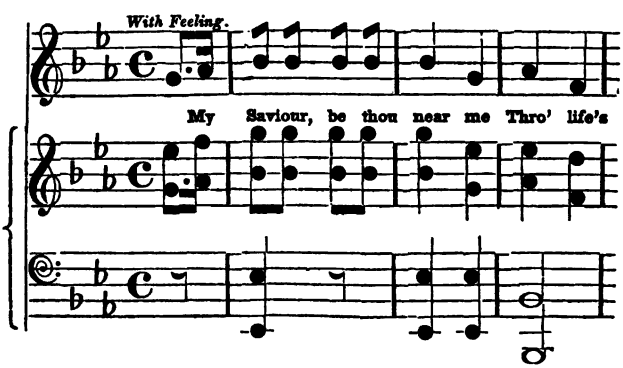
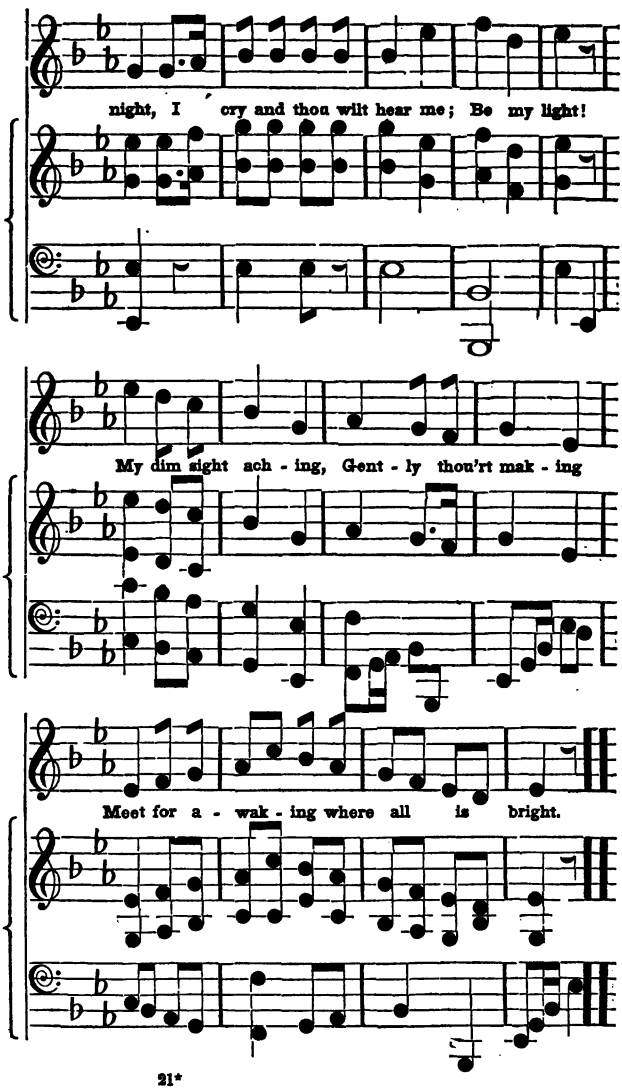
GREEK AIR.

I.

My Saviour, be thou near me
Through life's night,
I cry and thou wilt hear me,
Be my light!
My dim sight aching,
Gently thou 'rt making
Meet for awaking
Where all is bright!

II.

O through time's swelling ocean
Be my Guide!
From tempest's wild commotion
Hide, O hide!
Life's crystal river
Storms ruffle never;
Anchor me ever
On that calm tide!

Dec. 20, 1839. M. L. D.

night, I cry and thou wilt hear me; Be my light!
My dim sight ach - ing, Gent - ly thou'rt mak - ing
Meet for a - wak - ing where all is bright.

APPENDIX.

No. I.

THE RETURN OF ISRAEL.

Where is the beauty of that ancient land,
Where patriarchs fed their flocks by living streams!
Still tower to heaven its mountain summits grand,
Still o'er them flings the sun his glorious beams.
But bowed on Lebanon the cedar's pride,
Nor vine nor olive waves on Carmel's rugged side.

Where is the melody of sacred song,
That floated tuneful down the vales of yore,
Where David led triumphant choirs along,
Or Miriam's timbrel swelled on Elim's shore?
Faint are the quivering notes, and sad, and low,
That now, in doubt and gloom, from Judah's children flow.

The cultured plains, once rich with milk and wine,
Are turned to deserts, 'neath a stranger's tread;
The land, in ashes, mourns her banished line,
Nor yields her fruits, a tyrant's board to spread;
While, through remotest climes, her thousands sigh
To reach their lovely home, and bless it ere they die.

For, be their dwellings in earth's fairest plains,
They still an exile's pensive spirit bear;
To them, nor hope, nor joy, nor wish remains,
But, turned to Zion, fondly centres there;
They mourn it now, as on the willowy shore,
Where far Euphrates rolls, of old they wept it sore.

A time draws nigh to bid your sorrows cease,
Seed of the Highest! Yet a little while,
And all your wanderings shall close in peace:—
Again for you shall Canaan's beauty smile:
And where the cloud of heaven's dire vengeance lower'd,
O'er the rejoicing land Heaven's sunshine* shall be poured.

* Cant. iv. and vii.

Then shall the gathering tribes, from Sinai's height
And dewy Hermon, strain their eager gaze,
To view, through distance blue, or vista bright,
Each vale, each sacred stream of former days;
While from Amana's top shall burst the voice
Of loudest praise, and bid the listening earth rejoice.

No more shall dark Moriah's brow be crowned
With idol forms, that shame the blushing day.
Her King again shall bless the hallowed ground,
The hills of myrrh* exultant own his sway:
His temple rising, evermore shall stand,
The glory of all earth, the joy of every land.

With trembling awe shall Judah's children throng
To tread the sides of blood-stained Calvary,
And bless the Man of Woes,—rejected long,—
For love that lived through all his agony,
And watched, through ages, their ungrateful race,
That hatred gave for love, and scorn for pardoning grace.

His pitying look shall melt their contrite souls,
His smile celestial comfort shall infuse:
As on to endless day time's chariot rolls,
From pole to pole shall spread the joyful news;
Till earth, with rays of Salem's glory bright,
To darkness bids farewell, and springs to life and light.

M. L. D.

No. II.

Poems and Hymns for her Children (to No. 16, inclusive.)

THE FLY.

My merry little fly, play here,
And let me look at you;
I will not touch you though you're near,
As naughty children do.

I see you spread your pretty wings,
That sparkle in the sun;
I see your legs, what tiny things!
And yet how fast they run.

You walk along the ceiling now
And down the upright wall;
I'll ask mamma, to tell me how
You walk and do not fall.

* Cant. iv. and vi.

'Twas God that taught you, little fly,
To walk along the ground,
And mount above my head so high,
And frolic round and round.

I'll near you stand to see you play,
But do not be afraid;
I would not lift my little hand
To hurt the thing He made.

No. III.

A PRAYER.

Jesus, Saviour, pity me,
Hear me when I cry to thee!
I've a very naughty heart,
Full of sin in every part;
I can never make it good,—
Wilt thou wash me in thy blood?
Jesus, Saviour, pity me!
Hear me when I cry to thee!

Short has been my pilgrim way,
Yet I'm sinking every day;
Though I am so young and weak,
Lately taught to run and speak;
Yet in evil I am strong,—
Far from thee I've lived too long:
Jesus, Saviour, pity me!
Hear me when I cry to thee!

When I try to do thy will,
Sin is in my bosom still;
And I soon do something bad,
That makes me sorrowful and sad.
Who could help or comfort give,
If thou didst not bid me live?
Jesus, Saviour, pity me!
Hear me when I cry to thee!

Tho' I cannot cease from guilt,
Thou canst cleanse me, and thou wilt;
Since thy blood for me was shed,
Crowned with thorns thy blessed head.
Thou, who lov'd and suffered so,
Ne'er will bid me from thee go:
Jesus, thou wilt pity me!
Save me when I cry to thee!

No. IV.

A MORNING PRAYER.

I thank thee, Lord, for quiet rest,
And for thy care of me:
O! let me through this day be blest,
And kept from harm by thee.

O! take my naughty heart away,
And make me clean and good;
Lord Jesus, save my soul I pray,
And wash me in thy blood.

O, let me love thee! Kind thou art
To children such as I;
Give me a gentle holy heart;
Be thou my friend on high.

Help me to please my parents dear,
And do whate'er they tell;
Bless all my friends, both far and near,
And keep them safe and well.

No. V.

AN EVENING PRAYER.

Jesus, tender shepherd, hear me!
Bless thy little lambs to-night!
Through the darkness be thou near me,
Watch my sleep till morning light!

All this day Thy hand has led me,—
And I thank thee for thy care;
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me,
Listen to my evening prayer.

Let my sins be all forgiven!
Bless the friends I love so well!
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with thee to dwell!

No. VI.

PREPARING FOR SUNDAY.

Haste! put your play-things all away,—
To-morrow is the Sabbath-day;
Come! bring to me your Noah's ark,
Your pretty tinkling music-cart;
Because, my love, you must not play,
But holy keep the Sabbath-day.

Bring me your German village, please!
With all its houses, gates, and trees;
Your waxen doll, with eyes of blue,
And all her tea-things, bright and new;
Because, you know, you must not play,
But love to keep the Sabbath-day.

Now take your Sunday pictures down,—
King David with his harp and crown,
Good little Samuel on his knees,
And many pleasant sights like these;
Because, you know, you must not play,
But learn of God upon his day.

There is your hymn-book.—You shall learn
A verse, and some sweet kisses earn;
Your Book of Bible stories, too,
Which dear mamma will read to you;
I think, although you must not play,
We'll have a happy Sabbath-day.

No. VII.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

The week is passing fast away,
The hours are almost done;
Before I rise, the Sabbath-day
Will surely be begun.

Through all this week, what have I done?
Have I been kind to all?
Have I sought any thing but fun,
And run at every call?

Have I been still when I was bid,
And ceased to make a noise?
Have I been good in all I did,
At lessons or at toys?

I'm naughty every day I live—
Say many a foolish word,
But God can forgive all my sins,
Through Jesus Christ my Lord.

An infant's prayer he will not scorn:—
I'll pray before I sleep,
And ask his love; then rest till morn,
For he my soul will keep.

No. VIII.

THE SABBATH-BELL.

What sound is this, that gently falls
  Upon the quiet air!
It is the Sabbath-bell, that calls
  Men to the house of prayer;
For there God promises to meet
All those who worship at his feet.

Yes! listen to that chime, my love,
  Sweeter than earthly song.
It tells us of that home above,
  Where we shall praise ere long:
For if we serve our God below,
With heavenly harps our songs shall flow.

On earth the Sabbath soon is o'er,
  The day we love is done:
In heaven there shall be night no more,
  For God will be our sun.
The happy soul in Jesus blest,
Enjoys an endless day of rest.

How gracious has our Father been,
  In giving Sabbaths here,
To rest our hearts; like pastures green
  The weary flocks that cheer.
Oh let us thank him for his day,
And find it sweet to praise and pray.

No. IX.

GOING TO CHURCH.

Whither are these people walking?
  Dear mamma, I want to know.
Some are with each other talking,
  Some alone and silent go!
Through the wood and down the hill,
Many more are coming still.

Hark, my love, the bells are ringing,
  'Tis to church the people turn;
Soon sweet psalms they will be singing,
  Soon of Jesus' love they'll learn.
Each with Bible in his hand,
Goes to pray at God's command.

When to God we join in praying,
I, my child, will pray for thee.
O how kind was Christ in saying,—
'Little children come to me.'
Will you come and be his own,
Give your heart to him alone.

No. X.

THE GREEN PASTURES.

I walked in a field of fresh clover this morn,
Where lambs played so merrily under the trees,
Or rubbed their soft coats on a naked old thorn,
Or nibbled the clover, or rested at ease.

And under the hedge ran a clear water-brook,
To drink from, when thirsty, or weary with play:
And so gay did the daisies and buttercups look,
That I thought little lambs must be happy all day.

And, when I remember the beautiful psalm,
That tells about Christ and his pastures so green;
I know he is willing to make me his lamb;
And happier far than the lambs I have seen.

If I drink of the waters, so peaceful and still,
That flow in his field, I for ever shall live;
If I love him, and seek his commands to fulfil,
A place in his sheep-fold to me he will give.

The lambs are at peace in the fields when they play
The long summer's day in contentment they spend;
But happier I,—if in God's holy way
I try to walk always, with Christ for my friend.

No. XI.

THE LAMB'S LULLABY.

CHILD.

The pretty little lambs that lie
To sleep upon the grass,
Have none to sing them lullaby
But the night winds as they pass.

While I, a happy little maid,
Bid dear papa good-night;
And in my crib so warm am laid,
And tucked up snug and tight.

Then Annie sits and sings to me,
With gentle voice and soft,
The Highland song of sweet Glenshee,
That I have heard so oft.

Or else some pretty hymn she sings,
Until to sleep I go;
But the young helpless lambs, poor things,
Have none to lull them so.

O, if the lambs to me would come,
I'd try to sing Glenshee;
And here, in this warm quiet room,
How sound their sleep would be!

Haste, kind mamma! and call them here,
Where they'll be warm as I;
For in the chilly fields I fear,
Before the morn they'll die.

MAMMA'S ANSWER.

The lambs sleep in the fields, 'tis true,
Without a lullaby;
And yet they are as warm as you,
Beneath the summer sky.

They choose some dry and grassy spot,
Below the shady trees;
To other songs they listen not,
Than the pleasant evening breeze.

The blankets soft that cover you,
Are made of fleeces warm,
That kept the sheep from evening dew,
Or from the wintry storm.

And when the night is bitter cold,
The shepherd comes with care,
And leads them to his peaceful fold:
They're safe and sheltered there.

How happy are the lambs, my love,
How safe and calm they rest!
But you a shepherd have above,
Of all kind shepherds best.

His lambs he gathers in his arms,
And in his bosom bears;
How blest,—how safe from all alarms,—
Each child his love who shares!

O! if you'll be his gentle child,
And listen to his voice,
Be loving, dutiful, and mild,
How will mamma rejoice!

Then, when you've done His will below,
And you are called to die;
In his kind arms your soul shall go
To his own fold on high.

No. XII.

THE BEE AND THE FLOWERS.

MOTHER.

Ah! do not,—do not touch that bee!
Stand still, its busy course to see,
But take your hand away;
For, though 'tis neither large nor strong,
It has a sting both sharp and long,
And soon could spoil your play.

CHILD.

I did not know the bee could sting—
I see it fly, on rapid wing,
Among the garden bowers;
And now it lights upon a rose,
Now to a jasmine branch it goes;
Say, *will it sting the flowers?*

It settles where the woodbine sweet
Twines round the tree—it plants its feet—
How firm and fast they cling!
Oh, how I love the pretty flowers,
That bloom through all the sunny hours!
Pray, do not let it sting.

MOTHER.

You need not fear; it loves, like you,
The flowers of varied form and hue,
They yield it honied spoil;
It only stings the thoughtless train,
Who seek its life, or give it pain,
Or stop its happy toil—

Or idle drones, which labour not,
But eat the honey it has sought
To store the crowded hive;

Or insects that would enter there,
To steal the food it brings with care,
To keep its race alive.

In search of flowers this food that yield,
It flies abroad through hill and field,
With pleasant humming sound:
It rests on many a blossom bright,
That opens, far from human sight,
To deck the lonely ground.

Flowers were not made for man alone,
But freely o'er the earth are strewn,
To bless the creatures too;
And many an insect nation dwells
Among fair buds and mossy cells,
That we shall never view.

CHILD.

Mamma, you told me it was God
Who clothed with flowers the ground I trod—
Oh, I will love him well!
He made the flowers to feed the bee,
And to delight a child like me,
Who scarce his praise can tell.

No. XIII.

THE WET SPARROW.

How heavy the rain is that falls on the ground!
How cold is the wind through the garden that blows!
It shakes the large drops from the branches around—
And see! it has torn all the leaves from that rose.

I'm glad I'm within doors, so warm and so dry,
Where the rain cannot wet me, that beats on the pane—
But what is *that*, hopping so quietly by?
'Tis a poor little sparrow, that's out in the rain.

It cannot find shelter, for wet is each tree,
And no clothing it has to protect it at all.
Ah! poor little creature, how cold it must be!
Mamma, may I take the poor sparrow a shawl!

A shawl would but trouble the sparrow, my child;
It has clothing still softer and warmer than yours;
Which never wears out, nor by wetting is spoiled;
For through summer and winter its beauty endures.

Now, look at it closer, and see how 'tis drest—
It is covered with feathers of many a shade;
Its tail sober brown is, and white is its breast,
And in coat black and grey it is neatly arrayed.

For God, who so kindly gives comforts to you,
Takes care of the sparrow, and clothes it, and feeds;
He warmly protects it from rain and from dew,
And gives it the shelter and rest that it needs.

And see! it has flown to its home in the tree,
'Mong the thick bowery leaves, where secure it can hide,
Or can soar on its pinions, all joyous and free,
As happy as you, when you sport by my side.

No. XIV.

MY LITTLE BROTHER.

Little brother, darling boy,
You are very dear to me!
I am happy—full of joy,
When your smiling face I see.

How I wish that you could speak,
And could know the words I say!
Pretty stories I would seek,
To amuse you every day:—

All about the honey bees,
Flying past us in the sun;
Birds that sing among the trees,
Lambs that in the meadows run.

I'll be very kind to you,
Never slap or make you cry,
As some naughty children do,
Quite forgetting God is nigh.

Shake your rattle—here it is—
Listen to its merry noise;
And, when you are tired of this,
I will bring you other toys.

No. XV.

THE HEATH.

This is a pretty flower indeed,
You've brought to show mamma to-day!
Though common, 'tis no vulgar weed,
Fit only to be thrown away.

It is the heath, or *heather-bell*;—
I guess you found it on the hill:
Its purple buds, its fragrant smell,
Are nursed by mountain breezes still.

And many a heathy hill I've seen,
All bright and purple with its flowers,
That bloom among the leaves so green,
Fairer than those of garden bowers.

The humming bee oft wings its way,
To seek the honey from its breast,
It toils each sunny autumn day,
In winter 'twill have time to rest.

Nay, do not *eat* it, simple one!
For you will find no honey there;
But when the bees their work have done,
You in their sweets perhaps may share.

No. XVI.

THE SHADOWS.

MAMMA.

The candles are lighted, the fire blazes bright,
The curtains are drawn to keep out the cold air,
What makes you so grave, little darling, to-night,
And where is your smile, little quiet one, where?

CHILD.

Mamma, I see something so dark on the wall,
It moves up and down, and it looks *very* strange;
Sometimes it is large, and sometimes it is small,
Pray, tell me what is it, and why does it change!

MAMMA.

It is mamma's shadow that puzzles you so,
And there is your own close beside it, my love;
Now run round the room, it will go where you go:
When you sit 'twill be still, when you rise, it will move.

CHILD.

I don't like to see it, do please let me ring
For Betsy to take all the shadows away.

MAMMA.

No; Betsy oft carries a heavier thing,
But she could not lift this should she try a whole day.

These wonderful shadows are caused by the light,
From fire and from candles upon us that falls:
Were we not sitting here, all that place would be bright,
But the light can't shine through us, you know, on the walls.

And, when you are out some fine day in the sun,
I'll take you where shadows of apple-trees lie;
And houses and cottages too,—every one
Cast a shade when the sun's shining bright in the sky.

Now hold up your mouth, and give me a sweet kiss,
Our shadows kiss too! don't you see it quite plain?

CHILD.

O yes! and I thank you for telling me this;
I'll not be afraid of a shadow again.

No. XVII.

ISAIAH, CHAP. LXII. VER. 1-5.

For Zion's sake,—chastised of God,—
I will not hold my peace;
For Salem,—smitten by his rod,—
My labours shall not cease.

I'll daily wrestle at his throne
For mercy to the race
Of Judah; are they not his own?
Shall they not find his grace?

Yes; when his church is stirred to pray,
O Salem! for thy line,
As orient light of breaking day
Thy righteousness shall shine.

As lamp that cheers the gloomy night,
Shall thy salvation be;
Gentiles shall hail thy rising light,
And kings thy glory see.

Emerging from the cloud of wo,
As God's own fold confest;
A nobler name he shall bestow,
And men shall own thee blest.

Thy Lord himself shall thee uphold—
A crown of glory bright,
A diadem of royal mould,
For ever in his sight.

Forsaken thou no more shalt lie,—
No more thy land shall pine;
Beulah shall be its title high,
And Hephzi-bah be thine.

Thy scattered sons, from many a shore,
Shall eager throng to thee;
Widowed and desolate no more,—
Thy land shall married be.

In thee, as bridegroom o'er his bride,
Jehovah shall rejoice;
For evermore thou shalt abide
The people of his choice.

No. XVIII.

THE ISLES OF THE GENTILES.

Calm on the bosom of the deep
A thousand beauteous islets lie;
While glassy seas that round them sleep,
Reflect the glories of the sky.

How radiant mid the watery waste
Their groves of emerald verdure smile,
Like Eden-spots, in ocean placed,
The weary pilgrim to beguile.

Graceful through forest vistas bright,
The fair Mimosa's shadows spread;
And 'gainst those skies of amber light,
The palm-tree lifts its towering head.

Alas! that in those happy vales,
Meet homes for pure and heaven-born love,
Unholy discord still prevails,
And weeping peace forsakes the grove.

Alas! that on those lovely shores,
Where earth and sky in beauty shine,
And Heaven profusely sheds its stores,
Man should in heathen bondage pine,

O haste! ye messengers of God,
With hearts of zeal and tongues of flame,—
Go! spread the welcome sound abroad,
That all may 'bless Messiah's name.'

That where the smoke of offerings base,
From idol fanes obscure the day,
May rise the incense of a race
Whose souls are taught by Heaven to pray.

When shall the solemn Sabbath-bell
Chime through those plains at morning prime,
And choral hymns of praises swell
Through those deep woods, in notes sublime?

Soft mingling with the wave's low moan,
The sound shall float o'er ocean's breast,
To tell the wave-tossed wanderer lone,
'The ark of mercy here doth rest.'

December, 1834.

No. XIX.

ON HEARING A CONCERT OF MUSIC.

There's music on the listening air,
That, faint, as evening's parting breeze,
Seems in its soft low tones to bear
Combined, a thousand melodies!

Now swells the strain, and gaily now
From harp and voice in union bland,
Such light and graceful measures flow,
As lead the sports in Fairy land!

Now falls the strain; but silent still,
As hearing yet that charmed sound,
Rests a bright band,—for rapture's thrill
Yet vibrates in each bosom's bound.

The hush is o'er! the beaming smile
And low-toned whispers breathe delight;
O could those strains that time beguile
Yet float upon the wings of night!

Ye lovely throng! a sweeter lay
Than this ye yet may learn to sing;
And harps of deeper melody,
Your hands, in fairer climes, may string.

Was music given to cheer your souls?
'Tis purer where the angels dwell:
Through heaven the lofty anthem rolls,
As thousand lyres the chorus swell!

Love ye the soft, the pensive calm,
That earth-born numbers round you shed
The soul that wins the victor's palm,
Shall hymn ecstatic joys when time is fled!

No. XX.

A WISH.

Written in M. A. B.'s Album.

I ask not that where pleasure tunes
Her syren voice to song,
Thou to the fairy strains mayest list
Amid the giddy throng;
For well I know that happiness,
Fair child of heavenly birth!
Approaches not the glittering scenes
That bear her name on earth.

I ask not that where folly wheels
Her gay and ceaseless maze,
Thou may'st with others pass the best,
The earliest of thy days.
For ah! when sadness shades the brow,
And sorrow dims the eye,
Her visions of enjoyment cease,
Her fair illusions die.

I ask not that in fragrant bowers
Thy sunny days may fly,
Where every tranquil object smiles
Beneath a cloudless sky;
For then would earth be paradise,
And thou would'st wish to dwell
For ever mid its smiling plains,
And love its charms too well.

But may'st thou find that holy Peace,
The calm, the pure, the blest,
Which as thou journey'st through the world
Will keep thy heart at rest.
For she will shed her radiant beam
On thine untroubled heart,
And thou shalt bless the love of Him
Who could such joy impart.

And when thy dying hour shall come,
And earth can charm no more,
'Twill shine with brightness yet unknown,
Till thy last breath is o'er.
Peace was the parting gift of Him
Whose life on earth was love;
And what we taste but dimly here,
Is perfect bliss above.

No XXI.

'FORGET ME NOT.'

To a Friend.

There is a little fragile flower
That bends to every passing breeze;
It lingers near the leafy bower,
Amid the shade of summer trees.

No gaudy hue attracts the gaze
Of those that pass its humble bed,
Ne odours fill the forest maze
By its expanding blossoms shed.

Yet dearer is its bending stem
And cup of blue that grace the bower,
Than many a costly orient gem
That blazes in the crown of power.

For oft fond friends, when doomed to part,
Its lowly resting-place have sought,
And whispered, with a sadden'd heart,
'Look on it, and forget me not.'

And oft, when wandering in a land
That's dearly loved by thee and me,
We gathered with a gentle hand
This emblem of sweet constancy.

Accept, though small its value be,
This token of my love sincere,
And glancing on it, think on me.
Forget me not! thou ever dear!

May it to faithful memory,
Recalling many a long-loved spot;
For distant Scotland and for me,
Breathe softly, sweet 'Forget me not!'

For though no more thou viewest the flower,
And hail'st its blossoms opening fair,
Yet lovest thou to recall the hour,
When we have marked its beauties there!'

No. XXII.

ADDRESS TO SCOTLAND.

Written when occasionally exposed to the unpleasant bantering of one whose *ne plus ultra* of wisdom seemed comprised in having skill to conduct ones-self amid London crowds and London sharpers, exhibiting, in short, the contraction of mind briefly expressed by the word *Cockneyism*. The plan she adopted to indicate that the style of ridiculing her country was unpleasant to her, was not only mild, but skilful in one so young.

TO SCOTLAND.

Thou art the country of my birth,
And wheresoe'er I rove,
Thou art the spot of all the earth
I'll never cease to love.

Thou art the land where first my eyes
Were opened to the day;
Where first I heard the lullabies
That soothed my pains away.

And first among thy grassy dales
My infant footsteps strayed,
And first in thy beloved vales
My happy childhood played.

And first beneath thine azure sky
I learned that sacred name
Which breathes of immortality
And feeds love's holy flame.

The morning and the evening breeze
That o'er thy valleys stray
Played round me when I bent my knees
And raised my heart to pray.

Oh! there's a charm in those sweet scenes,
Which now are past away,
That o'er me steals like early dreams
Of life's first opening day.

And every spot of that sweet land,
Where childhood's years were passed,
Is bound by love's most tender band,
That with my life must last.

Scotland! though many a mile may lie
Between thy shores and me,
Ne'er can that sweet affection die
That knits my heart to thee. M. L.

No. XXIII.

HOME.

Written about the same period.

There is a magic in the name of home,
A charm which even the callous bosom knows,
And O, when from its precincts far we roam,
How brightly each loved scene in memory glows!

When wandering in a scene of strife and cares,
Mid those, alas! we may not deem our friends,
How fair a form each scene of childhood bears—
How warmly each dear distant object blends!

The Eolian lyre, touched by the passing gale,
When rapt in silence deep it slumbering lay,
Wakes all its strings, to burst in wildest wail,
Or in a softened murmur melts away.

So to the heart, when all things dark appear,
And sad, it shuns the gay and giddy throng;
The name of home, but whispered in the ear,
Can tune that mournful heart to hope and song.

Ah, then! the sudden gleam of happiness
That lights the eye, erewhile so sad and dim;
The smile, the sigh, we vainly would suppress,
Show that a soul of feeling dwells within.

Sweet home! loved dwelling-place of peace and rest,
When chill the blasts of scorn around us blow,
To thee, as hies the turtle to her nest,
We speed, to taste thy joys of peaceful flow.

Sweet home! O pitied be the frozen soul
Which flies affection's bland and melting light,
And woos the gleams that flash around the pole,
Cold, cheerless, fleeting—offspring of the night!

Which shuns the sunshine of domestic peace,
Like summer morn, all lovely and serene,
Whose pleasures but with lengthening years increase,
While friendship's sweetest smiles illume the scene,

Sweet happy home! O can I e'er forget
Thy charms—thy flowery bowers, thine azure sky—
And those dear friends who in thy bounds are met;
Ah, no! ah, no! 'I'll love thee till I die.'

No. XXIV.

The first letter, referred to in the NOTE at page 6, is addressed to her pastor in Edinburgh, by a friend who often ministered to his people at communion seasons.

'Though scarcely acquainted with your departed friend, yet none could see her without feeling very deeply interested. The first time my eyes beheld her, was as I came down your pulpit stairs one Sabbath evening. She was in your pew conversing with your daughter. The setting sun shed a hallowed radiance over her heaven-born countenance. She smiled, a very angel of light! I need not tell you that I hastened to inquire who she was. But alas! these eyes will behold her no more on earth. Yet she has not lived in vain. How many sources of comfort are there when we look back and dwell on her life; and how much also to soothe in her death. If the power of recognition is given to beatified spirits, O how it must exhilarate her father's adoration, to know that the voice of one whom he taught to *lisp in grace*, now swells the song of the heavenly choir.'

The other letter quoted is from her friend in America, the Rev. Dr. C.

'I feel as if, like Job's friends, I could commence my introduction to your altered state, with seven days and seven nights of mute confusion, wondering and vaguely discrediting the realities I know. Were I to tell you all that I have said and thought since my return, of that dear one now in glory, it would appear extravagant and fictitious. But I will not attempt to send you such a document. Suffice it, that I loved your dear Mary, and love her yet, as one of the rarest specimens of woman! Lovely creature! I often said that I bore from Europe no impressions of loveliness and worth more complete than those given me by Mary Lundie. And now, my dear Madam, what shall I say to you. Disciplined as you have been, to weep for yourself and others, and to find consolation in God equal to your day, I would prefer, if I could, to mourn by your side, and listen to your words, and let you comfort me as I should tell you how bleeds my heart—what a pleasant and lovely friend, and endeared correspondent, has left me alone as to her, in the world, and what sorrow it has piled on me, that I cannot bear!'

No. XXV.

Sketch of her character by her correspondent in London :—

'My opinion is *merely* the echo of that expressed by a circle of intimate friends, who, whenever her name was mentioned, universally agreed in their estimate. All speak with love and admiration *of the rare combination of excellencies she exhibited.* Her piety, natural dispositions, intellectual attainments, accomplishments and personal attractions, would, if held separately, have distinguished their possessors in society, but, when united in one individual, like the colours in the heavenly bow, each shed a lustre on the other.

'To begin with the evanescent qualities, I am glad a portrait was not attempted. It would have been too much to hope for a likeness. It is not a matter of surprise that it should be difficult to transfer to canvas those features, chiselled in the highest style of Grecian beauty, and lighted up, as they usually were, with an expression almost seraphic—and it is better that nothing unjustly purporting to be a representation should appear. I well remember when at school, a weight having accidentally fallen on dear Mary's head, she was obliged to recline on a sofa; the fright had sent away the colour from her cheeks, and she lay with her eyes closed. We were all seated round the table with our drawing. My own pencil relaxed for a few minutes to gaze on that alabaster face, as I thought I had never before seen anything so beautiful. On glancing round, each eye was found attracted to the same spot, and an involuntary murmur of admiration escaped every lip. This little incident has often been referred to by those who were present, and I confess it is among my most vivid recollections. Perhaps to many it may appear unworthy of being mentioned, as beauty is such a secondary thing in reality. Still, to deny its great influence betrays little knowledge of human nature; and as it often forms a strong temptation to its possessor, a deliverance from the snare is an additional proof of the power of divine grace, and as such is worthy of record. We have the authority of one of our most celebrated clergymen for the declaration, that "since beauty is the gift of God, and a good gift, the beautiful woman is as accountable to Him for the use she makes of her beauty, as the man of intellect is for the talents bestowed on him."

'The term *holy*, which can seldom be used in reference to individuals dwelling in this world of sin, always seemed singularly applicable to dear Mary. She was one of the very few in whom for days together you,

might endeavour to trace her actions to their source, and find they originated in right motives—any one who has tried such an experiment will know that this result is not common. The godlike disposition to promote the happiness of every sentient being, was displayed in acts of kindness to every person and living thing within her reach. Large indeed were the sympathies of that unselfish heart!

'*Refinement of mind and taste* was perhaps her most striking characteristic. The one purely natural, as it must ever be, the other partly owing to her early and intimate acquaintance with the best classic authors in her own language. Her *companionable qualities*, were appreciated even by those who had no opportunity of judging of the deeper parts of her character. She had a most happy mode of imparting information—that suggestive manner, which seems to give the superiority to the hearer. Her store of general knowledge was very large, and she was at great pains for its constant increase. Not a visit was paid, a book read, or the prospect of a lovely landscape enjoyed, without an after investigation as to the amount of new ideas and images received. Her enthusiastic enjoyment of the beauties of Nature and Poetry might have tempted one to suppose that an atmosphere of poetical excitement was that which she constantly breathed. But a more minute acquaintance with her character produced the conviction that she had a just appreciation of more solid pursuits united to very active habits, founded on a principle of duty.

'Her industry was indefatigable. During my visit to her, after her marriage, when her delicate health seemed to call upon her to take rest, from six in the morning till near midnight she was unceasingly occupied. And when we remember that her natural character was not of that bustling energetic kind which delights in action, but decidedly of a meditative cast, surely we must acknowledge and admire the strength of that principle which obtained so complete a mastery over constitutional tendencies. Many who are conscious of possessing far greater bodily stamina, would shrink from much which she encountered in her visits to distant cottages in stormy weather—or in preparations for classes when her aching head much needed repose. But with her, at all times, mind nobly conquered matter.'

THE END.

CR.
HS

JAN 23 1939